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Greenbrier pioneers and their
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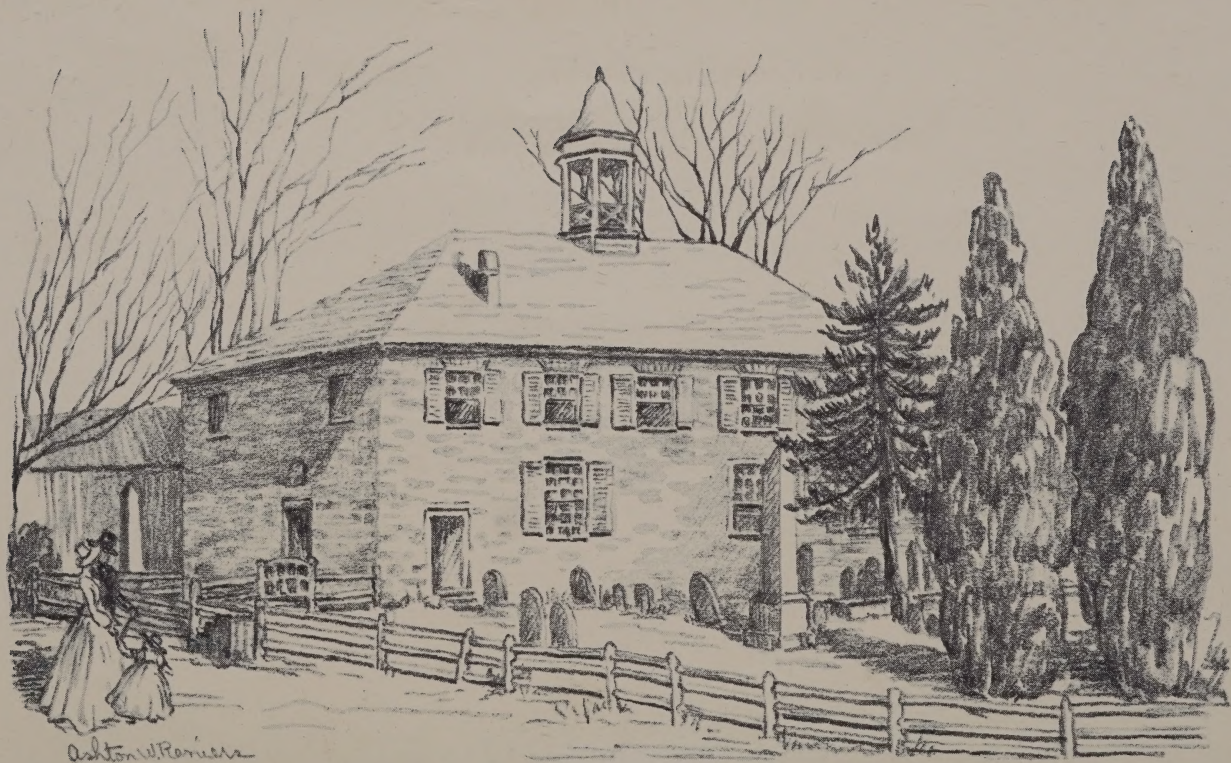
GREENBRIER PIONEERS
and THEIR HOMES

Ruth Woods Dayton

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Old Stone Church

Greenbrier Pioneers^c *and* Their Homes

By

RUTH WOODS DAYTON

Drawings by

ASHTON WOODMAN RENIERS

and

NAOMI S. HOSTERMAN

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

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TO MY FATHER
AND
TO LEWISBURG
WHICH HE LOVED

Lewisburg has many charms, but is at its best in the autumn, when the maple trees make golden pathways throughout the town. It is a happy place. People seem never to leave except temporarily, and even when they die, they put it off so long as possible. In fact, dying under eighty-five is rather frowned upon, ninety being considered much more suitable.

The names of many pioneers persist in Greenbrier County. Their descendants are there today, but the old houses are going, and to preserve their identity and their memory before it is too late, this book is written.

Foreword

Thinking of "early houses" in Virginia, one at once visualizes the famous and beautifully gracious houses and gardens of the wealthy Tidewater colonists. The houses in this book make no such claim, though they were built in Virginia, before 1863, when Greenbrier County became a part of the new state of West Virginia. It is what lies back of the houses that matters, the story of a people who suffered much, but who were strong and unafraid, a people of meager means, but dauntless courage, who came into a mountain wilderness with only such supplies and possessions as could be carried on pack horses, and who endured endless hardship and danger defiantly.

Some of the houses are the pioneers' first sturdy log cabins, though the greater number are their permanent homes of stone and brick, built from 1812 to 1840. Those less than a hundred years old have not been considered, except incidentally. I realize that in the county there are doubtless many houses of that age, or older, which are not mentioned, and perhaps there are others which are more interesting than some which are described—but one must stop somewhere!

I also realize there will no doubt be many persons whose memory of dates, relationships, or incidents may be at variance with what is written here. I can only say that in many cases, information given me by individuals as to dates, family history, and the like, when compared with recorded deeds, wills, and other court records, has proved quite incorrect. Since memories, however good,

are not infallible, I have made every possible effort to secure accuracy and verifications through research in contemporary data, rather than through interviews with descendants, and to omit matter entirely or state frankly where there is doubt. Even so, in a book of this type I am prepared to discover errors. I can only hope they will not be too glaringly obvious.

I am indebted to innumerable persons for allowing me most courteously to prowl through their houses and family histories; to those who have lent me books, answered my letters and my interminable questions. One sufferer told an acquaintance he never in his life had seen a woman who could walk, write, and ask so many questions all at the same time!

Especially am I grateful to my Lewisburg neighbor, Mr. Harry Van Sickler, upon whose time I have trespassed unmercifully, who has been extremely generous in securing for me a tremendous amount of information, and who has lent me magazine and newspaper articles, maps, books, and other valuable material.

I am under deep obligation to Ashton Woodman Reniers, of White Sulphur Springs, and Naomi S. Hosterman, of Charleston, for their delightful drawings, which contribute so much to this book.

My warmest thanks are also due to Miss Blanche Humphreys, of Ronceverte, West Virginia, for much genealogical assistance and information, as well as for the loan of various papers and books; to Dr. Roy Bird Cook, a leading authority on West Virginia history, for the laborious task of reading my manuscript and for his valued suggestions; to Mr. Phil M. Conley, of Charleston, whose interest and advice have been most helpful; to Mrs. Charles Dice, of Lewisburg, Mrs. John B. Sydenstricker, of Maxwelton, Miss Bess Mollohan, of

Charleston, and Mrs. C. E. Copeland, of Charleston, for the loan of books; to Dr. Harry E. Handley, of White Plains, New York, Mr. J. M. B. Lewis, Jr., of Bluefield, West Virginia, and many other persons, for material. I am very grateful to Mrs. Clyde H. Davis for her efficient work in the complex undertaking of re-typing the various drafts of this script from the masses of involved corrections, deletions, and inserts.

Most of all am I indebted to my lawyer husband, Arthur Spencer Dayton, whose knowledge and assistance in the editing and publishing of this volume have been invaluable. Himself intensely interested in books—though his interest lies chiefly in Shakespeare and Elizabethan literature—he has, nevertheless, had to listen to a great deal of talk about “pioneers” who had been dead a mere seventy-five or a hundred years, and about “old” houses he had never seen, which, in the light of his own reading and study, would be quite modern. Without any burning enthusiasm for either, he has not only failed to act like a martyr, but has managed to remain cheerful and even encouraging, though, it must be said, a little vague perhaps as to whether the man with the many daughters and the divided house lived in the Tuckwiller tavern, or whether the place Dr. McElhenney had his dish of panada wasn’t somewhere out the Frankford road!

October 1, 1942

R. W. D.

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The County

THERE is magic about the very words "Greenbrier County." One immediately remembers the wide, clean sweep of the farms, the unbelievable blue of the summer sky, the mountains fading to purple in the sunset, and the smell of wood fires in the evening. But there is more, a feeling of calm, of plenty, and of peace—the magic is there, and it works its charm today, just as when the settlers of more than a century and a half ago were fighting heroically to establish their homes in the fertile valleys.

The Virginia Assembly in its session beginning October, 1777, passed an Act creating the counties of Greenbrier, Rockingham, and Rockbridge, although the act defining the territory of Greenbrier was not effective until March 1, 1778.

Formed from Botetourt and Montgomery counties, Virginia, Greenbrier, second only to Randolph County in size in the state, with an area of 1032 square miles, rests at an average altitude of nearly two thousand feet in the Alleghany Mountains, in the southeastern section of West Virginia. The name derives from the picturesque and beautiful Greenbrier River, discovered by white men in the early 1740's, its name suggested by the mass of tough and clinging briar vines through which the first explorers fought their way as they followed its winding course. The Miami Indian name for the river was "We-o-to-we," and that of the Delawares, "O-ne-pa-ke," but who chose the name of "Greenbrier," and when it was chosen, are uncertain.

Some writers have said the river was first called "Ronceverte" (*ronce* for *briar*, *verte* for *green*) by French explorers. Although no French settlers are noted as among the pioneers of this locality, in 1749 the French, in rivalry with Great Britain, were claiming extensive territory along the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Kanawha, and it may have been from their encampments and trading posts that hunting and exploring parties, following the rivers that flow into the Ohio, penetrated this region. A map by Thomas Hutchins in 1778 designates the river as "Ronceverte or Green Briar River," and as late as 1870 the two names are again used, in a map of the town of Ronceverte, made by Jed Hotchkiss for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company. He designates the river along which the town lies, not only as "Greenbrier," but also as "R. de la Ronceverte of the Jesuits."

Other writers have said it was Colonel John Lewis who christened the river "Greenbrier" when he and his sons were surveying for the Greenbrier Land Company, but such is impossible, since the name of the river was definitely established long before the surveys began. This fact is verified by Thomas P. Abernethy, author of *Western Lands and the American Revolution*, in a letter to Dr. Roy Bird Cook, dated May 26, 1938. Mr. Abernethy states that a photostatic copy of this land grant, now in the collection of the Virginia Historical Society, was made some years ago from the original in the Public Record Office in London, and quotes it as follows: "Apr. 26, 1745, to John Robinson et al 100,000 acres on Green Briar N. W. & West of Cow Pasture [river] and new found land (partly surveyed)." This record, of course, long antedates the Lewis survey.

Colonel John Stuart in his "Memorandum" sketch of

early events in the county, written in 1798, indicates that Andrew Lewis, son of John Lewis and later the well-known general whose statue stands on the capitol grounds in Richmond, made a preliminary exploration of the territory. Whether he may at that time have adopted the name of "Ronceverte" and anglicized it, no one knows. According to Colonel Stuart, it was on the report of Lewis that an order of Council was soon obtained granting 100,000 acres on the Greenbrier to the Treasurer of Virginia "to the number of Twelve, including old Colo. John Lewis" and sons, William and Charles, with condition of settling with inhabitants, and "certain emolumts of 3 pounds per hundred acres to themselves." John Robinson was the treasurer of the Colony of Virginia, long the speaker of the House of Burgesses, and president of the company. Another of its influential members was Thomas Nelson, for thirty years secretary of the Council of State. Andrew Lewis was an important man in the group, as he was appointed surveyor and agent for the company. He associated his father and two brothers with him in the huge task of surveying the dense wilderness of unknown forests, and they promptly set about their undertaking, following the royal approval of the grant in 1749.

The 100,000-acre tract lay on the Greenbrier River, now in the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, and Monroe. Four years were allowed to make surveys and the required payments. Soon fifty thousand acres had been surveyed, many small parcels had been sold, and settlers were already building their cabins.

Attention being drawn to this region, other companies were soon formed. The Loyal Land Company, with John Lewis, Dr. Thomas Walker, Peter Jefferson (father of Thomas), Colonel Joshua Fry, Thomas Meri-

wether, John Harvie, Francis Thornton, and Edmund Pendleton, was organized purely as a speculative venture. Dr. Thomas Walker was sent by the Land Company in 1750 to explore lands and make surveys, since he had already penetrated the wilderness with James Patton, who, with others, had secured a 100,000-acre grant in Augusta at the time of the Greenbrier grant.

A third organization called the Ohio Land Company came into being. It was composed of a group of neighbors in the northern neck around Fredericksburg and was an avowed rival of the other two companies.

These companies had numerous controversies among themselves, as well as with many of the purchasers of lands, who felt there were too many "emoluments" to the various land agents and too little consideration and leniency to the pioneers. However, these problems and complaints, with their consequent litigation, were brought to a sudden end by the beginning of the war between Britain and France in 1754 followed by the King's command that all his Virginia subjects who had made settlements on the western waters, remove from them at once. Since the Indians claimed the lands, it was felt wiser to avoid hostilities and to preserve a peaceable policy.

Although this proclamation brought an end to further exploration and surveying by the land companies, it had little effect on the settlers. Too many hardships had already been endured to give up so easily, and the courageous pioneers quietly stayed where they were and took their chances—besides, the King was a long way off, and his authority seemed to belong in a life they had left behind.

Divided into ten magisterial districts, Greenbrier County is irregularly shaped, its contour perhaps most

nearly resembling that of a bat. The head of the bat would be the northern district of Falling Spring, which borders on Webster County and, flaring to the east, joins the district of Anthony Creek to form the bat wing. The county of Pocahontas lies to the north and east, the Virginia state line on the underside of the wing, and White Sulphur District farther to the south.

The northwest wing of the bat is formed by the largest of the districts, Meadow Bluff, which adjoins the counties of Nicholas to the north and Fayette to the west. Blue Sulphur District is south of Meadow Bluff and borders on Summers County.

One of the smallest, the most irregular, and the southernmost district, is Irish Corner, which adjoins Monroe County on the south and White Sulphur District on the east. Immediately north of Irish Corner District lies another of the smaller districts, Fort Spring. Williamsburg is the most centrally located district. It is joined on the east by that of Frankford and also to the southeast by Lewisburg District, the three being entirely surrounded by the other districts mentioned.

The Greenbrier River flows in a southwesterly direction from Pocahontas County through Falling Spring and Frankford districts, and is the dividing line between Lewisburg and Fort Spring districts and between White Sulphur and Irish Corner districts to the south.

Originally the county was much larger, extending in a wide belt across the state from the Virginia boundary to Ohio, and taking in all of the present rich oil and gas region of the Kanawha River Valley, embracing, in whole or in part, seventeen counties now in West Virginia and two in Virginia.¹ Its later boundaries, giving it high

¹ In Virginia, Alleghany and Bath; in West Virginia, Braxton, Calhoun, Clay, Fayette, Gilmer, Jackson, Kanawha, Mason, Monroe, Nicholas, Pocahontas, Putnam, Roane, Summers, Webster, Wirt, and Wood.

altitude, bluegrass, and rolling fields, make Greenbrier primarily a farm and stock-raising region, though it also has some deposits of coal. Its mineral springs are renowned. There are no cities within its borders, nor even large towns. Its county seat of Lewisburg, dating from 1782 and sixth² oldest town in West Virginia, is one of the largest, with a population of about two thousand.

Nine miles to the east of Lewisburg is the town of White Sulphur Springs, famous for the magnificent Greenbrier Hotel and resort. Four miles south of Lewisburg is the town of Ronceverte, once known as St. Lawrence Ford, a very early settlement along the Greenbrier River, though now most of its homes are built high above on the steep hillside. Situated on the main line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, Ronceverte is a busy shipping point for the cattle and sheep grown in this region and also serves Lewisburg as passenger and freight station. Ronceverte was once the home of a flourishing industry, the St. Lawrence Boom & Manufacturing Company, largest softwood plant in the United States, which operated the "Big Mill" there from 1882 to 1908.

Toward the west, at the foot of Sewell Mountain, is the newer lumbering town of Rainelle, location of the Meadow River Lumber Company, the largest hardwood-lumber plant in the world. Much of its product is shipped to foreign countries. In its office building is displayed certainly the most varied and beautiful hardwood paneling that can be found anywhere. The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, the buildings of Yale University,

² Romney is the oldest (1762); then Mecklenburg, now Shepherdstown (1762); Bath, now Berkeley Springs (1776); Moorefield (1777); and Martinsburg (1778).

and the Supreme Court Building in Washington are a few of the many famous structures whose fine woodwork is of lumber from this plant—and still engines and trucks are hauling the great logs of virgin timber from far back in the mountains.

Another of the larger towns of the county is Alderson, first known as Alderson's Ferry, an early settlement on the Greenbrier River. Here the dividing line between Monroe and Greenbrier counties lies in the middle of the river, with half the town in each county. The unique and model Federal prison for women is located beyond the town, a place of attractive buildings, unenclosed and unbarred, with extensive grounds, flower and vegetable gardens, and dairy, the maintenance work performed entirely by the prisoners.

In the adjoining northern county of Pocahontas, once part of Greenbrier, is the town of Marlinton, named for one of the two men, Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell, who were encountered by the Lewis surveying party in 1751 and who settled there as perhaps the county's first white settlers. They quarreled over religion and separated, each to live in speechless majesty alone in the silence of the forests. Marlin finally returned east, and Sewell moved forty miles west, to the base of the 3270-foot mountain in Fayette County which bears his name. There he was later found and killed by the Indians.

In 1763 the Indians completely destroyed two of the earliest settlements in Greenbrier County, the one on Muddy Creek and the other at the home of Archibald Clendenin, three miles southwest of Lewisburg, in the famous bluegrass plateau called The Levels. The men were all massacred except one, who, luckily, escaped. The women and children were taken as prisoners to the

Indian towns in Ohio. The name "Savannah," given to The Levels by the Indians, was a word meaning "a cleared field or prairie."

In ages past this area was a vast lake, and, when first seen by the Indians, the tall trees ceased at its boundaries, and the many rich acres of the former lake bed contained only low scrub growth. At once the pioneers saw this advantage in the heavy task of felling trees and clearing the land, and many of the first settlements were in this section.

There were no Indian towns in this region, but the dense forests, teeming with game, were a favorite hunting territory in which the Indians wished no interference. Every cabin and its occupants represented a threat which they determined to obliterate. Later settlers, profiting by the warning of these first tragedies, built sturdy log forts and stockades near their homes, and many lives were saved during later raids through the protection afforded by Fort Donnally, Fort Stuart, Fort Savannah, and other forts.

These pioneers were a staunch people, Scotch-Irish for the most part, and a few German, with persecution behind them and a determination in their hearts to be free. Having fled from Europe to Pennsylvania, they formed a part of the great westward movement coming to the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, between 1732 and 1745. Still eager for a country they could make their own, the more vigorous of the young men pushed on from Augusta County west over the mountains into the wilderness that was to be Greenbrier.

It was not until after the Battle of Point Pleasant on October 10, 1774, with its decisive defeat of the Indians, that the settlers felt really secure and the settlements became more permanent in character. One of

the earliest and most important settlements had been at Frankford, ten miles northwest of Lewisburg. Colonel John Stuart, Robert McClanahan, William and Thomas Renick, William Hamilton, and others settled there in 1769.

Another settlement was made about the same time in the Williamsburg region, and some even earlier were in existence on Anthony Creek and also on Big Clear Creek, in the remote western end of the county. Dr. Thomas Walker, exploring the western side of the Alleghanies in 1750, spoke of settlers on Anthony Creek. Captain Matthew Arbuckle, Captain Samuel McClung, Colonel Andrew Donnally, builder of Fort Donnally in Rader's Valley, which successfully withstood a determined Indian attack and seige in 1778, James Callison, Patrick Lockhart, Peter Van Bibber, John McCoy, David Keeney, from whom Keeney's Knob takes its name, John Patton, and William Lewis were a few of the settlers in this region in the period from 1769 to 1773.

The first semblance of a road, little more than the trail made long before by the herds of buffalo in their yearly migrations to graze in The Levels, and used by the bands of Indian hunters, was more definitely cut through the mountains in 1774 by the army of General Lewis when it blazed the way to Point Pleasant. Thereafter the road was known as "Lewis Trace." Steps were begun to secure a wagon road from Warm Springs to Lewisburg in 1781, and the road was built the following year.

After many false starts and delays usual to legislative procedure, the General Assembly finally in 1786 provided funds sufficient to carry the road all the way to the Kanawha Falls, thirty-five miles east of Charleston.

The project was divided into districts, each with a superintendent. Money having greatly depreciated following the Revolution, the settlers were in stringent circumstances financially, and much of the necessary labor was procured by allowing tax delinquents to "work out" their arrearages. This road gave the settlers a contact with the outside world which otherwise would have been impossible, and enabled them not only to export their hemp, but to haul the much needed commodity of salt from the wells near Charleston—an industry still in existence.

This first dirt road, known as the "Old State Road," constructed in two months' time, did not long endure the hard wagon travel of those early days and was constantly being repaired. In 1824 it was rebuilt into the highway, later called the "James River and Kanawha Turnpike." It was soon filled day and night with cattle, horsemen, and private vehicles, as well as the great brightly painted conestoga wagons laden with freight and called "mountain ships." The first stage line, which was established by Caldwell and Surbaugh in 1827, made one trip a week. The stagecoaches were first drawn by four horses, but when the trips were increased to several a week, two more horses were added. Finally, under the powerful name of "Cannon Ball," the stage operated on a daily schedule. With some variations but for the most part following the original route, this road is today the well-known Midland Trail, or, more officially, U. S. Route 60.

The primitive and crowded log cabins gradually gave way to larger and more comfortable houses, many of which were of the granite-like native limestone, plainly indicating that the idea of defense had not been entirely eliminated from the minds of the owners. These simple

and sturdy stone houses were all of the same general construction as the Old Stone Church still in use in Lewisburg, and it was not until later that the more sophisticated white-columned brick dwellings appeared.

Fort Savannah

THE beautiful bluegrass plateau, or savannah, comprising an area of twenty miles in length and varying from two to five miles in width, bounded by Muddy Creek, Brushy Ridge, Butler Mountain, and the Greenbrier River, was long ago given the highly descriptive name of The Great Levels.¹

While Andrew Lewis was making his survey in this region, he discovered, about 1751, a clear mountain spring of unusual size and volume, which for many years thereafter was known as "Lewis Spring." Located about three miles west of the Greenbrier River, at the foot of a sloping elevation, it became the dominant factor in the growth of a little settlement which later clustered around it and was known simply as Savannah² (now Lewisburg). Near the spring an early log fort once stood, which was given the name of the settlement and called "Fort Savannah." This circumstance has caused much confusion in later attempts to determine how long the fort was actually in existence, as the name came to be used indiscriminately for the village as well as the fort.

Strangely enough, records, descriptions, and information concerning this fort are conspicuously scanty, and it is not surprising that there has been much uncertainty as to the time of its construction. There are two suppositions, one of which is that the fort was built in 1755, a

¹ The valley north of Droop Mountain is called "The Little Levels."

² A small group of homes a few miles northwest of this site has retained its early name and is still called "Savannah Mills."

marker in the present Lewisburg, on the corner of Washington and Church streets, so stating. This may have as its basis a letter of Captain Robert Orme, aide-de-camp to General Braddock, dated April, 1755 (Sargent's *History of Braddock Expedition*), stating that "Captain Andrew Lewis was ordered with his Company of Rangers to Greenbrier to build two stockade forts," in one of which he was to "remain himself, and to detach to the other a subaltern with fifteen men." Fort Greenbrier, at Marlinton, in Pocahontas County, then a part of Greenbrier, and the Savannah fort are supposed to have been the results of this expedition.

The second supposition is that Fort Savannah was erected about 1770, a plate on the marker in the courthouse lawn giving this date. The historian Henry Howe also says it was built at this time.

Forts were extensively constructed along the Virginia border during the period of the French and Indian War, prior to which Indians and settlers had lived in comparative peace. The second period of fort-building was shortly before and during Lord Dunmore's War and the Revolution. Fort Savannah undoubtedly belongs to one of these periods. Whether it was erected by General Lewis in 1755 is undetermined, but such is unlikely, as he did not remain long in Greenbrier at that time, but soon rejoined Braddock and was prominent in the later stages of Braddock's campaign. It is certain, however, that at least one of the two forts was then built.

On July 8, 1755, Governor Dinwiddie wrote to Lewis: "You were ordered to Augusta with your Company to protect the frontiers of that county," forwarding the letter to the county lieutenant of Augusta for delivery, with the notation, "I think he is at Green-Brier." In September, 1755, the Governor, in writing to Lieutenant

John McNeill, refers to there being fifty-nine people in "the Fort at Green Bryer." This reference has been accepted as referring to the Fort Greenbrier at Marlinton, but the deduction is by no means certain. It is possible Lewis may have erected one of the forts on the present site of Lewisburg, although the distance from Braddock's line of march and the sparse population makes it appear unlikely. Then, too, the Savannah fort may have been erected as one of the chain of forts authorized by the General Assembly in 1756, to be built from the Potomac through the Alleghany Mountains to the present northern boundary of Tennessee.

Had the fort been built in 1755 or 1756, certainly it had fallen into disuse in 1763, for in that year occurred the Muddy Creek and Clendenin massacres (the latter less than three miles from Savannah), in the accounts of which no mention is made of such a fort. Had it been garrisoned, there would likely have been an attempt to rescue the prisoners taken in the attack, and surely Ann Clendenin, who escaped, would have fled to the fort, rather than to the far distant Jackson River settlements. Had the fort stood abandoned, it appears almost certain the Indians would have followed their usual thorough methods of destruction and burned it at the time of the massacre or during the seven years following, when the region was largely depopulated of settlers.

It is also possible the fort may have been erected by the settlers who began returning to The Levels in 1769. Stuart's Fort, Donnally's Fort, Arbuckle's Fort (built by Captain Matthew Arbuckle at the mouth of Mill Creek in Blue Sulphur District), and others were built about that time. Colonel John Stuart, the dependable source of early Greenbrier history, in his *Memoir of Indian Wars and Other Occurrences* does not so much

as mention the existence of this fort other than in reference to the assembly there of the army of General Andrew Lewis prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, saying only that it took place "in Greenbrier at Camp Union about the 4th September, 1774." The name "Camp Union" was adopted at that time and was used by the officers and men in their reports and letters. It was obviously selected because the union of all the companies from different regions occurred at this place.

Although none of these published letters speaks of the actual fort, its size, its accommodations, or anything connected with it, one feels justified in stating it was standing at that time and that it must have been of fair size, at least with a stockade enclosure. Otherwise Lord Dunmore would almost certainly have chosen as a meeting place one of the other log forts that were available in different sections of the region. A shelter for the protection of flour, ammunition, and other supplies, as well as an enclosure for the cattle and horses, would have been an essential consideration in the selection of the location of the army rendezvous. This conclusion is further borne out by Virgil A. Lewis, West Virginia historian, who states, "On the return of General Lewis's army from Dunmore's War, William Kennerly, a sergeant of Captain George Mathew's Company of Augusta County men, was left with a garrison numbering fifteen men at Fort Savannah."

Regardless of the various suppositions as to the time of its construction—the writer making no pretense to a determination of the correct date—there is one fact virtually certain: the fort was in existence at the period of Lord Dunmore's War in the 1770's, and, according to local tradition, stood on a site corresponding to that given by Henry Howe.

Although no records of its dimensions, its boundary, or its type³ are available, the contour of the land, the location of the Lewis Spring, and other factors make it possible roughly to approximate its outlines. The spring would naturally have been of vital importance in the event of a siege, and for that reason one would expect it to be enclosed in the stockade. This, however, would have entailed serious difficulties of construction. Since the spring was in a "sink," a stockade there could have been little protection to its occupants, with Indians shooting down into the enclosure from the surrounding hills. To have insured safety would have necessitated extending the boundaries at least part of the distance up the hills on all sides. Such an extension would have meant the enclosure of at least three acres, and, with the difficulties attendant upon early fort-building, it was evidently determined not to include the spring in the stockade, although it was very near.

The site of the fort is designated by Henry Howe in *Virginia, Its History and Antiquities*, published in 1845, as follows: "The old fort at this place [Lewisburg] stood about one hundred yards S. E. of the site of the present Court House, on land now (1843) belonging to

³ There were three types of forts: (a) the blockhouse, most simple and primitive, a square two-story building, the walls of the second story projecting and containing portholes; (b) the stockade (often referred to as a palisaded fort), a large double log house, itself sometimes called the stockade, with entryway between the halves, and surrounded by a stockade fence ten or twelve feet high, made of double rows of logs placed upright and having two heavy puncheon gates; (c) the fort, strongest of the border fortresses, combining features of each of the others, rectangular in form, the sides composed in part of cabins joined to each other by palisades so set as to form a stockade wall. The doors of the cabins opened into a common square or court. Blockhouses were erected at two or more corners of the stockade—frequently at all four.

The word "fort" was used by early writers in referring to all three types of fortress.

Mr. Thomas B. Reynold[s] and the widow of Mr. William Mathews. It was erected about the year 1770."

If the first plat of Lewisburg (1782) is used as a guide, the land mentioned would be in the center of the town, in the two-acre block bounded by Randolph, Jefferson, Washington, and LaFayette streets. The block then contained lots 27 and 28 facing Washington Street, and 26 and 25 facing Randolph. Lot 25 is diagonally across the corner from the old stone jail, behind which is the Lewis Spring. This lot is also significant as the site of the home of Captain Matthew Arbuckle, the great woodsman, who guided the army of General Lewis safely through 160 miles of trackless forests to Point Pleasant. Also within the fort area later stood one of the early log courthouses, on Lot 27, with an early jail on Lot 26.

How long the fort remained standing and what brought about its final disappearance seem unrecorded and unknown. It was certainly standing at the time of the attack on the outpost fort at Andrew Donnally's (1778). Colonel Stuart apparently utilized it then for the mustering of his relief company. Dr. John McElhenney, in his semi-centennial sermon on June 5, 1858, further confirms its existence by telling the amusing incident which occurred while a Presbyterian pastor was preparing to administer the ordinance of baptism to several children in Fort Savannah. In the midst of the ceremony the warning of the approach of the Indians toward Donnally's was received. The panic-stricken parents became so confused and excited that some of them were presenting for baptism children who were not their own.

It is significant that neither in the act of the Assembly creating the town of Lewisburg, nor in the subsequent survey and plat made in 1782, is there any mention of Fort Savannah. As its site, in the center of the plat,

was divided into lots and streets, conforming in every respect to others in the plat, one is led to conclude the fort was then no longer standing. One wonders if the Arbuckle house, the early building used by the court, and the jail, all of which stood on the site, were not constructed of logs from the fort. Mr. Marcellus Zimmerman, one of Lewisburg's venerable citizens, who died some years ago, remembered being told as a child that a pile of logs which then lay on the site was from old Fort Savannah.

Battle of Point Pleasant

IN SPITE of a number of forts erected near the settlements, Indian raids and depredations continued. In 1774 Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, determining to end once and for all such terrorizing of the settlers, ordered General Lewis, Commander in Chief of the Southwestern Militia, to organize an army for this purpose in the territory of the upper Valley of Virginia and present southern West Virginia and Kentucky, and to join Dunmore's personally commanded troops at the juncture of the Kanawha and Ohio rivers, now the site of the town of Point Pleasant. The plan was to continue thence across the Ohio and to destroy the large Indian towns at Chillicothe. These towns furnished headquarters for the Indian raiding parties which had taken such heavy toll of the lives of the frontiersmen, and here the captive white women and children had been brought, as well as the stolen horses and cattle.

All during the summer of 1774 General Lewis was receiving reports from his appointed officers, his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, of the Augusta County Regiment, Colonel Christian, of the Fincastle Battalion, and Lieutenant-Colonel William Fleming, surgeon and second in command to General Lewis, of the Botetourt Regiment, as to their success or failure in enlisting men and securing flour, beeves, and other supplies. These woodsmen and hunters were good marksmen. They supplied their own guns, but powder and shot were very difficult

to procure, and when the army started on the journey to the Point, each man received one-fourth pound of powder and one-half pound of ball. Colonel William Fleming's Orderly book urged :

I beg the Officers to exert themselves in preventing the men of their respective compies from the infamous practice of shooting away their ammunition; let the weather be ever so wett they are not to fire without the leave of their Officers.

Fort Savannah (Lewisburg), then designated by the army as "Camp Union," was the appointed rendezvous for the troops. The officers and their recruits began arriving late in August, and the first company to be equipped and ready to start for the mouth of Elk River was that of Colonel Charles Lewis. It comprised the greater part of the Augusta troops. This body, led by the renowned woodsman, Captain Matthew Arbuckle, and a group from Botetourt started on their journey the sixth day of September. There were 600 men, 108 beeves, and 500 pack horses loaded with 54,000 pounds of flour, tools, and salt. Of all the supplies, perhaps that most difficult to acquire was a sufficient number of brass kettles for cooking. The letter of an officer complaining of this lack stated that the men would "be sick if they had to eat roasted meat without broth."

General Andrew Lewis was the next to leave, on September 12, with Botetourt troops and certain independent companies. Thereafter other companies left the fort at intervals of several days, since animals and supplies which had to be secured from Staunton and Warm Springs were slow in arriving. Colonel Christian and his men were left to await the return of the pack horses of Colonel Charles Lewis and the arrival of the remaining supplies. He therefore did not reach Point Pleasant

until the evening of October 10, after the battle had occurred.

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The successive marchings of different groups has been overlooked by many historians who have assumed the expedition moved as a unit. The fact of this manner of departure is amply substantiated by contemporary letters and papers.¹ The plan as outlined by Lord Dunmore in his letter of instruction to General Lewis was to march over the mountains to the mouth of Elk River, the present Charleston, by modern road 108 miles from Camp Union, and there to construct a storehouse for the greater part of the supplies, and to build canoes to carry the troops and necessary equipment across the river. This crossing took place about a mile from the mouth of Elk River, a distance of fifty-six miles from their appointed destination (Point Pleasant). There at the Ohio they expected to be joined by Lord Dunmore and his forces and to build a fort before crossing the Ohio and continuing on to the Indian towns. Lord Dunmore changed his route, however, and failed to meet General Lewis at the designated place.

Meanwhile, Lewis awaited the return of his scouts sent to learn the whereabouts of Dunmore's men. Since guards stationed about the temporary camp reported no Indians in the vicinity, he was unprepared for what followed. Two men, slipping out of camp early on the morning of October 10 to hunt for game, strictly against orders, had gone but two miles when they encountered savages in large numbers. One soldier was killed, but the other escaped and, terrified, made his way back to give the alarm. Indian scouts had been spying on the march for some days. The night before, the savages in great force

¹ See **Documentary History of Dunmore's War**, published by the Wisconsin Historical Society.

had crossed the river three miles above camp on seventy-nine rafts, and in that early morning of October 10 were preparing to surround the unsuspecting Virginians.

With this brief notice General Lewis ordered two attacking columns to march from camp. They were met with heavy fire from the well-concealed Indians, and after the first shock of the attack, were forced to fall back about one hundred to two hundred yards and abandon their formations, the columns proving too easy a target for Indians hidden behind trees.

Adopting the enemy's tactics, the frontiersmen then took similar positions behind rocks and trees, where they were at a much better advantage. Reinforcements arriving from the camp, the Virginians were able to take the offensive and dislodged the enemy from a very advantageous position on a long ridge leading from the river to the hills, with swampy ground at its base. Many attempts to regain it having failed, the savages were forced to retreat about a mile. The white men had their line well established and held steadily. After uninterrupted fighting from early morning until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the Indians were decisively defeated and, carrying away as many of their dead and wounded as they could, retreated to their towns.

Killed in the battle were 9 commissioned officers, including the gallant Colonel Charles Lewis, 46 noncommissioned officers and privates, with about 150 men wounded, 15 of whom afterwards died. How many Indians were killed is not known, as the warriors dragged many bodies away, hiding them under logs and brush, throwing others into the river, and in every way attempting to conceal the number from the Virginians. It is

thought, however, that their losses were equally as heavy as those of the white men. Colonel William Fleming's orderly book shows the mountaineers had learned that taking of scalps had a more sinister effect on the enemy than any other phase of warfare, and they did not hesitate to employ the same gruesome manner of advertising their victory. Colonel Fleming wrote:

Camp at Point Pleasant

October 12th, 1774

* * * * *

This day The Scalps of Enemy were collected & found to be 17 they were dressed & hung upon a pole near the river Bank & the plunder was collected & found to be 23 guns 80 Blankets 27 Tomahawks with match coats Skins Shout [Shot] pouches pow[d]er horns War clubs, etc. The Tomhawks Guns & Shout pouches were sold & amounted to near 100 £.

Fort Blair, the first to be erected at Point Pleasant following the battle, was small and temporary. In 1776 Captain Matthew Arbuckle was commissioned to erect a more permanent fort, which he was to garrison and command. It was to be maintained to prevent any trespassing by settlers over the boundaries of the Indian lands as established by the newly made treaty. Built on the same site as the first, it consisted of a large stockade with blockhouse and cabins. The name chosen was Fort Randolph, for Peyton Randolph, a member of the Constitutional Convention, who had died the previous year.

On January 8, 1777, the Continental Congress had resolved that for the defense of the western frontier of Virginia, Fort Randolph should be garrisoned by the governor of Virginia at Continental expense, and on April 9 it was resolved that the men enlisted to garrison Fort Randolph should not be called for any other service without their consent. Captain Arbuckle continued in command at the fort throughout that year. Then he withdrew with his company and was succeeded by Cap-

tain William McKee, of Rockbridge County, with a body of state troops under the new system.

Early in the spring of 1778 the Indians, in revenge for the murder of their chief, Cornstalk,² unsuccessfully besieged the fort for nearly a week before abandoning the effort. Then they pressed on to the settlements on the Greenbrier and attacked Donnally's Fort.

For some reason the garrison was withdrawn from Fort Randolph in 1779, and the abandoned fort was promptly burned by the Indians. It was replaced, however, by another fort, erected about 1785, fifty rods above the site of its predecessors. Maintained for the protection of the inhabitants of that region in later Indian wars, the fort was generally under the command of Colonel Thomas Lewis.

² See account, page 141.

The County Seat

FOLLOWING the Battle of Point Pleasant, the name of the settlement at which the forces had gathered was changed by common agreement to "Lewisburg." The name was appropriate not only in honor of the victorious commanding officer, General Andrew Lewis, but for his two brothers and their vigorous pioneer father, Colonel John Lewis, who had assisted him in his early exploration and survey of the territory later to be designated by official act as Greenbrier County (1777).

The established and central location, the site of a fort, and other advantages led the Assembly to designate the little settlement in the savannah as the county seat, with the first session of its court to be held at the home of Colonel John Stuart, who lived a few miles south of Lewisburg.

Unfortunately, the county court records for the first two or three years have been scattered and lost. Those now available begin with the November term of 1780. Consequently, from the rather meager records of the next few years one can only surmise what had previously transpired. However, it is apparent that a building had been secured as a courthouse, for in March, 1780, an order appears designating Samuel Brown and John Anderson to employ "a Person on reasonable terms to refit the House where the Court now sits."

At an early date, there stood facing Washington Street, at the corner leading to the Old Stone Church,

a little one-story log house which may have been built or purchased by the county, or perhaps rented, but which, rightly or wrongly, has always been spoken of as "the first Court House of Greenbrier County." It was here Patrick Henry once used his famous oratorical powers in defense of a client named Hollis, who was charged with first-degree murder. Feeling ran so high over the case that it had been transferred for trial from Pittsylvania County to Lewisburg. The oratory may have had nothing to do with the evidence, but, even so, it was not wasted, for Hollis was acquitted.

The building was occupied by the court for a short time, but was later purchased by William Smithee and used as a residence by him and by other owners for a period of seventy years, during which it was weather-boarded and altered in various ways. It stood until about twenty years ago, when it was torn down—in the name of Progress.

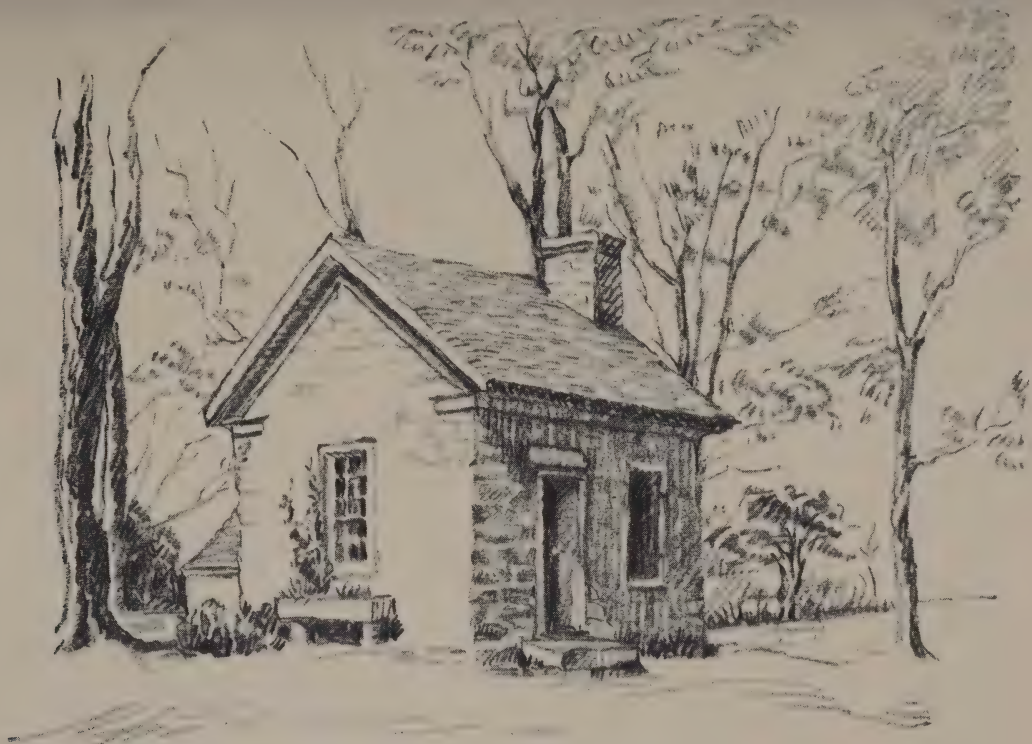
It was at the October session of the Virginia Assembly in 1782 that an act was passed creating the town of Lewisburg, with the following outstanding men as its first eight trustees: "Samuel Lewis,¹ James Reid,² Samuel Brown, Andrew Donnally, John Stuart, Archer Matthews, William Ward,³ and Thomas Edgar, Gentlemen."

¹ The identity of the Samuel Lewis mentioned here is uncertain. There was said to be an early settler of that name in the Irish Corner District. A Samuel Lewis surveyed lands with John Stuart for George Washington, and a Colonel Samuel Lewis was visiting Colonel John Stuart at the time of the Indian attack on Fort Donnally in 1778. The latter was likely a son of General Andrew Lewis and not the trustee in question.

² James Reid owned a vast tract of land which he later sold. He then moved to Missouri.

³ William Ward, eldest son of Captain James Ward and nephew of Captain Matthew Arbuckle, owned lands in different sections of the county, and was high sheriff in 1787, with John Rodgers and William Arbuckle as deputies. He gave a two-hundred-pound bond as sheriff, with William Renick, John Anderson, James Alexander, George Clendenin, and Samuel McClung as the justices for Greenbrier.

The history of the other five trustees appears later in this volume.



Ashton W. Reniers

First Clerk's Office — Greenbrier County

The act specified the town was to be laid out in a forty-acre square "with convenient streets," the lots to be one-half acre each in size, and so soon as the survey was completed, the trustees were to sell the lots at public auction,⁴

* * * the purchasers to hold the said lots respectively subject to the condition of building on each of the said lots a dwelling house twenty feet by sixteen, with a stone or brick chimney, to be finished fit for habitation within four years of the day of sale.⁵

One of the trustees, Captain Thomas Edgar, was also the county surveyor, and it was he who laid off the town. The copy of his plat recorded at the clerk's office shows the town as a square, with four half-acre lots in each block, making sixteen blocks surrounded by streets, which were forty-six feet and seven inches wide. Commencing on the western side of the town, the streets running north and south were Market (now Court), then Jefferson, and, last, LaFayette Street. Those running east and west, commencing at the northern side of the square, were Randolph, Washington (the central business and residence street, now U. S. Route 60), and German streets.

There were no boundary streets laid off around the square. The county reserved two lots, Number 7 and Number 8, for public buildings, such as the courthouse, prison, and market house for cattle. These lots were in one of the central blocks of the northern boundary, Number 7 being on the corner of Market and Randolph streets, with Number 8 adjoining it and extending down the hill of Randolph to Jefferson Street. They were obviously chosen because they embraced the important

⁴Two auctions were held, in 1784 and 1787.

⁵The period was extended from time to time by the Assembly well into the next century.

Lewis Spring, which was the focal point about which the little settlement had grown and near which Fort Savannah had been erected.

The "county seat" has seemingly long since forgotten it owes its beginning to this old spring, and has allowed the flowing water, now that its days of service are over, to become contaminated and condemned and the surroundings of the spring to become deplorable. Situated in the rear of the present courthouse where the lot drops steeply to the much lower level of Lot Number 8, the spring is enclosed by its original limestone spring house, a small and very old building, having high on one side two little windows with hand-cut wooden gratings, and in one end a locked door, reached by a flight of steep and narrow stone steps.

On the corner of Lot Number 8, facing Randolph Street, still stands a very old two-story stone building, whose windows, small porch, end chimneys, and general construction give the appearance of a residence of the early 1800's. In reality it was built not only as a home for the jailer but also as the county prison. At that time the prisoners were not numerous, and the accommodations, which included a rather gruesome dungeon under a trap door in the floor, were adequate. With the growth of the county, the population of the jail increased also, and a large brick building was soon added to the stone house. This building is still in use, though now obsolete. Plans are under way for the old jail to be replaced by new buildings.

Further methods of punishment were furnished by the "stocks," which stood in what is now LaFayette Street, near the corner of Washington, and which were probably erected at the time an earlier jail on the adjacent lot, Lot Number 26, was in use. A court order of October,

1793, allowed the sheriff twenty dollars "for building a sufficient pair of 'Stocks,'" and these may have been built at that time.

Behind the stone jail is a circular cement drinking place for horses, successor to the wooden trough once used for the cattle and sheep which were held here in a market house while being graded and sorted into pens before they were driven to the city markets. This practice explains the designation of the present near-by Court Street as "Market" in the first town plat.

Across Jefferson Street, at the northeast corner of Randolph, and opposite Lot Number 8 and the jail, still stands a two-story log building, with high stone foundation in which a door opens upon the street. This was called the "Barracks" and is said to have been erected and used as a depot for volunteers in the War of 1812.

It appears from the court records during these early years of the county that the problem of a suitable courthouse was constantly under discussion, the matter of securing funds being especially difficult. The court attacked the fairness of the act of the Assembly creating Lewisburg, in its disposition of the funds derived from the sale of lots. In May, 1784, the clerk was ordered to apply to the Assembly for relief, the complaint being that the expense of laying off the lots was taxed on the county, "and the money arising from the sale applied to the use of the proprietors which the Court considers as a Grievance." But the Assembly was deaf to the plea and took no action.

In the following two years, there were numerous confusing and somewhat conflicting orders as to plans for building a courthouse. On March 18, 1785, there was not only an order that William Ward, Captain George Clendenin, and Colonel Samuel Brown let to the lowest

bidder the erection of a courthouse "agreeable to a plan proposed by them," but also the order "to Cook for building a Court House, 2400 lbs. of tobacco."⁶ In December following, the sheriff was ordered to have the courthouse repaired, "paying same out of money collected for building a court house." One assumes the two latter orders pertained to the first log building which was still in use, although, it may be deduced from the former order, not adequate.

At any rate, repairs alone did not settle matters, for in July of the next year (1786) the sheriff was ordered to let to the lowest bidder at the August court the building of a courthouse, "the price not to exceed 200 lbs." The contract was not let, however, until the court held on November 20, when the sheriff was "further ordered to take bond from the undertaker, and is authorized to convey the bond to the undertaker on completing said house." Where this building was to be located is not stated.

Benjamin Strother seems to have been the none too satisfactory builder. He was so slow with the work that the court threatened to bring suit against him. It was ordered that the "prison bounds now established be altered to include the house of Benjamin Strother and the lot where the court house is now erecting and the expense of same be defrayed by said Strother."

Marcellus Zimmerman⁷ preserved among his papers

⁶ Tobacco was once a form of currency in Virginia. A hundred pounds equalled one pound in coin, and five pounds equalled one shilling. One pound of tobacco, therefore, was the equivalent of three and a half cents, but, of course, with much greater purchasing power then than today.

⁷ Marcellus Zimmerman, of Lewisburg, was a prolific writer and newspaper man over a long period of years. His weekly "Notes" in the local papers contained quantities of information concerning county history, events, and persons which would have been most interesting had it been catalogued and made available for research in later years.

the names of many of the original purchasers of the town lots at the first two lot sales, and Benjamin Strother is noted as having purchased at the first sale in 1784 lots 20 and 34, lying opposite each other across Washington, on the western side of Market Street (now Court). As Lot Number 34 is the approximate location of the building mentioned earlier as "the first Court House of Greenbrier County" (later the Smithee house), one is left completely in the dark, wondering whether the Smithee house could be the Strother building, and whether, instead of the "first," it was actually the second courthouse, the "first" having been the small building for which Cook had apparently already been paid and which stood on another site.

In any case, Strother finally completed his contract, the building was duly inspected and accepted, and at the April court in 1790, eighteen pounds and five shillings were ordered paid him for its construction. Then, strangely enough, at the July court only four years later (1794), a committee was appointed to consider removal of the courthouse from land formerly owned by Archibald McDowell, and one is more confused than ever.

In an early record book of Greenbrier County, in the handwriting of the county surveyor, Alex Welch, there is recorded, in 1794, a copy of the first plat of Lewisburg. Why such had not been done sooner, since the survey had been made twelve years previously, one does not know. On this plat, Welch indicated the location of the town "spring"; a "coal house" on Lot 22; a "shop" on Lot 24; a "Big Sink" west of Washington Street and crossing Market; the town "stocks," where recalcitrants were punished, in LaFayette Street; the jail on near-by Lot 26; and in the same block on Lot 27 the "Court House." Perhaps this may have been the courthouse

referred to as on the Archibald McDowell lot, and may have been in use in 1793 at the time the order was recorded to erect the "stocks," since apparently in that year the jail, and one of the county's numerous early courthouses all stood on the same property.

Nothing seems to have come of the removal plan, but in the next four years the agitation for a new building had gained momentum and was again asserting itself. At the court of October, 1798, there appears a very determined and business-like order that the sheriff summon all the county magistrates to meet at the courthouse in November "to consider of a place for building a court house and making such provisions for the same as shall be found convenient and necessary." But even so, it was well into the next year before Samuel Brown, James Reid, and John Stuart were appointed as commissioners to furnish a plan and "to let to the lowest bidder not to exceed \$1000."

It is difficult to determine how many so-called courthouses had actually been in use up to this time, but, regardless of the number, they were all obviously small log structures that grew increasingly unsatisfactory. However, since the plea to the Assembly had been ignored, little could be done about this situation, as to secure sufficient funds to remedy it was apparently an unsolvable problem. Finally relief appeared from an unexpected source. On March 28, 1800, the year after the commissioners had been appointed, "Michael Bowyer (II), Gentleman," came into court and proposed to convey to the county a lot in Lewisburg vaguely described as "80 ft. front between his stable corner and the old house and 35 feet back," provided the county court erect thereon a courthouse. This offer was promptly accepted, and the commissioners appointed for building the court-

house were ordered "to have it set upon said ground accordingly."

Just what happened next is doubtful, but surprisingly, a month later, on April 29, 1800, a deed is recorded from Bowyer to John Stuart for two one-half-acre lots, numbers 23 and 24. These lots are obviously the same property Bowyer offered the court, and fronted on the north side of Washington Street, running from the corner of Market to Jefferson Street. Nothing indicates that Stuart was acting for the county, and later litigation seems to bear out the theory that the transaction was a personal matter. Tradition is to the effect that Colonel Stuart erected the building and gave it to the county. Regardless of what arrangements were made between the county and Colonel Stuart,⁸ a large three-story stone building was actually erected immediately afterward upon this site, the building standing about where the Lewisburg Furniture Company store building is now located. For the first time the court was amply provided for in the stone building, and it was thirty-five years later before the old cry for a new courthouse began to be heard again.

During these years the town, as well as the county, had grown and thrived, and the duties of the courts had become more arduous. The Supreme Court of Virginia also was now holding lengthy sessions in Lewisburg, and with both the courts⁹ using the building, it had be-

⁸ The title to the lot, the building, or both, appears to have remained in Colonel Stuart, for after the removal of the court to the present structure, there occurred some litigation, following which the property reverted to the Stuart heirs (Colonel Stuart having died in 1823), who rented it to various persons. It was later sold to Mr. Turner, who resold it shortly after to D. J. Ford, a merchant. It was still used as a store by his son, J. W. A. Ford, when a very extensive fire in 1897 destroyed it along with many of the other original buildings in the heart of the town.

⁹ The Superior Court of Law and Chancery of Virginia as well as the Federal Court met in Lewisburg at various times during this period.

come crowded and less suitable. The two clerks' offices of brick had been erected on the county's Lot Number 7, with the economical thought, no doubt, that they would already be available when the county was ready to build its final court building. This idea had not, however, proved so profitable, for the clerks had consumed untold hours, and walked untold miles in their many trips back and forth during the years.

The courts had other inconveniences also. Perhaps the most irritating was the location of the three-story Cabell and Vandiver Hotel (Stratton) on the opposite side of Washington Street (Lot 37), where the daily four- and six-horse stagecoaches from the east and west met at eleven o'clock, the very hour when court was in session. The dust, noise, and confusion caused by this event and the unfailing crowd of onlookers became very annoying, and one can readily appreciate the insistence that once more arose for a different location and a more commodious building. This time there were fewer difficulties in the way, and matters moved more smoothly. A ten-thousand-dollar levy to erect the building was imposed by the county, and the county's own lot was to be utilized at last.

Located on Lot Number 7, facing Market Street, and on the northeast corner of Randolph Street, the last and present courthouse was erected in 1837. It was constructed of locally burned brick by John Dunn, the brick-mason and contractor, whose excellent workmanship speaks for itself, not only in this important example, but in many of the first brick homes erected in Greenbrier between 1820 and 1840.

Because of the location of the town spring immediately in the rear, and the steep drop in the land surrounding it, there was no choice in the matter of placing the



Greenbrier County Courthouse

building, necessity determining that it be close to the street, with almost no ground around it. Such was a most regrettable circumstance in this town of generous lots and many towering trees. Much would have been added to the charm of the building as well as to the beauty of the town, had it been located on a level lot, framed by trees, and surrounded by a village green of the verdant bluegrass which springs up naturally here. A great deal of the dignity of the handsome old building is lost because of its cramped location and the lack of perspective.

Typical of the Colonial period and of many early courthouses still to be seen in Virginia, the building was large, square, and imposing. Its enormous brick columns, plastered and painted white, extended from the ground-level entrance porch to the pointed porch roof, and above them a lovely fan-shaped window is an attractive detail. The structure is two stories high in front, but the slope of the lot from the street allowed the basement of the building to be above ground and provided three floors in the rear. Within the last three or four years, the wings at each end of the building have been extended, the small windows enlarged and their shutters removed, and much interior remodeling and modernizing undertaken for the sake of present convenience and needs. But even though the tall iron fence which surrounded the lot was banished with the shutters and though the faded brick walls were painted a darker red, the exterior of the building is essentially unchanged, and the courthouse bell still hangs in the graceful white cupola belfry on the roof.

Supreme Court Library Building

FOR the convenience of lawyers and litigants west of the mountains, provision was made by the Virginia Assembly to hold in Lewisburg an annual session of the Supreme Court of Virginia. The first session here was held in August, 1831, with the following distinguished judges sitting: Henry St. George Tucker, Francis T. Brooke, William H. Cabell, John W. Green, and Dabney Carr.

A building, erected in 1834 as a library and study for the use of the judges and clerk of this court, has been recently restored. Mr. Harry L. Van Sickler, a prominent lawyer of Lewisburg, who wrote, in 1942, an informative booklet on the early history of the building, states that it was located next to the near-by Frazier Tavern, a popular hostelry patronized by the judges and their families, and that the owner of the lot erected the library at the suggestion of the judges and leased it to the State of Virginia.

The books were promptly removed from the crowded stone courthouse to the new building, and, as the years passed, many volumes were added, including not only legal but also historical and personal books as well. The library proved of great benefit to the many learned judges who sat in Lewisburg. After the builder died, his devisees sold the building in 1858 to the local Masonic Lodge, from which the State of Virginia continued to lease until the court sessions ended in 1864, after the establishment of the new state of West Virginia.

The Masonic Lodge¹ then occupied the building until 1917, when it was sold. After a brief period of individual ownership, it passed to the near-by Greenbrier College for Women. Located on the main highway at the western end of town, the two-story building is of brick, with many green-shuttered windows. Incidentally, several of the shutters replaced in the recent restoration were those discarded from the brick courthouse.

One enters first a large room, with twin fireplaces and mantels at one end, facing two wide paneled doors in the opposite wall. These doors open into a smaller room, which has similar fireplaces and mantels and which possibly had a partition at one time in order to furnish separate rooms for the clerk. From this room, a small door leads into a rear hall with an outside entrance. The outside walls of this section are not "bound" to the main part, and therefore the hallway must have been added later. The stairs to the second floor are in the rear hall and lead to a similar hallway above, where two wide doors open into a very large, bright room occupying the rest of the upper floor.

With time, this building became unusable and fell into ruin. In 1939, a number of the town and county people became interested in the old structure, and it was acquired from the college by the town for use as a county public library and historical museum. A committee was appointed by the town council to take charge of the extensive repairs necessary, including replacement of roof, floors, and plastering and many other restorations. An effort was made to refrain from architectural

¹ The charter of this Lodge, granted December 5, 1796, now hangs once more in the room where the meetings were held for over fifty years. This was the oldest Masonic Lodge west of the Alleghany Mountains, its charter members having been James W. Williams, Archer Mathews, and John C. Brown.

changes and to preserve the old as much as possible. When the interior woodwork was scraped, it was found that its original color was the soft, warm gray characteristic of the period of the original construction, and this tone was preserved in the repainting.

The results of the restoration have been very much worth while, and this hundred-year-old building² now emerges essentially unchanged, but strong and useful once more. The first floor is in use as a well-stocked library. The second houses the museum, where many objects pertaining to the early life of the county are being assembled.

An interesting relic of Civil War days, when this building, with all other public buildings, was used as hospital and barracks, is the preservation, under glass, of part of the old plaster upon which several soldiers had scrawled their names and regiments and the years "1862" and "1864." Fortunately, before the restoration was begun, a record of the names was made, for some became illegible during the construction. They are as follows:

E. M. Newsom, Co. A., 2nd Va. Vol. Union Cavalry

F. Roane, Capt. Co. E. 3rd Reg. West Va. Cav.

June 2, 1864

F. Patton belonging to Co. B. 22nd Reg.

Va. Vols.

Volunteered 3rd day of _____, 1862, at the Vally

[or Rally] of _____

Under Col. [Fak—?] Commissioned 4th

Va. Vol. this 12th day of April, 1862

² A bronze plaque giving the history of the building was placed on the outside wall near the door, and suitable dedication addresses were delivered by the Honorable Jo. N. Kenna, President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia, the Honorable George W. McClintic, United States District Judge, and others, on August 1, 1941, just 110 years after the first session of the Virginia Supreme Court in Lewisburg.

Battle of Lewisburg

THE turnpike through Lewisburg proved as important a thoroughfare in war time as when filled with peace-time travel. Soon after the start of the Civil War, the little town grew accustomed to the sight of long lines of weary soldiers plodding through the dust and mud of her streets. Then there came a day when they were not plodding, but instead were fighting, for in May, 1862, a battle was waged through the town itself.

Supporting General J. D. Cox (Federal), who was then encamped at Flat Top, on the direct road to Packs Ferry and Princeton, Colonel George Crook, Federal commander of the Third Brigade, advanced to Lewisburg on May 17. There he found only a small force of cavalry and took possession of the town with little opposition. From his camp on the western hill near the turnpike back of the present Greenbrier College buildings, he sent a part of his troops on forays in the direction of Covington, capturing certain supplies and destroying a railroad bridge at Jackson River.

General Henry Heth, Confederate Commander, assisted by General Johnson, succeeded in routing a portion of Cox's army. Encouraged by this success and the knowledge that Crook had weakened his force by sending a portion of it to Covington, Heth determined to attack at Lewisburg. Coming from the direction of Monroe County by way of the Organ Cave road, which enters the turnpike at Caldwell, he crossed the Greenbrier River on the night of May 22, and, there encountering and

driving in Crook's pickets, he continued toward Lewisburg, where he established his lines under cover of darkness along the hill at the eastern end of the town in the general vicinity of Holt Lane. At five o'clock the next morning, May 23, he began shelling the town and the camp of General Crook, which faced him from a hill of approximately equal height on the town's western approach.

Crook's men, then engaged in cooking their breakfast, were taken by surprise, but quickly formed in line of battle. Crook placed the 44th Regiment of Ohio Volunteers under command of Colonel Samuel A. Gilbert, on the right flank. Forming his line on the south side of Washington Street, Gilbert advanced up the hill through the oak grove where the Van Sickler, Easley, and Dayton houses now stand. Beyond this grove and to the left, were stationed Heth's battery of two rifled ten-pounder and two twelve-pounder field howitzers.¹ Capturing these, Gilbert pushed on to the top of the hill, taking a number of prisoners and killing twenty or more men. The Confederates retreated over the hill toward the river.

Lieutenant Colonel M. Clark (Federal), commanding the 36th Ohio Infantry Regiment, was located on the Federal left flank on the northern side of Washington Street and, according to his report, "at the foot of a steep declivity having an altitude of some fifty feet and along the brow of which were several houses surrounded by enclosures beyond which the larger portion of the enemy's infantry, commanded by General Heth in per-

¹ These guns and their capture are mentioned in the official reports. It seems certain that one of them, breaking from its support and whirling about as it was fired by its captors, furnished the incident told to Mr. Hock by a Federal veteran of the battle, and set out later in this book in relation to the General Lewis Hotel.

son, were formed." Clark was evidently coming up Randolph and Chestnut streets to cross Lee Street and continue on up the hill, where Heth's lines, protected somewhat by a fence, were formed back of the present Greenbrier Military School.

Clark had about nine companies, six hundred men, and advanced² under heavy fire to within forty yards of Heth's position before the Confederate lines gave way and retreated eastward toward the river, a distance of about two and one-half to three miles, for the most part through dense woodland. Not knowing whether Heth had troops in reserve, General Crook did not dare run the risk of jeopardizing his entire command, so only a few companies were sent in pursuit. As a matter of fact, Heth's full forces had been engaged, and if the demoralized Confederate troops had been pursued more vigorously, the long wooden covered bridge over the river at Caldwell might have been saved. As it was, Heth got his men across and then burned the bridge.

General Heth felt his defeat was wholly unnecessary. He not only regarded his forces as adequate, but considered his position what he had desired and every advantage his own. For some unexplainable reason, his men became panic-stricken and could not be restrained from what he considered an unjustified and, to him, humiliating retreat. His report and that of General Crook, giving a full account of the engagement, follow:

² General Heth's dispatch speaks of the "left of the enemy" being in full retreat, when his left flank, under Lieutenant Colonel Finney, became panic-stricken. The accuracy of this statement may be doubted, as such retreat is not mentioned in the Federal reports, and the general results of the battle render it unlikely, but undoubtedly the turning point of the engagement was when Finney was repulsed at the grove of oak timber mentioned by Heth.

Report of Confederate Commander
Union, Monroe County, Va.
May 23, 1862.

General:

I have the honor to state that after the rout of Cox's army by the combined forces of General Johnson and my own, I at once concluded to attack the force at Lewisburg, and was the more determined upon this course when I learned that the enemy had divided his force at Lewisburg, and sent a portion of it in the direction of Covington. This plan was communicated to you on assuming the command of the department, in fact the movement had then already commenced.

I proceeded rapidly in the direction of Lewisburg. I had the most accurate information of the enemy's force in every respect. He numbered about fifteen hundred men (infantry)—two regiments—two mountain howitzers, and about one hundred and fifty cavalry. The force I led against him numbered about two thousand infantry, three batteries, and about one hundred cavalry.

My chance of success was good, provided I could surprise the enemy and get into position. This I succeeded in doing far beyond my expectation. Most of his pickets were captured, and I attained, without firing a shot, that position in front of Lewisburg which I would have selected.

The enemy retired to a range of hills corresponding in height on the west side of the town.

As my regiments and batteries arrived they were deployed as follows:

Finney's battalion on the left, the Forty-fifth Regiment in the center, and the Twenty-second Virginia Regiment on the right; Lieutenant-Colonel Cook's battalion of dismounted men, & Eighth Virginia Cavalry, as the reserve.

While deploying and getting my batteries into position, the enemy, evidently in order to cover the retreat of his wagons, threw forward his smallest regiment, sending one-half to the right and the other to the left of the main approach to the town.

I advanced to meet him. I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Finney, commanding battalion, to occupy a small body of oak timber.³ In doing this Colonel Finney had to cross a wheat field. The enemy, numbering only three Companies, opened upon his battalion a very severe fire, which possibly compelled his com-

³ It is clear from this report as well as from the contour of the ground that the "small body of oak timber" referred to is "The Grove"—long known by that name—in which the Van Sickler, Easley, and Dayton houses are now situated. The wheat field was back of it between the present Echols Street and Holt Lane.

mand to fall back. At this time the left of the enemy was in full retreat.

The field officers, among whom none were more conspicuous than the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Finney, as well as some few Captains, threw themselves between the enemy and their retreating men, but threats and persuasions were alike unavailing. The result is, we mourn the loss of many a brave officer.

The only excuse that can be offered for the disgraceful behavior of three regiments and batteries is that they are filled with conscripts and newly officered under the Election System.

I cannot as yet ascertain our exact loss, but will furnish you reports at my earliest convenience. By far the greater portion of the casualties was among the officers—a consequence of the panic.

I do not wish to be understood as shifting the responsibility of what has occurred upon the shoulders of my troops, for as a General is the recipient of honors gained, so he should bear his proportion of the result of the disaster. I simply give you a plain statement of facts apparent to all present.

I move tomorrow or next day to my original position at The Narrows, as the tents of my command are there.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

H. Heth

Brigadier-General

Maj-Gen. W. W. Loring

Commanding, Department of Southwest

Virginia

Reports of Federal Commander Colonel George Crook,

36th Ohio Infantry,

Headquarters

Lewisburg, May 23, 1862.

Attacked this morning about 5 A. M., by Gen. Heth with 3,000 men, 6 or 8 pieces of artillery & a small force of cavalry. They came from the direction of Union, crossed the Greenbrier River at the bridge, driving in our pickets. They formed a line of battle on the hill east of town, our camp being on the hill west of town, and shelled the town and our camp.

I at once formed my line of battle and marched on them. My men encountered them on the outskirts of the east side of town. We drove them back, they disputing every inch of ground until we gained the top of the hill, when they fled in great confusion, utterly demoralized, throwing away their blankets, hats, coats, accouterments, and some guns. Having only 1200 or 1300 men, I was afraid to follow them for fear they had another column to attack us in our rear, which was entirely unprotected, or

else I might have followed them and prevented their burning the bridge. We lost some 10 killed, 40 wounded & 8 missing. The enemy's loss is much greater. We captured four cannons, 2 rifled, and two smooth, and some 200 stand of arms and about 100 prisoners, among them one lieutenant-colonel, one major and several captains and Lieutenants.

I regret to have to report that our wounded men passing to the rear were fired on from the houses and some killed. I have instituted a search, and shall burn all the houses from which firing was from and shall order a commission on those who are charged with firing, and if found guilty, will execute them at once in the main street of this town as examples. I will send detailed report by mail.

I am, Sir respectfully

George Crook
Col. Commanding Brigade

Captain Bascom
Assistant Adjutant-General

It may be added that in General Crook's later dispatches no further mention is made of any shooting of wounded from the houses, no appointment of a commission is disclosed, and certainly no executions took place, as he threatened.

Crook's dispatch of May 24, the day after the battle, states

. . . Nothing new today . . . Enemy retreated in the direction of Union, greatly demoralized; stragglers are still coming in. The rebels left 38 dead on the field and 66 wounded that we have found, besides carrying a good many of their wounded with them. . . . Have collected some 300 stand of small arms. . . . our loss 13 killed, 53 wounded, and 7 missing. . . . and as a number of his (Heth) troops are men who have been pressed into the service under the state conscription, and this is their first engagement, there is every reason to believe that the defeat will be to them very demoralizing. The force actually engaged with us was about 2500 men including 125 cavalry and six pieces of artillery. . . Lieutenant-Colonel Finney and Major Edgar were two of the officers taken.

Lewisburg continued to remain in the hands of the Federal forces until May 29, when they withdrew to the southwest, making camp at Meadow Bluff.

More vivid than the official dispatches, but remarkably coinciding with them, is the impression of the battle upon the mind of a child⁴ who carried it in her memory until she was a grown woman before she wrote the following:

The battle was fought almost in the streets. At daybreak we were roused from slumber by the sound of firing. Almost immediately my grandfather's voice was heard at the foot of the hall stairway, calling out, "Susan, Susan, you had better all get up, there is going to be a battle!"

Thus aroused, half dressed, the children flattened their faces against the window-panes. From this position we had a good view of what was taking place on our left flank. We could see the terrified negroes running to the woods back of "Mucklehenney's house"; we could see the puffs of smoke almost simultaneously with the rattle of musketry. We heard the discharge of artillery almost for the first time in our lives. It was an exciting, nay, even an alarming moment. The bullets whistled through the trees in the yard.

The Yankees were interrupted in cooking their breakfast; though taken by surprise, they behaved beautifully. They soon formed into line, and double quicking it down the hillside, leveled the fences in the meadow, and my grandfather's wheat fields, and swept up the opposite slope to "the grove," which crowns the eastern hill, where the Forty-fifth was waiting to receive them. Colonel Edgar's battalion was in the center, supporting Bryan's battery. Our left line soon broke under the onslaught from the enemy.

On the opposite side of the town Colonel Patton's regiment met with equal ill-luck. The Twenty-second attacked the enemy's left-flank, and a sharp fight went on in the Fair-grounds.⁵ For an hour or so a brisk firing was kept up, then it slackened, and died away. Something told us the day had been lost. About nine o'clock a cloud of smoke appeared on the horizon; it was from the bridge over the river, recklessly destroyed by General Heth in his retreat.

We could see the blue coats coming back leisurely down the hill-side.

⁴Miss Rose Fry, granddaughter of Doctor McElhenney and very young at the time, was an eye witness to the battle, and her account of what occurred appears in her interesting book *Recollections of the Rev. John McElhenney, D.D.*, published 1893.

⁵The Fair Ground at that time was at the northern end of Lee Street, at the site of the present Greenbrier Military School.

In April, 1863, a second battle, that of Tuckwiller's Hill, occurred two miles west, on the outskirts of Lewisburg. In reality it was little more than a skirmish. The Confederates were the victors. In August of the same year occurred the more desperately fought Battle of Dry Creek (White Sulphur), followed in November by a third battle at Droop Mountain, twenty-three miles to the north. All these encounters show Lewisburg to have been constantly in the midst of army movements, with various companies encamped throughout the county. The 22nd Georgia Regiment was at White Sulphur Springs during the winter of 1864, and other Southern regiments were at Blue Sulphur Springs. Many of the men died of the scourge of the armies, typhoid fever, a disease so general as to be called "camp fever." It is not surprising that one often hears the words "used as a hospital in the Civil War" spoken of various buildings in the town of Lewisburg.

Old Stone Church

THE most noted building in Lewisburg is the famous Old Stone Presbyterian Church. The building was erected in 1796, under the pastorate of the Reverend Benjamin Grigsby, although the church had been organized in 1783 by his predecessor, the Reverend John McCue. It is situated on the present Church Street, directly opposite Greenbrier College, successor to the early Academy built in 1812. It is the oldest church building in this region west of the Alleghanies that has remained in continuous use. Although within the limits of the town, the church site was then some distance from the center of the little settlement and embraced an area of about two acres, consisting of lots 49, 50, 51, and 52 of the first town plat. These lots formed the extreme southwestern block and were bounded on the east by Market Street and on the north by German Street, the other boundaries, then unnamed, being later designated as Church Street on the west and McElhenney Road on the south.

Colonel John Stuart had given the necessary land for the church, but the early settlers, few in number and with little money, had all but abandoned hope of the building when a gift from Mrs. John Stuart made the construction possible. Mrs. Stuart received from her father a legacy of five hundred pounds (\$2,420), which was generously and without hesitation contributed, along with 150 pounds from her husband, Colonel Stuart. With these sums and money which the others of this small

group of less than twenty people could give, the building was completed.

As the Academy was not then in existence, and no other buildings near by, the church was under no obligation to face in any particular direction. Placed close to the western boundary, the building faced toward Market Street, from which it was separated by a large part of the lot that was to become the first churchyard burial ground west of the mountains that still continues to fulfill its sacred function.

The excellent stonemasons employed were Christopher Foglesong, father of John Foglesong, of Lewisburg, and John Brown, father of H. B. Brown, of Frankford. Tradition says the women helped by carrying sacks of sand on horseback from the river three miles distant. As the walls of the church were being erected, Colonel Stuart polished one of the building stones and chiseled on it the following modest inscription.

THIS
BUILDING was
erected in the year
1796 at the expence
of a few of the first
inhabitants of this
land to commemorate
their affection &
esteem for the
holy gospel of
JESUS CHRIST
reader
if you are inclined
to applaud their
virtues give God
the glory.

The stone was set in the wall above the front door, which was then located in the east end of the church, but which was later (1830) changed to the west end of the building, where the stone was replaced above it.

This church is of gray native stone, with two rows of green shuttered windows on three walls, the lower being much the larger and all being divided into small panes. The building was originally square, but in 1830, when a number of alterations were undertaken, twenty-five feet were added to the west end, making it a rectangle forty-four by seventy-five feet, with a graceful open cupola belfry in the center of the roof. At this time the entrance was reversed from the east to the west end of the building, and several of the windows removed from the first floor. The vertical stones originally placed above them were left intact and show that there had been the same number of windows in each of the two rows.

The old bell which has summoned "the faithful" for many years is now supplemented by chimes, which daily ring out the well-loved old familiar hymns. The chimes were a gift to the church in 1940 by Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacDonald, of Lewisburg.

The deep inside sills indicate the great thickness of the stone walls. The interior of the building is severely plain, with white painted posts supporting on each side a gallery originally intended for the use of slaves. The stairs to this gallery were first on the outside of the building, but are now in the vestibule, which is separated from the auditorium by a partition.

When the church was constructed, a sounding board, later removed, hung over the pulpit. The square collection boxes nailed on long handles and the narrow wooden benches are quaint reminders of long ago. The surrounding churchyard, more than once enlarged,

is filled with the graves of those who worshipped here.¹

During the Civil War, this beautiful monument to "the faith of our fathers" served, on more than one occasion, as a crowded hospital for soldiers, particularly in 1861, when General Lee passed through Lewisburg with an army of ten thousand men, many of whom were ill from exposure in an extremely rainy season. A considerable number died under the shelter of this roof. The following year after the Battle of Lewisburg, the old church was again used to house ill and dying men, many of whom were left behind in the churchyard cemetery after the armies had moved on. At the end of the war a hillside plot a little farther west was secured for a burying ground, and officers were sent to direct the removal of the 269 bodies to that location, a duty which was completed by June 13, 1867.

Near Union, in Monroe County, then part of Greenbrier, is the primitive Rehoboth Methodist Church, built in 1786 and dedicated the same year by Bishop Francis Asbury. Rehoboth Church is said to be the oldest church still standing west of the Alleghanies. It is a small building, its floor space only twenty-nine by twenty-one feet. It is constructed of roughly hewn logs, with small door and windows. It also served as a fort against Indian attack, and for many years its worshippers carried their guns with them when they entered.

The First Methodist Church, located in Lewisburg, on German Street, is another interesting church building, though of much later date. Built in 1820 and lengthen-

¹When Dr. McElhenney became pastor, there were only eleven graves in the cemetery. The earliest stone bears the date of 1797, the year following the erection of the church, and marks the grave of Elizabeth Holiman, sister of Captain Abraham Rader. The next earliest stone is the first piece of marble brought to Greenbrier and is inscribed 1802.



First Manse of Old Stone Church

ed in later years, it is a large building of brick, with the usual green-shuttered windows, a cupola belfry painted white, and an inside "slave gallery." This church, on the eastern hill at the edge of The Grove, was in direct line of fire in the Battle of Lewisburg. The southwestern corner, a part of which was torn off by a cannon ball, was later repaired. After the war, the church was given to the colored people and is still used by them.

The earliest church in the county was organized by the Reverend John Alderson, a Baptist missionary minister and leading man of his day. From Rockingham County, he first came to Greenbrier in 1775. Later he made other visits, until 1777, when he brought his family and came as a permanent settler. In the town which bears his name, Alderson, he built his cabin near the river, where the hotel now stands. His hardships were great, but his zeal was greater, and he traveled through the wilderness, frequently guarded by a body of armed men as he went from distant fort to fort on his missionary journeys. In two years' time he had attracted twelve communicants, some of whom lived so far away as thirty miles, and Old Greenbrier Church was organized in 1781, the first Baptist organization in southwestern Virginia. But this was not all of his accomplishment. Before the end of his life in 1821, this Apostle of Greenbrier had established nine churches within its boundaries.

First Manse of Old Stone Church

SPOKEN of as a "man of address," cultured, and well liked by the townspeople, the Reverend Benjamin Grigsby was the second pastor of the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg, from the period of 1794 to 1803, and it was under his pastorate the church was erected. During these years he acquired a patent for 1050 acres of land, as well as other land by deed from Abraham Huptonstall. In 1796, the same year the church was erected, on the tract obtained from Huptonstall, the site beautifully located on a bluff overlooking the Greenbrier River, about a mile from Route 60, between Lewisburg and Caldwell, Mr. Grigsby built a very comfortable large stone house as the first manse of the Presbyterian Church.

Its distinguishing features are its pair of fine outside stone chimneys at one end and its amazingly thick walls. The walls are said to insulate the house so completely that the year-round temperature does not greatly vary from seventy-two degrees.

The lines of the house were originally good, simple, and well-balanced, but now the good proportions are marred by a frame addition at the western end.

The house proved too far from the newly erected Old Stone Church to serve as a parsonage, and later, under the pastorate of Dr. McElhenney, a brick manse was erected near the church. Having changed owners repeatedly, the stone house and farm were purchased in 1902 by Thomas K. Totten and have been owned and occupied by members of his family ever since.

The Reverend John McElhenney

IN 1802, an epidemic of yellow fever—surprising as it may now seem that such would occur in New England—caused the temporary suspension of classes at Yale College and prevented John McElhenney, a young South Carolinian, from entering the college as he had intended. Instead, the young student came to Lexington, Virginia, and there enrolled in Liberty Hall Academy,¹ graduating in 1804. In 1807, while pursuing graduate theological studies at the academy, he married Rebecca Walkup, daughter of Arthur Walkup, a Presbyterian pioneer from Ireland.

Trained for the ministry and licensed to preach, John McElhenney was sent by the Presbytery of Lexington on a month's missionary journey to Greenbrier, carrying an introductory letter, dated February 13, 1808, from the Reverend Samuel Brown, of Rockbridge County, addressed to "Messrs. John Anderson, Henry Hunter, Alexander Welch, Thomas Grattan, Charles Arbuckle, William Morrow, Linah Mims, and Thomas Creigh." His journey over the mountains led him through the Gaps of Monroe County, where he made his first stop and preached his first sermon at the home of Mr. William Haynes. The following Sunday he preached in the courthouse at Union, the county seat of Monroe County (the county having been formed in 1799).

Continuing on to Greenbrier, he presented himself to

¹The Academy was later endowed by George Washington, and the name changed to Washington College. It is now known as Washington and Lee University.

the first person mentioned in his letter, Major John Anderson, who lived at the Greenbrier bridge and whose house is later described. Major Anderson's marriage to Polly Walkup, aunt of Mrs. McElhenney, was one of the first performed by the new minister and occurred later at his residence, the stone house.

Major Anderson made arrangements for the young man to preach in Lewisburg the Sunday after his arrival. Thereafter, he preached sermons in different sections of the county, at the homes of Major William Hamilton on Muddy Creek, Major Andrew McClung on Sinking Creek, and Mr. John Handley on Spring Creek. He was so well liked and so favorably received that in four months' time he was "called" by the churches of Union and Lewisburg. He accepted the call to both and served as their "supply" minister until he was duly installed that fall. Though these two churches were twenty miles apart, he alternated services between them, and, regardless of weather, the faithful pastor was to be seen on his horse making these journeys back and forth for twenty-six years before relinquishing the pastorate in Union.

Stalwart and successful farmer, educator, and man of great spiritual power, Dr. McElhenney was the beloved pastor of the Old Stone Church for the amazing period of sixty-two years, beginning in 1808.² The local paper in 1870 carried the notice of a sermon he preached there when he was eighty-seven. The same year in which he arrived in Lewisburg he started, in his own home, a private school, the forerunner of Lewisburg Academy, a coeducational school which he established shortly afterward and in which he taught for twenty years.

During his ministry Dr. McElhenney organized

² In the later years of his ministry he was assisted by two able and devoted co-pastors, Dr. John Calvin Barr and Dr. M. L. Lacy.

churches on Muddy Creek and Anthony Creek, revived others, and made regular weekly missionary journeys to neighboring counties. His days were full. Up at six o'clock every morning, bronzed and tireless, he was either looking after his splendid farm, working in his study, or in the saddle going about his pastoral duties until nightfall, when he and his wife gathered the children about them for evening prayers and early bedtime by nine o'clock.

Of their six children, Mary Jane died at the age of two years; James Addison, the eldest son, died as a young man five years after his marriage to Cornelia, daughter of Jacob Cardoso, principal of the Academy; Elizabeth Ann was a black-haired, blue-eyed Irish beauty, who married John L. Fry; Franklin and Washington were twins, the former becoming a physician, the latter an attorney; and Susan Emily, the youngest child, never married.³

When Dr. McElhenney first arrived in Lewisburg with his bride, they lived in a log house chinked with plaster, known as the Wethered house. Their next home was of stone. It is still standing, although greatly altered, opposite the brick courthouse (described later as Market Street stone house). After its completion, the McElhenneys lived for a time in the Academy. They had been residents of Lewisburg for several years before

³ Dr. and Mrs. McElhenney had twelve grandchildren: (1) Susan McElhenney, who married John S. Price, eldest son of Governor Samuel Price; her sister (2) Rebecca McElhenney, who married Heber K. Withrow, youngest son of James Withrow; (3) Nannie McElhenney, who married A. J. Clark, of Wheeling; (4) Rebecca Fry, who married Colonel George M. Edgar, of Monroe County; (5) Lillie F. Fry, who married J. Emmet Guy, of Staunton; (6) Lizzie Fry, who married Captain Arch Graham, of Lexington; (7) Henry Fry, who married Miss S. B. Hufnagle, of Greenbrier; (8) William Wirt Fry, who married Miss Ella A. Ferris, of Georgia; (9) Lucy Fry, the eldest granddaughter, who married Henry M. Mathews, later governor of West Virginia.

purchasing in December, 1812, for their permanent home, 103 acres of good farm land from John McClanahan, the same man who gave the lands upon which the Academy stood. The Doctor named the home "Mount Esperance" (Mountain of Hope).

The house, built between 1813 and 1814 by the capable architect and brickmason, John Weir, who also built the Academy, was the second brick building in the community. Surrounded by well-cultivated fields, it stood on a knoll in the southern end of town, with a fine view of the mountains and, probably more important to the Doctor, within sight of the church which he served so long. It was a splendid, well-built, and comfortable structure, with woodwork, mantels, bookshelves, and cupboards of walnut, all put together with wooden pegs. The windows were very deep-set and the floor boards wide. The large living room was wainscoted in cherry. These beautiful native woods were plentiful and cheap, but screws, bolts, and locks had to be ordered from the large eastern cities and were very expensive. Window glass, imported from England, was almost a luxury. Old-fashioned flowers and shrubs bloomed under the windows and in the garden walks of this happy spot.

After the death of Dr. and Mrs. McElhenney, the farm was purchased by Captain Arch Graham, husband of one of the granddaughters, who lived there for a time. In a later division of the property into lots, it was called the "Graham Addition" and has since become the town's newest residential section. Eventually the house, having been long unoccupied, fell into ruin, and was torn down within the last five years. The bricks, however, were preserved and in 1941-42 were again used by the present owner, Mrs. Wade Bell, who constructed on the same

site a delightfully appropriate and lovely house, whose tall-columned entrance faces the north.

Dr. McElhenney was so closely associated with the lives of the people throughout the county over such a long period of years that his name is forever enshrined in their hearts, and today, as though it were yesterday, one hears characteristic stories told of him which make him very real and very human.

Upon one occasion Dr. McElhenney had been summoned rather hastily to conduct a funeral several miles distant. With no time to inquire details and barely time to reach his destination before the hour of service, the Doctor nevertheless did his best, and spoke most glowingly of the virtues of the departed brother. He noticed the mourners appeared to look puzzled and disturbed. Fearing he was perhaps not coming up to expectations, he exerted himself still further in his praise of the departed.

At this point a man behind him leaned forward and, giving his coat tails a jerk, hissed in a strong stage whisper, "Parson, it ain't me that's dead; it's the old woman!"

Without hesitation the Doctor said, "Brethren, all I've said relative to the old man is equally applicable to the old woman, just changing the sex. Let us pray."

The Doctor throughout his life was a very punctual man, although he never carried a watch. He said, "it misled him if he relied on it, but that his horse, if he relied upon him, always brought him in good season to his appointment." It was on one of his trips home from services in Union, his dinner having been delayed there, that he was riding along on his horse, Donum, at a faster pace than usual, for fear the delay might cause him to be late for his evening meeting in Lewisburg. He was a few miles from Union, when he came up behind an

elderly woman on a horse which seemed to be moving at a snail's pace, with no intention of proceeding any faster. Dr. McElhenney's gentlemanly instincts were against passing her and stirring up a cloud of dust, and he stayed behind as long as he could. Finally, losing all hope of making any progress, he rode up to pass her.

The woman, recognizing him, said, "Mr. McElhenney, isn't a merciful man merciful to his beast?"

The Doctor, always ready with a quick reply, said, "Madam, it is more merciful to ride your beast home and feed him than to sit on him in the road all day!"

It may be that the powers of this horse to tell time were a little overrated, for certainly on one occasion they proved rather costly to his trusting master. The Doctor had set out on Donum to keep an engagement to baptize several people. Suddenly, squinting at the sun, the Doctor had a strong feeling it was later in the day than Donum's pace indicated. Thereupon, taking matters into his own hands, he pounded onto the Greenbrier River bridge at a gallop.

The bridge-tender proceeded to bring him to a halt, and said, "Doctor, you know it's against the law to go faster than a walk across the bridge, and I reckon I'll have to fine you."

"Well, how much is it?" asked the Doctor tartly.

"Five dollars," replied the man.

Getting out his purse, Dr. McElhenney handed him a ten-dollar bill and started to move off.

The bridge-tender said, "Here, wait a minute till I get your change."

But the Doctor was already whipping his horse, and he called over his shoulder, "Never mind, I'll run out the other five as I go back!" And with that, he thundered



Dining-room Mantel — John A. North House

over the rest of the bridge in a grand gallop and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Good old Donum, presented to Dr. McElhenney by the women of Frankford, had been his dependable mount in the many weary miles they had traveled together, but following the Battle of Lewisburg, when houses and barns were searched by Federal troopers, Donum was taken away from his quiet home to become a war horse. This was a great deprivation to the Doctor, who felt the loss as that of a personal companion. Other of the McElhenney farm horses were impressed by the Confederate soldiers for removing their stores to Centerville, four of them later returning home with lung fever, only to be shot.

Dr. McElhenney was subjected to a midnight raid of Averell's men in the spring of 1863, and he and Mrs. McElhenney were ordered from their beds to prepare food for the intruders. When General Hunter's men halted two days in Lewisburg in their retreat from Lynchburg (1864), the starving soldiers, cut off from their provision wagons, were ruthless in their search for food, and not only were many of the cattle and hogs owned by Dr. McElhenney driven away, but some were killed and roasted on his own premises. His fields trampled and ruined, his crops destroyed, Dr. McElhenney suffered many losses during the war, but he treated friend and foe with impartial courtesy and tried to hold to the even tenor of his kindly way throughout the trying war period.

His heart, however, was with the South, and after the surrender of General Lee, the final spark that held the venerable Doctor to life seemed to grow noticeably more dim, and on January 2, 1871, in his ninety-first

year, this godly man quietly closed his eyes in his final sleep.

Mrs. McElhenney died February 12, 1876. Their resting place is shaded by the trees in the church-yard close by the Old Stone Church.

The Academy

THE early Academy in Lewisburg, established in 1808 by the Reverend Dr. John McElhenney shortly after his arrival in Greenbrier, became, under his able tutelage, a creditable and well-patronized school. It has survived, if not in its own name, certainly in standing and usefulness, for more than 130 years.

Dr. McElhenney began teaching in his own home. In a surprisingly few years, this small beginning had grown amazingly, and John McClanahan, son of the pioneer, Captain Robert McClanahan, had contributed a tract of land upon which to construct a building to house the school. Upon a site located just beyond the southwestern boundary of the town and opposite the Old Stone Church, was erected the early coeducational Academy, Lewisburg's first brick building. The architect and brickmason was John Weir, who also, immediately afterward, built Dr. McElhenney's fine brick home, Mount Esperance. The Academy is thought to have been built about 1812, an old account book of the merchant, Charles Arbuckle, having these entries of June 21, 1812:

50 nails for Academy, 1 shilling
6 panes window glass at 1 shilling, 6 pence
3/4 pound of putty, 1 shilling, 6 pence

The building, according to an early photograph, was of good size, two stories high, with steep roof and pairs of tall end chimneys. The stairs to the second floor, which were on the outside of the building originally, were later removed and placed inside, and an entrance porch added, as well as a cupola belfry on the roof. The school was surrounded by a common in which grew many walnut trees.

The Academy was incorporated by a special act of the General Assembly in 1812, the trustees named being "James Mars, Charles Arbuckle, James L. Clowney, James Withers, Thomas Creigh, John Micklehaney, John Welch, Christian Piercy, Henry Hunter, Thomas Beard, John Mathews, John Stuart and William Renick, of the County of Greenbrier; Allen Taylor of Botetourt; Samuel Blackburn and William Pogue, of Bath; Hendley Chapman of Giles; Andrew Burns and Isaac Estill, of Monroe; David Ruffner, of Kanawha; Jesse Bennett, of Mason, and Elisha McComas, of Cabell County, Gentlemen." Dr. McElhenney was named president.

After the completion of the building, Dr. McElhenney lived there until his new home was ready for occupancy. He remained principal of the Academy until 1824, having seven assistants at various times during that period—the Reverend Alexander Curry, Launcelot G. Bell, Reverend Francis Dutton, Reverend John Spotts, William Dalton, William Graham, and Mr. Herron.

The school prospered, being both successful and popular, and was attended by students not only from Greenbrier and neighboring counties,¹ but also from distant states, three French boys coming from so far away as Louisiana.

An amusing story concerns one of the Doctor's pupils named Henry McNeil, an Irish orphan lad, who is said to have been one of the brightest students in the old Academy. On his second day in school, when a question was asked in the lesson in English grammar assigned

¹ William Henry Ruffner, one of the students to attend this early school, afterward entered the ministry and organized the first Presbyterian Church in Charleston, West Virginia. He later became President of Washington College in Lexington. He and his brother, Joseph Ruffner, boarded at the McElhenney home while attending the Academy.

the day before, Henry rattled off the answers as fast as the teacher asked the questions, without a pause or without giving any of the other students the opportunity to speak. Soon he answered all the questions for that day's lesson. Dr. McElhenney, amused, thought to test him further and began leafing through the grammar asking questions at random. Henry was not in the least abashed, and answered those in the back of the book with the same alacrity he displayed in the lesson for that day.

Finally the Doctor said: "Henry, how much did you get anyway?"

Henry replied, "Be God, I got the whole damn thing last night before I went to bed!"

In the summer of 1874 the name of the school was changed to "Lewisburg Female Institute," under a new charter and a new board of twenty-five trustees. A dormitory was built and connected to the old building by a covered passage, which the students called the "Bridge of Sighs." These buildings were destroyed by fire in December, 1901. Another building replaced them, only to suffer the same fate in 1920. Following the second fire, the charter was amended, and a new school, under the name of "Young Ladies Seminary," was erected on the same site. The building was much more imposing than its predecessors. Constructed of brick, the attractive modern structure, with its handsome Colonial columns, is in the old tradition and houses today's splendid Greenbrier College for Women.

Originally both boys and girls were taught, but the Academy soon became restricted to the latter. However, further impetus from these early beginnings resulted in the establishment, in another section of town, on Lee Street, of the excellent and widely patronized school for boys, the Greenbrier Military Academy of today.

Taverns and Their Owners

WITH the James River and Kanawha Turnpike as its "Main Street," Lewisburg became a flourishing town in the days of the stagecoach. It was a popular overnight stop for travelers going east and west and had several small, but famous, taverns. The earliest was the two-story inn built by Richard Tyree in 1801, which, because of its extreme length of 225 feet, with a width of only thirty feet, was named the "Long Ordinary," a name promptly changed by tap-room humorists to the less complimentary designation of the "Long Ornry." Located on the northwest side of Market and near the corner of Washington Street, it was the oasis for many weary and thirsty travelers.

The rates which ordinaries were allowed to charge were fixed by the courts and were changed from year to year. Those allowed by the court of August, 1783, are as follows: "hott diet," 21 cents; cold diet, 17 cents; lodging, 8 cents; corn or oats per gallon, or pasturage one night, 8 cents; oats per sheaf, 6 cents; "tody made of Rum with loaf shugar," per quart 25 cents; the same with brown sugar, 17 cents; whiskey per gallon, \$1.33; apple brandy, 83 cents; peach brandy \$1.67. In January, 1793, the rate for "sleeping in a feather bed" was 8 cents, and in a chaff bed, 5 cents.

This same Richard Tyree had the first boot and shoe business in Lewisburg in 1810. Ten years after the little log building used as an early courthouse had been abandoned by the court, he established his shop in that building, then known as the William Smithee house.

Another tavern in the same locality, on the south side of Washington Street (Lot 37), was the popular three-story red-brick Cabell & Vandiver¹ hostelry, later known as the "Stratton Hotel." Henry Clay, Patrick Henry, Jenny Lind, as well as Joe Sweeney, the noted banjo "picker," and other important personages are said to have been among the guests. One wonders if Anne Royall, the early traveler and writer, was perhaps one of them. In 1826 she describes her trip through this mountain region, and seems to have been surprised to find adequate provision for her comfort at the inns along her route, saying, "The people who have settled here for the purpose of living by travelers, afford good accommodation, are well informed, and keep very neat beds—at which I was much astonished."

The Cabell & Vandiver and the Long Ordinary are now but names. One of them, and perhaps both, may have been in the path of the great fire of 1897, which destroyed nearly all of the original buildings in the central part of town.

¹ Captain Vandiver before the war also operated a tri-weekly stage line to Charleston.

The Old Bell Stand

AFTER much research, it has been discovered that the first Frazier tavern, its identity apparently lost for many years and the building assumed to have been long since demolished, is in reality still in existence and in use as a rooming house. It is located on Washington Street, on the north side, the second building from the corner of LaFayette Street, on a lot designated on the early plat of Lewisburg as Number 28.

It is an interesting little building of brick, painted red, two stories high, with end chimneys and a fairly low roof extending in an unbroken line over the second floor porch. This porch, identical on both levels and covering the entire front of the building, is supported by six square wood columns on each floor and enclosed with a quaint old white-painted wood railing. In line with the present columns are six small brick piers, built from the sidewalk to the porch floor level and jutting out a few inches beyond the parent foundation. They are capped by circular cement pediments, which, when the building was erected, presumably supported large round columns, reaching through the two porches to the roof.

The porch floor is only a few steps above the sidewalk, the foundation level with the sidewalk. On the first floor are five front windows and two doors, the windows having nine small panes of glass in the upper sash and six in the lower. The second floor has a single door and five windows, many of which contain their original glass.

It was from Hugh McLaughlin and his brother that James Frazier purchased the property in 1823, the deed

stating the McLaughlins had been conducting the tavern there "for long past."

It was here, and not in the second Frazier tavern as has so often been assumed, that a sumptuous public dinner was given in the summer of 1826 by the people of Lewisburg in honor of Henry Clay, aggressive and popular Whig Party leader and Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Quincy Adams and then a guest at the White Sulphur. A very cordial and complimentary letter of invitation was written and signed by a committee of arrangements previously appointed at a public meeting and composed of J. G. McClanahan, James McLaughlin, J. F. Caldwell, John Beirne, John A. North, and Henry Erskine.

This letter was dispatched forthwith by special messenger on horseback to White Sulphur. By the following day Mr. Clay had sent his acceptance, and preparations for the important event were under way. The local congressman, Honorable William Smith, a resident of Lewisburg, was designated to supervise matters and to see that all was done in a proper and fitting manner.

August 30, 1826, dawned as a big day for the little town. Flags and bunting draped the tavern and other public buildings, and people assembled from all that section to see the noted visitor. A bugle announced to the streets lined with people that Mr. Clay and his party of other notables who were guests at the White, had reached the outskirts of the town. They were greeted with cheers along their route as they made their way to the tavern.

When the more than two hundred guests were ready to be seated at the dinner, it was discovered to the consternation of all that the major-domo of the occasion, the one who was to introduce Mr. Clay, the Congressman

Smith, was absent. This caused a great flutter. Rumor had it that political opponents of Clay had prevailed upon Mr. Smith not to appear and he had left town. However, nothing daunted, another toastmaster was secured, and the dinner proceeded as planned.

Mr. Clay was warmly welcomed and toasted. Then he arose in all the glory of his gilt-buttoned blue coat, white breeches, silk stockings and pumps, and made a speech of more than an hour in length. He explained to his listeners the political motives for many of the actions of his tumultuous career and refuted corruption charges made by the friends of his great enemy, Andrew Jackson. The audience loudly applauded its approval. When he climaxed his speech by proposing a toast to "the continuation of the James River and Kanawha Turnpike," the hope and dream of everyone in his presence, the dinner ended in a happy tumult of cheers.

Mr. Frazier operated the tavern for several years before he and his wife, Elizabeth, conveyed it to John and Rebecca Mays, they in turn continuing under the name of the "Bell Tavern." Other names by which it was known were "Old Bell Stand" and the "Greenbrier House."

A deed for the tavern is on record, dated December 1, 1834, from the Mays to Patrick Beirne, trustee, to secure an indebtedness, the following equipment being included:

8 dining tables, one dozen small room tables, 1 sideboard, 1 safe, seven dozen chairs, and all other articles of furniture in said tavern.

After this, the property passed through a long succession of ownerships to its present owner, Mrs. Clarence Jones.

Next to the Bell Tavern, in fact, not more than thirty-six inches from it, is another old and quaint two-story brick house, which also is built directly on the sidewalk, but without a porch. Instead, there is a second floor balcony, with wrought iron railing in a delicate fan design, the last to remain of the attractive balconies which once adorned several of the early buildings along this street. This house is small, with shuttered windows and low roof. The property was a part of the Bell Tavern lot originally, the two buildings appearing, in various deeds, to have been sold jointly. When it was built, by whom, or for what purpose, one can only guess, but likely it was used as a residence and shop, the latter on the first floor and the shopkeeper's home upstairs. In 1879, A. J. Hudson, a saddler, was such an occupant. Today the tavern is known as the "Central Inn" and is owned by the Reverend and Mrs. N. W. Russell.

John A. North House (Star Tavern)

THIS pleasant red-brick building, surrounded by trees, was built about 1820, as his residence, by John A. North, son of Philip and Margaret Abney North, of Augusta County, Virginia, and grandson of Roger North, of Banbury, England, who came to America in 1771. John A. North had been appointed clerk of the Greenbrier District Court of Chancery in 1818, and after his marriage to Charlotte Blaine, of Lexington, Virginia, in the same year, he moved to Lewisburg. For some unexplained reason, he sold his home in 1830 to James Frazier, who operated it as the Star tavern, particularly catering to the jurists of the District Court of Chancery, which met in Lewisburg. Early writers visiting the springs speak of the frequent pilgrimages enjoyed by guests at White Sulphur, who made all-day trips to Lewisburg to hear the lawyers wax eloquent in their court oratory and to follow with a splendid meal at the Star.

In making the sale, Mr. North may have contemplated moving to Kentucky, as several of his friends had settled in that state. Since he also had previously purchased land there, they were constantly urging him to bring his wife and baby girls and join them.

Despite numerous references to the contrary, however, Mr. North did not go to Kentucky, whatever his intentions may have been. The increased activity and population west of the mountains led to the establishment of Lewisburg as the seat of the western division of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, and, in its first

session there in 1831, the five judges constituting the court appointed him as its divisional clerk. This seems to have been the deciding factor in his life, for he continued to remain in Lewisburg and became one of its most influential citizens. A man of fine sense and judgment, he played a prominent part in moulding the politics of Greenbrier County.

Mr. Frazier operated his widely known tavern for many years. After his death, in the settlement of his estate, the property was purchased, on December 22, 1871, by Colonel Joel McPherson, then the owner of "Briarfield." On the same day, Mr. McPherson made a deed for the old North property to his daughter, Adeline, the wife of Major John W. Harris. Major and Mrs. Harris were the parents of Mrs. Harry L. Van Sickler, of Lewisburg.

Major Harris remodeled the house somewhat, and he and his family occupied it as their residence until 1905, when it was purchased by Greenbrier College. Today it is used as the home of the college president. The house is well preserved. Its white-columned double portico, its well-spaced, shuttered windows, and its tall central and side chimneys remain unchanged, although the interior has been altered. The plan is the customary one of high-ceilinged, square rooms, opening into a central hall.

Not long after the house was built, perhaps about 1824, some very elaborate hand-carved woodwork was added in the hallway and in the room to the right of the entrance. Around the deep-set windows and doors and as a part of the mantel are heavy reeded column pediments, above which are dentil moulding and beading. There is a low paneled wainscot the height of the window sills, and above the windows is an extended carved cornice.

The mantel in this room, which is "the parlor," is

said to have been copied from that of the dining-room in Stuart Manor, although they are not by any means identical. That of the Manor is taller, more narrow, and much less heavily carved; its pairs of supporting columns are smaller and plain, while these are deeply reeded; its fan design is merely suggested, while in this mantel it is shown in detail. A very handsome mantel, it is strikingly different from that of the adjoining dining-room, where the usual and popular reeded columns are not used at all, the sides are left flat, and they, together with the rest of the mantel, are entirely reeded in a very refined and beautiful design.

All of the interior woodwork, now painted ivory, is said to be of solid walnut, including the wide flooring. The attractive entrance doorway is hand-carved, with reeded columns and good over-door circular glass. Even the door opening on the portico from the second floor, although not so large as the one below, is also carved and has a similar over-door treatment. This ornate carving appears to be the work of Conrod Burgess. By reason of his working on other houses in the vicinity at that time, it seems safe to conclude that he was engaged to add this ornamentation to the home of Mr. North. Persons in Lewisburg recall when Italian scenic paper covered its walls, paper probably contemporaneous with the original construction.

It is said Mrs. North never quite forgave her husband for selling their gracious home to Mr. Frazier for his tavern. It is small wonder, when one remembers its delightful situation, so lacking in the succeeding home which Mr. North built in its stead and in which all four of his daughters grew up and were married—Margaret to Robert Johnson, Mary to Thomas Hamner,

Isabelle to James R. Caldwell, and Martha Jane to Robert F. Dennis.

It was in 1834 that Mr. North purchased a part of Lot 61, on the corner of German and LaFayette streets, as the site of his second home. Though the lot extended up the hill on German Street into a lawn and garden, the house itself was built squarely on the corner and opened directly from the sidewalk. With German Street rising rather steeply behind it, the front of the house is several feet above street level, while in the rear it is level with the ground.

Many must have been the times Mrs. North thought of the shady portico and wide lawn of her first home. The house itself is of brick, large and well built, with pairs of tall brick chimneys at the ends and double portico in front. Unfortunately, in recent years there have been changes and alterations which have obliterated its original dignified lines. The woodwork is elaborately hand-carved, though much of it has been mutilated and disfigured with drab paint. The front doorway has reeded pilasters, with hatching extending up the sides of the casing and around the circular paneled top. The large door has eight panels. Part of the old bell door-knocker, similar to that in Morlunda, is still there. The door to the second floor portico has the same treatment. Around the roof is a deep wood cornice trim, hand-carved in circles, squares, and other details.

The mantels are carved in oval sunburst and reeded designs. The one in the room to the right has a singular appearance, as its obviously intended supporting pilasters were not placed and their absence gives the mantel an unfinished look.

Rooms open from a central hall. There probably were six rooms originally, though now, with later additions

to the house, there are fourteen. The old brass locks are gone except for one or two, and the window shutters also have disappeared. Many of these changes came after the death of Mr. North and the disposal of the house in 1858 by his heirs. After the sale, Mrs. North made her home at Elmhurst with her daughter. The present owner is Mrs. Hettie Landers, who operates there the Travelers' Inn.

Captain Robert F. Dennis came to Greenbrier in 1849 and in the same year married Martha Jane, youngest daughter of John A. and Charlotte North. A deed is recorded, dated January 21, 1853, from the Norths to the Dennises for a lot in Lewisburg, located near their own home on the east side of Jefferson Street, not far from the southeast corner of German Street. Here Captain Dennis built a brick house as his future residence.

This house, hidden behind tall sweeping trees, its lawn enclosed by a white fence, makes a pleasant picture. It is today the home of two of the granddaughters of John A. North, the Misses Mattie and Mary Caldwell. Filled with many interesting and lovely heirloom antiques, it proved a veritable treasure house in 1938, at the time of the great week-long celebration commemorating the 160th Anniversary of the Formation of Greenbrier County. Many of the displays in store windows and other places consisted of costumes and relics from the collection of these well-known ladies.

The Tavern at the Bridge (Elmhurst)

THREE miles east of Lewisburg, on the banks of the Greenbrier River, is the large brick house now known as "Elmhurst Farm." Located on part of the Anderson lands, the tavern was built in 1824 by Henry B. Hunter, son-in-law of Captain John Anderson, whose home, The Anderson Mansion, was within sight on the opposite side of the river. It was operated for years as a stage stop, being only a few yards from the toll bridge over which passed the east and west stage and wagon road. This bridge was erected in 1821, and the road improved and reconstructed shortly afterwards. The tavern, with its extensive acreage, was sold in 1848 at auction, together with a second tract of land, including a gristmill, in the court proceeding of Allen T. Caperton, Executor of Henry Erskine Estate v. Henry B. Hunter Heirs. It was bought by John A. North, who, in 1851, presented the tavern property as a wedding present to his daughter, Isabelle (Mrs. James R. Caldwell). The Caldwells took up their residence there about two years later.

The tavern had been a favorite stopping place in the earlier days. It was especially convenient as an attractive spot for the so-called "picnic parties" from the Old White, six miles away, though they were anything but rustic affairs. Dozens of people drove into the grounds in their fashionable equipages, and impressive names among those present were the rule rather than the exception. Furbelows and frills, delicacies and champagne, topped off with a band to add to the general festivity, made them extremely gala occasions.

The early writer, Mark Pencil, describes such a party held on "a very dusty day," August 25, 1837, in which Mr. Van Buren, President of the United States, and his Secretary of War were the honored guests. Since Mr. Van Buren was a widower, this was strictly a masculine affair, much to the chagrin of the languishing belles at the White. They were truly bereft, for the hundred men who attended the party must certainly have been the most desirable of the beaux.

Served under "a myrtle leaved canopy overhead," the guests sat down to a lavish assortment of the finest foods obtainable and the choicest of Southern dishes, accompanied by the music of popping corks, all of which must have been most sustaining—as the party lasted from two until seven o'clock.

The tavern, now a few feet lower than the present highway, was originally on the same level as the turnpike. It was well placed to appeal to the weary traveler, who, pausing to pay toll at the picturesque and dusty old covered bridge,¹ could not fail to observe the charm of the tree-shaded inn by the river.

Mr. Hunter also offered other inducements by operating a large wagon and blacksmith shop near by, as well as a gristmill. He had even obtained exemptions from the six-and-a-quarter-cent bridge toll not only for himself and his family but for his customers as well. All this made the Hunter accommodations irresistible, and a failure to stop seemed almost unsocial.

The wooden floors of the old bridge resounded to the tramp of both Northern and Southern armies in the Civil War. Following the Battle of Lewisburg (1862), the retreating Confederates under General Heth burned

¹ Replaced in 1932 by a bridge of steel and concrete.

the bridge² to retard the enemy, perhaps not knowing that Anderson's Ford, the early Indian trail crossing, was near by. Indentations of breastworks thrown up by the Confederates may still be seen in the fields near the house, as well as the site where their artillery was mounted on steep Goat Hill across the road from the tavern. In the fighting, several shells struck the building, and one corner was badly damaged. Broken bricks in the kitchen walls still show the marks of glancing shots.

So favorably located for peacetime travel, the tavern, then the home of the Caldwell family, proved most dangerously situated in time of war. It remained occupied, however, because of a series of illnesses. In 1861 the Caldwells had suffered the crushing loss of three of their young daughters from diphtheria, and again in 1864 were concerned because of the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. James Caldwell. Owing to her condition the family had been unable to flee to safety when the news came of Hunter's approach in his retreat from Lynchburg, and all they could do was to conceal their most valued possessions as best they might. The silverware was buried under the floor of a poultry house, which still stands.

Hunter's men, separated from their food supplies, were foraging off of the country, leaving destruction and hardship in their wake. When the Federal troops arrived, their intention was to burn the house and other buildings. The officer in charge was told of the illness of Mrs. Caldwell, but, thinking it only a feigned excuse, he ordered his surgeon to examine her. Finding her

² A ferry was later established by Mr. Hunter, and a son, Henry F. Hunter, lost his life by drowning at this spot. The river was in flood, and, in an attempt to secure the ferry more firmly to the bank, the cable broke, and the son was struck and thrown into the swirling water.

condition as critical as it had been reported, the physician stated it would undoubtedly kill her to be moved. So Elmhurst escaped the torch. A short distance away, however, on Howard Creek, the Caldwell gristmill, built in 1853, did not fare so well; it and the barn were burned to the ground.³

The house, with its long, deep-set windows and very thick walls, is enormous, with at least twenty rooms and six chimneys. A large double porch, the first floor of which is barely one step above ground, is supported by four tall, square, wood columns extending to the roof. A step-down wood trim decorates the front of the roof. A particularly lovely doorway of reeded pilasters, with unusual circular glass side panels and glass over-door design, opens into a very broad central hall, which extends the depth of the building. At the rear of the hall, a wide stairway leads to the second floor.

Great square rooms, one measuring twenty-two feet, open into this and a similar hall above. Hanging between the front windows in the first room to the left of the entrance is a long, narrow mirror extending almost from floor to ceiling, a mirror which once graced the parlor at the Old White. In this and other rooms there are also a number of fine pieces of antique furniture which belonged to earlier members of the North and Caldwell families—a sideboard, a secretary, a beautiful circular pedestal table, and other heirlooms. On the stairlanding is the grandfather clock once owned by John A. North. The house contains several fine hand-carved mantels, some with reeded half-columns and sunburst medallions. In later years all the woodwork has

³ A second mill, erected in 1872, was sold twenty-five years later to a Mr. Mason.

been painted ivory, and none of the original color is now in evidence.

The room used now as the kitchen was originally the dining-room. It still has its low wainscoting around the walls and its carved mantel—behind the cooking stove! Beyond this room, on a lower level, is the original kitchen, with two rooms above it. This kitchen, unfortunately now used for storage, has a great arched fireplace, with dutch ovens on each side, a real Williamsburg kitchen. A partition divides it from a quaint stairway to the rooms above.

At one time this property was sold to Ashford M. Caldwell, who was unrelated to the family. This Mr. Caldwell appears to have done a number of grievous things to the house, including the removal of all the fine box locks from the large forty-two-inch doors and their replacement with "new" china knobs. One wonders if the old locks may yet be buried in the mud of the convenient near-by river bed. Another of his sins was the removal of all the small-paned window glass and the substitution of panes separated by one vertical division. Luckily, the former owners repented of the sale, and in a few years John North Caldwell bought back the house and about forty acres of the original holdings.

In one of the lower rooms is a pair of amusing wrought-iron andirons, figures of little Negro boys with caps on their heads. They were purchased by Mr. John A. North while in the city on one occasion. He wrote Mrs. North that he was bringing her a present of a "pair of little black boys." Assuming, of course, that he meant two slaves, she at once set about arranging quarters and making other preparations for their arrival. Imagine her surprise when they turned out to be about twelve inches high and of solid iron!

Recently, in the removal of several layers of old wall-paper in one of the rooms, a number of names were discovered written on the plaster. No record was kept of them, but the dates of 1831 and 1833 and the name ". . . . Montgomery from Augusta" are remembered.

This interesting building, with its wonderful spreading elm tree, which measures more than twenty feet in circumference and for which the place was named "Elmhurst" in later years, is yet in the possession of the descendants of John A. North, whose grandson, J. North Caldwell, died in 1940. Some of the latter's children now own and occupy the house, and the traveler may still secure lodging and good Southern cooking under its roof.

Tuckwiller Tavern

JOHN TUCKWILLER, one of Greenbrier's thrifty and industrious German settlers, arrived with his wife (Catherine Riffe) and their children, from the Valley of Virginia about 1776. He chose land in the Rich Hollow, four miles southwest of Lewisburg. Lying along the old county road, adjoining what was known as the "Holly Place," it was in a deep and narrow valley, near a good spring, and there he built his log house. He had three sons—David, Daniel and John—and eight daughters—Hannah (Mrs. Frederick Hedrick), Esther (Mrs. Joseph Hedrick), Mary (Mrs. Abram Coffman), Rachel (Mrs. John Mattics), Betsy (Mrs. Samuel Perkins), Barbara (Mrs. John Wilson), Nancy (Mrs. Moses Dwyer), and Caty (Mrs. John Fleshman).¹

The homestead of this large family was torn down in 1896. Though the descendants live at other locations, most of them come back at the last to lie in the old Tuckwiller burial ground on the hillside. Many preceded John, who was buried there in 1832. Several of the earliest graves bear dates in the 1790's.

In 1812 John's son, David I, married Sallie Linson, and in 1828 built the great picturesque four-chimneyed brick house, famous as "Tuckwiller Tavern." The old turnpike then ran directly past its door, to veer four miles west toward Bunger's Mill, where it began the steep climb over Muddy Creek Mountain, joining the present Route 60 about ten miles west of Lewisburg, at

¹ The will of John Tuckwiller provided that his real estate be sold and the proceeds divided among his children.

the foot of Brushy Ridge on the eastern side of Alta. Two miles west of Lewisburg, surrounded by acres of open fields, this enormous house is in plain view of the present highway, which now avoids the old route over Muddy Creek Mountain and bears to the right, crossing Meadow River and Sewell Mountain in its journey to the Kanawha Valley.

From his father, David Tuckwiller inherited industry and thrift, as well as knowledge of good land. Successful in business, he acquired many productive farms in the county and was able to give to each of his five daughters (two others died in childhood) either a farm and brick house or the equivalent in cash. Presumably because his only son, Samuel, had become involved financially, he gave the tavern to two children of Samuel—Bettie and David II. Samuel married twice, first Elizabeth Jane Slater, mother of the children, and second, in 1880, Margaret Wilson, sister of Bettie's husband.

David Tuckwiller was known to every traveler and drover on the road as the landlord and host of the big red brick tavern. He was a dominant figure, hard-working, honest and fair, with a brusque manner, which in no way detracted from the hospitality of the establishment. As the Tuckwillers had the reputation of being the best "feeders" along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, the tavern was sure to be a night stop for the drovers, who kept the road filled with their cattle, hogs, and sheep going to the markets in Richmond, Baltimore, and Philadelphia.

Here were found accommodations which were not to be had anywhere else along the way, not only good food and lodging for the men, but positive luxury for the animals. David Tuckwiller boasted an amazing brick barn, said to be capable of housing a whole drove of



Tuckwiller Tavern

cattle at once. It was a strange and wondrous sight, not only because of its size, but because it was built of brick, and it was worth adding many miles to the day's travel just to say one had seen it. In addition, there were two large log barns kept full of grain, so there was never a lack of feed for the animals.

Another drawing card to the drovers was the installation of the first cattle scales in the county. David gained great renown among the cattlemen for his mathematical ability in figuring the weights.

Across the road were several other brick buildings, a granary, a blacksmith shop, a slave house, and, what was to many of its patrons the most important part of the equipment of this remarkable hostelry, the stone still, where brandy could be bought at fifty cents a gallon. Although the slave house was provided, Mr. Tuckwiller never owned many slaves, preferring to employ white labor from among the neighboring settlers. All of these outbuildings, including the barn, remained standing until some twenty-five years ago, when, because of their location between the house and the present highway, they were torn down. The bricks were used to construct a smaller barn, large silo, and other buildings in the rear of the tavern. As the original square brick smokehouse was already located behind the house, it was not disturbed.

None of the outbuildings has ever been painted, and their colors are soft and faded. The bricks of the house are painted dark red. The bricks for all were burned on the site, and the walls laid up by the well-known stone- and brickmason of Lewisburg, John W. Dunn, who appears to have made the bricks and constructed most of the early houses in the county.

The main part of the building is square and wide, and

a one-story wing extends to the rear. Its lines and its pairs of large outside chimneys, rising at each end, give the feeling of great solidity and weight. The roof is pointed; the windows narrow, with small equal-sized panes; and the floors all of wide boards put together with old square-headed handmade nails. An early picture of the house shows there was originally a small portico in front, though later a longer porch took its place.

There are fourteen rooms, their average size being twenty feet square. The usual tavern procedure was to place a double bed in each of the four corners of the bedroom, thereby accommodating a minimum of eight guests to a room. Frequently a bed had more than two occupants.

The rooms on each floor open into wide central halls, which extend the depth of the building. That to the left of the entrance is said to have been the barroom. Good liquor was an important feature of this place, and, in particular, peach brandy, made by the landlord, was a "specialty of the house." This room has the customary low paneling to the window sills, and a very plain, crude mantel. The opposite room, as well as others in the house, has well-carved mantels of good design. But why waste expensive mantels on men full of peach brandy?

The walls are thick, and the window sills wide. The heavy "Indian" entrance door is "battened" on the inside and reinforced with long hand-wrought iron straps, its doorstep today being a cannon ball which fell near the house during the Civil War. The engagement was fought in plain sight at near-by Tuckwiller's Hill (1863), and wounded soldiers, several of whom died, were brought to the tavern to be cared for.

Why General Hunter, the officer who destroyed much and spared little, failed to destroy the tavern after his

Federal troops had been quartered there upon his retreat through this region the following year, is a mystery. Perhaps the peach brandy had mellowed his heart.

Under the house is a three-room basement. One room has a floor of living rock and soil which evidently had a spring flowing through it to cool the milk and butter. Another room is long, narrow, and dark. The third, with two outside doors, has a stone fireplace. For what purpose these were used is not known.

The exposed sleepers supporting this house are in plain view in the basement and are truly amazing. They are large, whole oak tree trunks, still covered with their heavy bark, and do much to explain the present good condition of the house, for, being well and soundly built, it stands as sturdily today as ever.

This splendid old tavern was operated regularly until 1872, for nearly fifty years, until the coming of the railroad, when the bumps and dust of the stagecoach gave way to the jerks and smoke of the trains.

The present owners of the property are Miss Mary Wilson and her brother, Frank Wilson, great-grandchildren of David I. They are interested in reassembling the original furniture of the house and have accumulated a number of pieces, a lovely carved pedestal table, a sofa, a china cupboard, a bride's chest, which is very old, with the initials of a bride of long ago, and an example of exquisite needlework in a sampler made by Jane Slater (Mrs. Samuel Tuckwiller), when she was a child of eleven.

Stories are still told of David Tuckwiller in the days when he held sway at the tavern. Though he allowed no liberties taken with himself in the matter of jokes, yet he had no hesitation in causing discomfiture to others for his own amusement. On one occasion he was aroused

from sleep about two o'clock at night by someone calling "hello" from the road. He arose and raised a window to know what was wanted.

A man on a horse said, "I want to stay here all night."

But David replied, "Nary deal if ye can stay here all night."

The traveler, thinking he must have mistaken his directions, said, "Isn't this a tavern?"

David admitted that it was.

At that the man, slightly mystified, asked whether there was room.

David assured him there was.

Whereupon, said the man, becoming very much annoyed, "Do you realize it's late, and I've come a long way, and I'm tired, and so is my horse, and I don't know where else I can find lodging at this hour?"

But still the voice in the darkness only said, "That I do."

The tired man shouted, "This is the most outrageous and damnable thing I've ever heard of," and, with other dire mutterings toward the head at the window, he angrily turned his horse and started back down the road.

Then David with a hearty laugh called after him, "Traveler, turn around. I still say, 'Nary deal if ye can stay here all night,' for the reason that the night is more than half spent, but if ye want to stay what's left of it, take your horse there to the barn, and I'll come down and open the door for ye."

David, it seems, was definitely one who did not welcome suggestions as to the management of his affairs, however kindly intended. This a very terse little incident reveals. One day a neighbor in great agitation came breathlessly to David with this unwelcome news, "Oh, Mr. Tuckwiller, I hurried right over to tell you that

your cattle are into your corn." With a calm, but crushing, finality, David replied, "Well, they are my cattle, and it's my corn, isn't it?"

David Tuckwiller was a man not only of many farms and houses, but also of many wives, though his children were all born of his first marriage. When contemplating his fourth matrimonial venture, he apparently felt the time for romance had passed, and marriage was simply a matter of securing the most suitable candidate to meet his particular requirements, the chief of which was that she could uphold the culinary tradition of the tavern, as well as oversee its management. Inquiring about as to where such a person might be found, he heard of a Mrs. Rock, who ran the inn at Kanawha Falls.

Impressed with what he could learn of her qualifications, he, with a grandson for companion, set out in a "buggy" to drive the seventy-five miles to the Falls. When they arrived, he informed Mrs. Rock that he was looking for a wife. She told him she thought herself too old to marry again, but there was a lady living in her house who would suit him exactly.

His hopes reviving, David said, "Bring her out."

Mrs. Rock then advised the lady that there was a rich farmer below looking for a wife and that she should come down.

The lady, Martha Hill, at once donned her best black silk dress and presented herself before the prospective bridegroom. He was favorably impressed, and, after matters had been talked over for the exhaustive period of two hours, the courtship was ended, and not only decision made, but all arrangements and details settled. A Charleston minister was secured, they were married forthwith, and, without more ado, accompanied by the grandson, they at once set out on the return to Greenbrier.

David had certainly given his wife no reason to expect of him the gallant impulses of Sir Walter Raleigh, but hope dies hard. On the first Sunday after the marriage, when they drove to church, David jumped out of the buggy to hitch the horses. Foolish Martha, hoping for a little attention to impress the neighbors, said, "Mr. Tuckwiller, aren't you going to help me out?" But, characteristically, David went right on hitching and said matter-of-factly, "I got out, Martha, can't you?" After all, a fourth wife is a fourth wife, and one couldn't begin allowing her to have "notions"!

His daughters married and duly supplied with homes, David decided after this fourth marriage to build one more house. Compared to the great square tavern, it seemed insignificant and was even smaller than those of his daughters. But when his neighbors mentioned its size, he replied with the cheery statement that he was only building it large enough for himself and his wife to die in. And true enough, he did die there at the age of seventy-four, not long after its completion. His widow married again, but after her death the property reverted to the Tuckwillers and is today occupied by a great grandson, Mr. Ross Tuckwiller, and his family.

This attractive little brick house stands close by the highway about two miles west of the tavern, on the opposite side of the road. It has a low roof, two brick chimneys, brick cornice, unusually small windows with shutters, and a long porch replacing the first small portico. A two-story wing extends back on the right side of the house. A one-room house in the rear, with fireplace and iron crane, served by a soapstone chimney, indicates that it probably was the original kitchen.

There are eight average-sized rooms, with eight-and-a-half-inch oak flooring, a good walnut staircase, built-in

cupboards, and panels under the windows. Incredible as it sounds, the parlor ceiling was once embellished with plastic decorations of fat angels. Could this have been David's one concession to romance and the fourth wife?

THE HOUSES OF THE TUCKWILLER DAUGHTERS

John Williams House (Catherine Tuckwiller)

The little village of Williamsburg lies in a valley between Culverson and Sinking Creek. It was named in 1833 for Thomas Williams, its first settler, who was of Welsh descent. Mr. Williams suffered the horrible fate of being scalped by the Indians, and his children were carried off as captives. John Williams, a descendant born in 1794, was a man of much property, owning at one time an extensive acreage in the county. He was once proprietor of Blue Sulphur Springs and was also one of the founders and builders of Alleghany College at that place—a school whose flourishing career was only well under way when the Civil War came to end its short life.

Mr. Williams was seven years sheriff of the county—and was interested in public enterprises. He was particularly concerned in bringing the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway through this region. Many plans were made and there was much discussion of various routes as well as of a proposed canal. In the expectation that the railway would pass through the Williamsburg section, Mr. Williams in 1837 erected a three-story brick house a mile north of the village. Here, if the railroad plans materialized, he could operate a tavern. The plans for a railroad materialized very splendidly, the Virginia Board of Public Works having authorized its construction across the Alleghanies in 1855, but the railroad was many miles from Williamsburg.

Mr. Williams' son, Bolliver, having inherited the property, sold it to David Tuckwiller, who in turn gave it to his daughter, Catherine (Mrs. Wallace Rader). Their daughter married Emery Knight, the father of the present owner, Remington Knight.

This house now appears conspicuously tall in relation to the level farm lands surrounding it, though when constructed, it created a very different picture. Then the bottom story was half underground, a door at one end, and a terrace in front, with a columned double portico extending from the second to the third floor, reached by a long flight of steps—the effect being that of a two-story house of the type of "Mountain Home." After the hopes for a tavern had fled, the interior of the third floor was not completed, and the stairs to it were removed.

The next change, some years later, was to take away the portico and columns and to excavate around the walls of the basement rooms, leveling off the terrace. The entire brick walls of the basement then being exposed, the half windows were lengthened and an entrance door cut in the center. A long porch, with cement floor directly on the ground, was then built as the main entrance to the house, and a corresponding porch replacing the small portico, was built for the floor above—with a railing, however, and wood flooring instead of cement.

All of these alterations have done strange things to the house, and, before hearing the explanation, one stands hopelessly befogged, trying to figure out what has happened to the place. Seeing the present entrance with its very ordinary front door on the ground floor, and the very good doorway with box lock, paneling, and glass side lights on the second floor, is just too much,



Smokehouse — Tuckwiller Tavern

and makes one rage to put it all back the way it was at first.

This was a well-built house, its solid brick walls eighteen inches thick. It exhibits a number of good architectural details. There is a deep outside cornice of brick. Surprisingly, the same cornice appears on a two-story brick building near by, whose large outside brick chimney at each end indicates that it was used as the kitchen, with servants' quarters in the rooms above.

The woodwork in the large house is very good, the doors on the main floor being wide and paneled, and the casings generous and strong. Several doors have the original box locks. In the room to the right, the master room, there is a cupboard with solid doors, a chair rail around the wall, and a well-carved mantel. The inside chimneys all have separate flues for each room, and are said to "draw" perfectly, insuring winter comfort, a luxury in those days. There is a second large square room in the front of the house. An unusual feature, the long hall runs the width of the house rather than the depth. A small room opens from one end, and the stairs rise at the opposite end. The stairs to the basement, now the first floor, open into a similar wide hall below. This hall joins not only the same small end room, but also two other very enormous rooms containing large fireplaces and mantels. These were intended as the tap-rooms for the men patrons of the proposed tavern. The ceilings here are low and the floor boards wide, but naturally they are not of such good workmanship as on the original "first" floor above.

Colonel James Kincaid House
(Nancy Tuckwiller)

The James Kincaid house, of brick, located in an entirely different section of the county, is on the hillside

at Bunker's Mill, on the old turnpike where the horses rested for the hard pull over Muddy Creek Mountain. Colonel James Kincaid, Mexican War veteran, representative of Greenbrier County in both Houses of the General Assembly, was its builder and first owner. It was later acquired by David Tuckwiller and given to his daughter, Nancy (Mrs. David Hedrick).

It is not a large house. Perhaps originally it had only two rooms flanking the hallway on each floor and two in the rear wing. There are outside end chimneys of brick, small-paned windows, a front hall stairway, and a second outside stairway for the wing. A long porch extends across the front, the little porticoes of earlier days seldom being retained in this generation of more leisure.

The family of Mr. Eugene Tuckwiller, another of David's great grandsons, is the owner of the house today.

J. J. Levisay House
(Evalene Tuckwiller)

J. J. Levisay, the husband of Evalene Tuckwiller, was the builder of this house, which was provided by Evalene's father, David. In still another section of the county from the homes of her sisters, it is high on a hill, in the Irish Corner District, commanding a sweeping view of the mountains and the town of Ronceverte far below. In reality the town is only about two miles away.

The main part of the house is square, an end wing being attached, from which arises an especially tall chimney. The roof is somewhat flat, but the house as a whole is well proportioned. The entrance doorway originally on the front has, for some strange reason, been

reversed from that position to the rear of the hallway, and the small portico changed to the northern end. The rooms, of which there are ten, opening on central halls, have built-in cupboards and presses; the floors are of wide pine boards; the doors are wide; and the five chimneys guarantee adequate fireplaces. It was a well-built and good-looking house in its day. As in the case of the other houses, this, too, is in possession of a great grandchild of David I, Mrs. J. C. Carola.

The other two daughters of Mr. Tuckwiller who lived to maturity received their patrimony in cash—Caroline, who married John T. Johnson, and Rebecca, who married Alex Rader and moved to Kentucky.

Though dynamic David Tuckwiller and his children are now gone, a great many of his descendants remain in Greenbrier County. Not the least of the name is the alert Mrs. David Tuckwiller II, mother of seven sons. Although having just celebrated her eighty-first birthday, she accompanied the writer through steep fields, around rocks and trees, through weeds and briars, to read the inscriptions on the tombstones in the Tuckwiller cemetery, but she had to get home by three o'clock to give a music lesson! The strength of the mountains is in the people still!

Resorts at the Mineral Springs

IN THE days of a more leisurely and gracious way of life, Greenbrier County had within its borders many flourishing spas, whose curative waters and famed social life attracted visitors from far and near. Most of these resorts have disappeared, or their ruins stand as sad reminders of an era that was gay and lovely.

Blue Sulphur, in its prime between 1835 and 1840, was one of these, but was burned during the Civil War. Its only marker today is the somewhat altered spring house, standing forlornly alone, with no sign of the numerous brick and frame buildings which once surrounded it. In a little volume called *Letters Descriptive of the Virginia Springs, the Roads Leading Thereto, and the Doings Thereat*, by Peregrine Prolix, there is a letter written in August, 1836, by the traveler while a guest at White Sulphur, telling of a trip by coach-and-four which he and five Baltimoreans made to Blue Sulphur, twenty-five miles distant. He says, "One of our party, who has a fine taste in drawing, left a beautiful design for a building to cover the spring; it is to be a Greek square, presenting four fluted columns surmounted by an entablature and pediment on every side." Most of the early springhouses were circular, and, as the ruins of this one are square and agree rather closely with the above description, it is probable the design of this visitor was utilized.

Over the line, in beautiful Monroe County, once part of Greenbrier, is the famous Old Sweet Springs. The site was acquired by William Lewis, one of the sons of

the famous colonizer and explorer, Colonel John Lewis, of Staunton. In 1792 William Lewis erected the first buildings around the spring. It is said that George Augustine Washington (nephew of President Washington), Pierce, Filmore, Jerome Bonaparte, and other notables were later entertained here. William's son, Major John Lewis, succeeded his father in the ownership. The Sweet Springs Valley is the lovely setting of this resort, which in point of magnificence and popularity was the friendly rival of her famed sister spa, White Sulphur Springs, seventeen miles away. In fact, visitors usually divided their patronage between the two resorts.

In 1858 Ed. Beyer published a large book of colored lithographs, *The Album of Virginia*, which contained scenic views and pictures of the various Southern resorts and springs. One of these pictures is of the Old Sweet Springs, and printed underneath is the statement that it is "taken from nature." Fortunately nature was never like that, but unfortunately neither was the resort, for the picture shows the buildings as they would have appeared had the architect's plan, from which obviously the picture was drawn, been fully used. The architectural design was on a grand and elaborate scale, and, had it been entirely carried out, this resort would have far surpassed any of its contemporaries.

When completed, the buildings would have formed a full half-circle, with the main highway as the straight side. At the ends of the semicircle were to stand, facing across a central wooded park, very large identical brick buildings, with arched colonade on the ground floor, partially concealed by three long flights of steps from the lawn to the massive columned veranda and public rooms above. A third floor was to contain bedrooms. In the center of the arc of the half-circle was to stand a

less ornate, but long, brick building to be used for guest rooms. Flanking this building on each side and evenly spaced around the curve, there were to be five two-story brick cottages. The spring house, also of brick, with semi-Gothic square towers and partitioned walls dividing bathing pools for men and women, stood in the grove midway between the two elaborate end buildings.

Only half of the building plan was carried out, and only one side of the circle completed. It consisted of the one end building, erected in 1833 and reputedly designed by Thomas Jefferson (although there is no record to substantiate the tradition and his death had occurred before its construction), the five cottages terminating at the long central structure, and the spring house. Slightly to the rear of the large main building a three-story brick building providing guest rooms was erected, as well as a brick dormitory to house the employees. These last structures do not fit into the general plan and were doubtless not intended, had the complete design been used.

The impressive buildings of this resort, after many years of decay and neglect, were bought several years ago, together with the surrounding land, by Mr. D. Moss Taylor, of Roanoke, Virginia, who was engaged in their restoration until 1941, when the property was purchased by the State of West Virginia as a sanatorium for tubercular patients.

Another well-known resort in Monroe County was the Old Salt Sulphur Springs, once the gathering place of a happy crowd of South Carolina planters and their families, whose doings are delightfully described in *The Springs of Virginia*, by Perceval Reniers. The weathered stone main buildings, erected in 1836, still

stand, shuttered and forlorn—one of many such resorts now abandoned and forgotten.

The one glorious exception to the passing of the early spas is the world-renowned White Sulphur Springs, which has existed for more than 150 years and has grown the more beautiful with age. The property was originally patented to Nicholas Carpenter, who established his family there in a cabin built near the spring about 1750.

It proved a dangerous location, as the Indians had long known of the healing waters of the springs and frequented the spot. Shortly after his settlement, becoming alarmed by warning of anticipated Indian raids and fearful of an attack, Carpenter decided to take his family to a fort at Covington, thirty miles distant. The most generally accepted story is that first he departed with the older children, expecting to return for his wife, Kate, and their small child, Frances. Although he reached the fort, his return was never made, for in its defense he fell a victim to the Indians.

When he did not return as soon as she expected, the wife grew apprehensive for her own safety and fled with her child to a near-by mountain, which still bears her name. The mountain is noted for its "Kate's Mountain clover," rare wild flowers, and the very ancient box huckleberry, which scientists say is several thousand years old and probably the oldest living thing in the world.

After hiding in the forest for some time, Mrs. Carpenter safely made her way through the mountains to the fort and finally to Staunton, which became her home. There, Frances grew to be a very beautiful young woman, and in 1766 was married to a soldier and statesman, Cap-

tain Michael Bowyer II.¹ From her father Frances inherited the lands surrounding the spring, amounting to 951 acres. Her home, however, remained in Staunton, where her four children were born. After the death of his wife, Michael Bowyer came to Greenbrier, and settled on the Carpenter lands at the springs. In 1784 he secured a patent for an adjoining one thousand acres and founded the resort by building the first cluster of crude log cabins.

After his death in 1809, these lands came into possession of James Bowyer, the eldest son. James, being a very fair person, at once, in the same year, divided and conveyed shares to his three sisters, Mary (Mrs. James Caldwell, of Baltimore), Fannie (Mrs. William Bedford), and Elizabeth (Mrs. John Copeland). He gave to each two hundred acres, reserving two sections, the spring and fifteen acres surrounding it, and one acre upon which stood a mill on near-by Howard Creek, to be held in common by himself and his sisters for their "several benefits and advantages forever."

About 1810, shortly after receiving her two hundred acres, which paralleled the turnpike (U. S. 60) west of White Sulphur Springs, Mrs. Copeland, then a widow, constructed there a large and beautiful brick house which was known as "Briarfield." It was a dignified building, with Colonial entrance, surrounded by gardens and shrubs. Early diaries written by elegant young ladies

¹ Michael Bowyer I died prior to 1761. His sons were: (1) Thomas (Major) and (2) John, military men, who died childless; (3) William, lieutenant colonel of militia, merchant in Staunton, whose first wife was a daughter of Israel Christian (whose gun, carried to the Battle of Point Pleasant, is in the Lewisburg museum) and whose second wife was Margaret Ann, daughter of Thomas Lewis, son of Colonel John Lewis and widow of John McClanahan (brother of Captain Robert McClanahan, who was killed at Point Pleasant); (4) Michael Bowyer II, lawyer, who served in the Revolution and who married Frances Carpenter in 1766; and (5) Luke.

at the White, speak of being entertained for tea at this lavish home by its "amiable" hostess.

In the 1830's Mrs. Copeland conveyed the property to her son, John H., who in turn conveyed it to his friend, Colonel Joel McPherson, in 1870.

Colonel McPherson was a prominent man in the county, clerk of the courts for many years, as well as holder of other official positions. In 1830 he married Amanda (b. 1808), daughter of John McClung (b. 1782) and Ann C. Bourland McClung, of Blue Sulphur Springs. The grandfather of Amanda was Captain Samuel McClung, first of the pioneer McClung settlers in Greenbrier, who located near the "Campaign" bridge. His son, Colonel Samuel McClung, was the builder of "Morlunda."

An interesting piece of family history is to the effect that Michael Bowyer, politician of note, was a friend of Thomas Jefferson, and a silver mug presented to him by Jefferson was a cherished treasure. The friendship existing between the John H. Copelands and Colonel McPherson was such that by the will of Mr. Copeland in 1870 Colonel McPherson became the beneficiary of all of the personal effects. At the death of Colonel McPherson, the silver mug went to his grandson, Joel Harris, who in turn left it to his sister, Mary, Mrs. Harry L. Van Sickler, of Lewisburg, who still has it in her possession.

As for "Briarfield," its later story is most regrettable. In 1912 the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company purchased it, together with an extensive surrounding acreage, and razed this splendid house to build an airport and polo field for the Greenbrier Hotel.

James Caldwell, former sea merchant and husband of Mary Bowyer, who, according to the old common law

had the use of his wife's property, purchased the interests of the other heirs and began the development of White Sulphur. He erected the first small hotel near the spring prior to 1810. The fame of the waters soon spread, and his success as a landlord became so assured that almost at once he found himself enlarging and expanding his establishment. Before many years he had a pretentious resort, consisting of main buildings, large cottages, and small cottage "rows." The latter were connected by porches which stepped down the hillside on different levels. Some of the "rows" were intriguingly named: Paradise Row, the earliest built and for years a favorite with newlyweds; Alabama, the second earliest; Louisiana; Baltimore, in which General Lee occupied a cottage during the summers of 1867, 1868, and 1869; Spring Row, in front of the fountain; Wolf Row, for bachelors only, where noise and liquor held sway, and several others. The larger were not really cottages, but roomy two- and three-story houses, with long double porches. Some were privately built and owned by regular visitors to the White.

In Louisiana Row, on the side of the hill and partly hidden in the trees, is the large three-storied white brick house, with long double porches high above the ground, that was built about 1830-35 by Mr. Stephen Henderson, a wealthy Louisiana planter, as his private residence. It overlooks the twelve-columned springhouse, the dome of which was then surmounted by a hand-carved wooden statue of Hygiea,² goddess of health, a gift from Mr. Henderson in 1835. In 1932 this cottage, fully restored,

² Many years later the wooden figure was replaced by one of more indestructible material. Although still retaining the name of Hygiea, the second figure, while very similar, is not the same, but is that of Hebe, the cupbearer.

and opened, was dedicated by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson as the "Presidents' Cottage."

The room on the right of the entrance is called the Robert E. Lee Room and is decorated with murals by William C. Grauer, of Cleveland, Ohio, depicting scenes in the military and civil life of General Lee. Those in the room on the left, the Old White Room, picture the glamorous days of a past era at the resort. The rooms are furnished with antique and reproduction furniture of the period, and a room upstairs contains many old prints, antique maps, ledgers, diaries, books, papers, documents, and other interesting memorabilia of life at the White and the visits of foreign dignitaries, famous beauties, military heroes, and other noted guests through the years.

Twelve Presidents of the United States are said to have enjoyed the Old White's hospitality—Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Ulysses S. Grant, Benjamin Harrison, Chester A. Arthur, William H. Taft, and Woodrow Wilson. In 1860 the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, of England, came to America incognito as Baron Renfrew, and tradition at the Springs is that he visited there at that time. In 1919 his grandson, the then young Prince of Wales, later to become Edward VIII, now Duke of Windsor, was a guest at the hotel and was photographed in the Fountain room.

At the end of Tansas Row, facing the west, and at the beginning of popular Baltimore Row, high from the ground on the hillside, is a beautiful cottage called the "Colonade," the sole survivor of three of like design. It was privately built, probably by Richard Singleton about 1838, as a guest house to his own cottage. It was noted as the "President's Cottage" on an early map of

the grounds, and, like the Presidents' Cottage of today, is large, of white painted brick, with long double porches extending the length of the building, but its columns are larger, the railings of Chippendale design more interesting, and the whole building more elaborate and attractive.

In the decade following 1830 the resort was in the midst of its gayest and most fabulous period. In 1858 under the new owners, the White Sulphur Springs Company, the opening of the Old White, a huge rambling white Georgian brick building, its dining-room three hundred feet in length, seating more than twelve hundred people, was the culmination of magnificence—with an impressed public reveling in morning cotillions, lavish parties, and balls. It was the meeting place of statesmen, politicians, the socially elite, and the socially aspiring, as well as everyone of prominence who could manage even a brief stay within its illustrious walls.

In 1859 Dr. J. J. Moorman, resident physician at the White for several years, published a book called *The Virginia Springs*, which contains a most interesting old map showing the location of the hotel, the cottage rows, and the Lovers' Walk, winding through a maze designated at various paths as "Hesitancy," "Rejection," "Lovers' Rest," "Courtship Maze," "Lovers' Leap" (near Howard Creek), and ending at Paradise Row—"Acceptance Way to Paradise!"

Certain private cottages are numbered and designated as follows:

Alabama Row	"#1 Wm. B. Caldwell"
Louisiana Row	"#2 Henderson House"
Baltimore Row	"#3 John Ridgley"
" "	"#4 J. B. Latrobe"

“	“	“#5 G. G. Howland”
“	“	“#6 J. G. Davis”
“	“	“#7 J. Bonaparte”
“	“	“#8 Col. Pride”
“	“	“#9 John McKim”
Tansas Row		“#10 Judge Perkins”
“	“	“#11 Mrs. Bowie”
“	“	“#12 Mr. Ruth”
“	“	“#13 Col. Watson”
		14 & 15 * * * *
Carolina Row		“#16 Gov. Manning”
“	“	“#17 Col. Starke”
“	“	“#18 Mr. Eyers”
“	“	“#19 Mr. Slaughter”
“	“	“#20 Col. Merton”
“	“	“#21 Mr. Daingerfield”
Mastins Row		“#22 J. Bruce”
		“#23 Dr. Moorman’s office”
		“#24 Store”
		“#25 Post Office”

With the approach of the Civil War, the life of the spas came abruptly to an end, and they were soon deserted, the White Sulphur resort, in the direct path of marching men, narrowly escaping destruction in 1864.

When General David Hunter was retreating westward from Lynchburg toward the Kanawha Valley, he quartered his men in the spacious buildings and their horses in the fine stables. His orders were that in the morning, so soon as vacated by his men, the buildings were to be set on fire. His chief of artillery, Henry du Pont, of Delaware, loathe to carry out such orders, determined upon an attempt to save the resort. By clever diplomacy he made it appear a military mistake to de-

stroy what later might prove convenient as barracks and hospital because of its accessibility to many roads. He succeeded so well that General Hunter countermanded his order, and the Old White was spared.

The hotel had served the year before as a hospital in the Battle of Dry Creek, and despite the many scars it bore from the conflict, it survived to outlive the war and to be the scene of its most historic party in the elaborate and long-remembered reception tendered General Robert E. Lee in 1867.

Today the Old White's successor, the beautiful and stately Greenbrier Hotel, completed in 1913—its Virginia and North wings added in 1931—stands surrounded by thousands of acres of perfectly kept grounds, golf courses, and winding riding trails through the mountains. At present, and for some years past, the Greenbrier estate has been owned and operated by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company, and White Sulphur Springs, Inc. Many have been the changes, but nothing is marred, and the grand vistas of charming interiors, with their restful and distinctive charm, are a joy forever. Several of the large cottages and little low cottage rows are still in use as guest houses. And, too, the more than century old circular Doric-columned springhouse, with its statue of Hebe looking toward the rising sun, remains today unchanged, symbols of a delightful past that is cherished still.³

³On September 1, 1942, the Greenbrier Hotel closed its doors to the public, to be taken over by the Government as a war measure. Plans are under way to convert the property into a base hospital for the armed forces.

The collection of pictures, papers, maps, books, and other material pertaining to the early history of the Springs, which has been displayed in the Presidents' Cottage, as well as the beautiful murals from the walls of the Old White Room, have been transferred and lent to the Greenbrier County Museum in Lewisburg.

Battle of Dry Creek

ON August 5, 1863, General W. W. Averell, Federal commander, left Winchester on a series of raids which took him through Hardy, Pendleton, Highland, Bath, Pocahontas, and Greenbrier counties. Having driven the Confederate forces of Colonel William L. Jackson from the vicinity of Huntersville, in Pocahontas County, toward Warm Springs, Averell hoped to give the impression to the enemy that his movement in this direction indicated he was on his way toward his depots in the neighborhood of Staunton, when his actual intention and orders were to go to Lewisburg and destroy whatever force might be stationed there.¹ Suddenly changing his course at Callaghan's, in Alleghany County, Averell turned toward Lewisburg.

In the meantime General Samuel Jones, Confederate commander of the Department of Western Virginia, had ordered his First Brigade, stationed in Monroe and Greenbrier counties, under Colonel George S. Patton, to march by the Anthony Creek road toward Warm Springs to the assistance of General Jackson. Jones, in that part of the state with a small force, joining the Brigade, received word that Averell was advancing on the turn-pike from the east, and feared he was attempting to pass by White Sulphur and turn off between the White and

¹ His orders of August 12, 1863, from Thayer Melvin, Assistant Adjutant General, gave as one of the objectives, "The law library of the Court of Appeals of Virginia will be taken and brought to Beverly. Great care will be exercised by the officers placed in charge that the books are not lost or injured. Transportation will be pressed if necessary." A still later dispatch from General B. F. Kelley says: "The library at Lewisburg was purchased for the western part of the State and, of course, rightfully belongs to the new State of West Virginia. Our Judges need it very much."

Lewisburg, on the Organ Cave road, and thus have an unobstructed way through Monroe County to the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Accordingly, Jones ordered Patton to turn about and return the way he had come as quickly as possible, in the hope of intercepting Averell before he reached the turn-off at the present Caldwell.

The two forces met at nine o'clock on the morning of August 26, 1863, two miles east of the village of White Sulphur Springs, just at the point on the James River and Kanawha Turnpike (Route 60) where it is joined at right angles from the north by the Anthony Creek road. The battle which followed is historically known as that of Rocky Gap, but is frequently spoken of as that of Dry Creek, or locally as the Battle of White Sulphur.

Flanking the Anthony Creek road on each side are fields terminating in a low wooded hill at the back, with Wade's Creek (Dry Creek) near and paralleling the turnpike, and lying between it and the fields.

Second in command to General Averell was Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker. Their combined forces consisted of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry and the 2nd, 3rd, and 8th West Virginia Cavalry, supported by Ewing's and Gibson's batteries.

Confederate commanders under General Jones were Colonel George Patton, commanding in place of General John Echols, who was absent, and Colonel George M. Edgar, with the following forces: the 22nd and 45th Regiments, the 26th Battalion of Virginia Infantry, and Chapman's battery.

Edgar tore up the rail fence in the field and made a hasty, though effective, barricade across the road and through a cornfield to the northern hill, placing his

battery on the crest of the field to the left of the Anthony Creek road.

The Federal artillery was stationed on the same side of the creek, inside the fence, just back of an old log house, about fifty yards above the line of the present road, and seven hundred yards from the Confederate batteries. The fighting continued fiercely all day, with many cavalry charges and counter charges. The Federal forces made an attempt to flank the Confederates by crossing the creek and ascending the bluff, but were checked by bitter resistance. There was much sharpshooting, as well as desperate bayonet fighting in the road and along the creek, while a steady artillery duel was kept up at short range. Neither side was able to gain an advantage, and when night fell, the exhausted men collapsed in their tracks, and slept on their arms—the two forces barely three hundred yards apart.

At daylight the battle was renewed as fiercely as on the preceding day, until ten o'clock in the morning, when Averell, his ammunition almost exhausted and his hope of reinforcement by General Scammon from the west abandoned, knew he could hold out no longer. He began falling back over the route by which he had come two days before. Jones pursued ten or twelve miles until Averell turned off at Morris Hill and continued his retreat by way of Huntersville toward Beverly.

The casualties on both sides were very heavy, the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry alone having lost 103 men the first day. This battle, the site of which is designated by a stone marker, was considered one of importance in that it effectually prevented Averell from carrying out his plans to destroy the bridges and thus sever transportation on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

General Lewis Hotel

LEWISBURG'S principal street is called Washington Street, a part of the much-traveled highway, U. S. Route 60, and though the stagecoach is but a memory, the town remains a convenient night stop for the tremendous stream of motorists that crowd this busy road.

The town is fortunate in still having a well-known "tavern" called the "General Lewis Hotel," which houses visitors from many states. Situated on a large lot fronting on Washington Street, at the southeast corner of Lee, and running through to German Street in the rear, it makes a pleasant appearance, with its green shutters and white paint, its two-story-high veranda shaded by tall pine, buckeye, and maple trees. The grounds contain many blooming shrubs, flower borders, and a rock garden pool.

The eastern end of the hotel was once an early brick residence. When, in 1928, the property was acquired from Mrs. Lettie Ford by a hotel corporation, the old brick house was used as an end wing, a new central section built, and a corresponding brick wing added at the right end, making an attractive two-story building with long graceful lines. Mr. Randolph Hock, the principal stockholder and manager, spent several years gathering antiques from Greenbrier and adjoining counties with which the hotel is furnished—spool and poster beds, bright coverlets and quilts, chests of drawers, collections of glass and china, old prints, corner cupboards, and many other things that give it individuality.

The original brick house was formerly occupied as his residence by John Withrow and was later inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Lettie Ford. It was during Mr. Withrow's occupancy that a very sinister plot was hatched in a little log slave house still standing behind the old section of the hotel. It was a conspiracy initiated by "Uncle Reuben," a slave belonging to John Withrow, to incite his fellow slaves to a general uprising and massacre of the white people of Lewisburg. The "rise," it was rumored, was to have occurred on April 9, 1861, the first night after the departure of Captain Dennis' Company for the Confederate army. The plans were discovered, and also a store of guns, and at the May term of court Reuben was tried, found guilty, and hanged on June 28, 1861.

This same cabin has another story connected with it. The site of the hotel is on ground which formed part of the Confederate line in the Battle of Lewisburg in 1862. Mr. Hock tells that a guest by the name of Werner, from Springfield, Ohio, who stayed at the hotel some years ago, stated he was a member of the Ohio Regiment (Federal) which captured the Confederate battery stationed on this spot. He took Mr. Hock into the rear yard and showed where a mortar had been attached to the log cabin doorway and supported by rails fastened with a chain to the near-by oak tree. Werner explained that because the gun was not more than half supported, it became displaced when fired, and whirled, its shot knocking off the southwest corner of the old Methodist brick church which has been previously described.

The incident would seem to have been impossible, as this was the most distant corner of the church, but with a very high trajectory caused by the displacement of the mortar, it could very well have happened. This

mortar, according to Mr. Werner, was later secured for the courthouse yard at Springfield, Ohio. The official dispatch of General Crook, commanding the Federal forces, speaks of the capture of two rifled and two smooth-bore "cannon," and undoubtedly it was in a hasty attempt by the Union soldiers to turn one of the latter upon the eastward retreating Confederates, that the "fluke" shot described by Mr. Werner occurred.

Dr. Hugh Wilson House

LONG before the brick house of John Withrow was incorporated into the General Lewis Hotel, another brick residence stood on the eastern lot adjoining. This dwelling is often referred to as one of the first brick buildings in Lewisburg, though early deeds do not verify the assertion. Like the hotel property, this lot also faces on Washington Street and extends through to German Street in the rear. Shaded by enormous oak and maple trees and approached by an old moss-grown brick walk, the house is two stories high, of red painted brick, with the entrance several feet above ground. When changes came, the first thing to disappear from these early houses always seemed to be the double-story porticoes, and more often than not, the second-floor door was left suspended in mid-air, with neither floor to support nor roof to protect the unwary one who might step out of it. Then the new "front porches" not only flaunted themselves across the entire front of the house, but often, if there were sufficient room, ambled around the side—and away flew all architectural balance!

This house falls in the category of those of the banished porticoes, its "porch" now extending across the width of the house, with the door above opening upon its tin roof. The wide hand-carved entrance doorway is especially attractive and nearly similar in design to that of "Elmhurst." It is supported by reeded columns, which are repeated on the inside of the doorway. The side lights and recessed circular over-door glass are divided into a curved design of circles and ovals. The

door itself, stained brown, is of the French type, similar to that in the James Withrow house, and still has its large key in the original brass box lock. The front windows of the first floor are large, with nine panes of glass above and six in the lower sash, while those on the floor above are shorter, having six panes in each sash. All the windows are hung with green shutters.

The interior woodwork on the first floor is now ivory, the baseboards and mantels having all been black originally. The mantel in the room to the left of the entrance is hand-carved and particularly ornate, with reeded columns, circles in squares, and a raised sunburst medallion.

Tall outside brick chimneys covered with Virginia creeper rise at each end of the house, and a brick wing extends toward German Street. In the rear yard there is a log kitchen weatherboarded, and, surprisingly enough, all of the original outbuildings are still standing.

There have been numerous owners of this property throughout the years. In 1834 Dr. Hugh Wilson, a physician, first purchased from different owners two one-half-acre adjoining lots and apparently built the house shortly afterward. He and his wife (Virginia W. Wiatt) lived there but a few years, however. Twelve years later the property was purchased by Charles A. Stuart, son of Colonel John Stuart. The next deed, in 1860, was from the executors of Elizabeth Stuart to Mark L. Spotts, whose wife came into the ownership upon his death. She was cared for in her old age by Mrs. Emma Brown Wood, the present owner and occupant, to whom the property was willed by Mrs. Spotts.

Mr. Mark Spotts, who was born in 1812 in Greenbrier County, was spoken of before his death as the oldest native-born citizen of the county. He held numerous

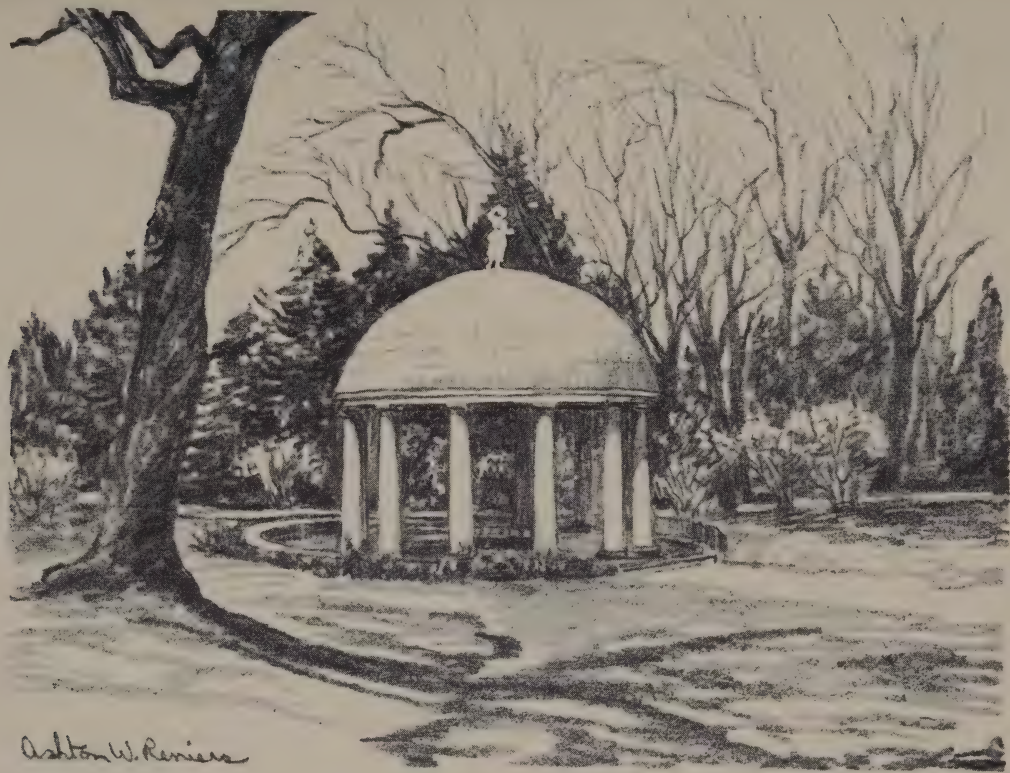
public offices—deputy clerk of the United States District Court, commissioner of revenue of the county, 1835-54, justice of the peace of Lewisburg District, county superintendent of schools (for twelve years), recorder of the county (1869-72), notary public, and sheriff. For many years Mr. Spotts was very active in the Old Stone Church, of which he was an elder, and at the centennial of its organization in 1883, wrote a paper on the history of the Presbyterian denomination in Lewisburg. Today quite naturally his former home is spoken of more frequently as the Spotts House than by the name of any of its earlier owners.

Market Street Stone House

ONE of the men most important in the early history of Greenbrier County was Captain Thomas Edgar, who arrived from Bedford County, Virginia, prior to 1770. An educated man of natural ability and with unusual technical mathematical training, he proved a most valued citizen. It was then customary for the president and the professors of the College of William and Mary to appoint the various county surveyors, usually upon the recommendation of the county court. At that time few men were equipped to fill this position. Thomas Edgar was appointed to this important office, and under an act of the Virginia Assembly passed in 1782, one of his first duties was the laying out of the town of Lewisburg in the same year.

The following year (1783) he was married to Ann Mathews, daughter of Archer and Letitia McClanahan Mathews, and about that time he purchased from the trustees of the town two lots located on Washington Street between Market (Court) and Jefferson and designated on his own plat as numbers 23 and 24. They were very choice lots in the heart of the town, but he lived there only a short time. Several subsequent purchasers owned the lots, and in 1800 the stone courthouse was erected on the site.

In the meantime the Edgars, having disposed of this property, were living farther north on Market Street on lot Number 4 at the corner of Randolph Street—a lot originally purchased at the first town auction in 1784 by J. Lockhart. Later, in 1792, a deed is recorded from



Ashton W. Renier

White Sulphur Spring

Jacob Skiles to Robert Roebuck, mentioning "the buildings thereon occupied by Peter Wolfenbarger and Robert Crawford." What type of buildings these were is not stated, and in 1798 a deed from Roebuck to Thomas Edgar appears "for a part of the half acre lot," the deed further referring to "the buildings thereon occupied by the said Thomas Edgar," although again there is no description of the buildings. However, on this site there still stands today a stone house which is obviously very old and which was certainly constructed either shortly before or shortly after Edgar's purchase. But whether it was built by the previous owners or by Thomas Edgar himself, seems lost in the haze of the past.

Built in line with the sidewalk, although high above its level, it is a sturdy old house, with massive chimneys at each end, although a later addition conceals one of them. The walls are amazingly thick; those of the central partitions measure twenty-three and a half inches. The outside walls are almost as thick, as the window sills are seventeen and a half inches deep. Small wonder this house is still substantial today. There are two stories, with a steep roof, in which are small dormer windows.

Originally there were only the central hall and a room on each side, with corresponding arrangement on the floor above. The stairway has round spindles, hand rail and newel post of walnut, no doubt a later embellishment, as the other woodwork in the house is of the plainest sort. The front door is massive, with a width of full fifty-five inches, wider than any other seen in the county. As the years have passed, many changes have occurred. Frame additions have been added at the rear and end, and long porches across the two floors in front.

It is said Thomas Edgar received a warrant for land in recognition of his military services as captain in the Revolutionary Army. This land was located on the Greenbrier River about four miles south of Lewisburg, at a place designated by early explorers as St. Lawrence's Ford. Before 1800 he left Lewisburg and established his permanent home on this tract, becoming the first settler on the site of the present town of Ronceverte, where one of the main streets is named in his honor—Edgar Avenue.

The location of his first log house was near the river and the present railroad where Route 219 now turns to the right, and is designated by a stone marker erected in 1938 at the 160th anniversary celebration of the formation of Greenbrier County. It was dedicated by a descendant, the late Honorable Judge George W. McClintic, of Charleston, West Virginia, whose career, culminating in long service as United States District Judge for the Southern District of West Virginia, was one of the most outstanding in the history of the state.

Not far from this home, on a stream near the river, Thomas Edgar built a small gristmill, which is believed to have been the first on Greenbrier River, a mill well patronized by the scattered settlers in that region as well as by the Indians. However, the miller and the Indians had a quarrel, and the latter left in high dudgeon. The next morning when the miller arrived for his day's work, he discovered the mill in smoldering ruins. Among the ashes was found the old key to the mill door. The key has been preserved through the years by the family. The mill was later rebuilt and was operated for some years by one of the sons of Thomas Edgar.

It is not known how long the Edgars lived in the log house before building, two blocks away, on a far better

location, a second house, known as "Edgarton," high on the bluff above the river, at the approach to the present bridge. This property finally passed from the ownership of the Edgar family to that of Colonel C. C. Clay, and later, in the period about 1885, to Colonel Ellery C. Best, manager of the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

It was under Colonel Best's ownership that the house was completely made over, including the addition of a second story, porches, and crowning touch—the popular mark of elegance of the period—a Victorian tower! It was then that Edgarton blossomed into the social center of the locality, a place noted for entertaining and spacious living, with a house full of visitors and barns full of horses, with numerous attendants and grooms to take care of both, an establishment lacking nothing for that time. In spite of its transformation, the house still contains some of the original timbers of the early Edgar dwelling. Later owners sold a portion of the land. That remaining today is owned by Mr. J. Townley, a merchant, of Ronceverte.

After its owner's removal to the Greenbrier River region, the Edgar stone house in Lewisburg was occupied by various persons. Captain Edgar, as was customary in those days with many people of property, had secured a license and operated an inn, or "ordinary" as they were called, in Lewisburg in the 1790's, and the house may have been used for that purpose for a few years after his departure. Later Dr. McElhenney lived there for a time after he had first settled in Lewisburg and prior to the erection of the Academy in 1812. He also started his first private school under its roof.

In 1813 Captain Edgar sold the property to John Mays, and the Mays family occupied it for some years

before purchasing the "Old Bell Stand" from James Frazier. The stone house was likely vacant during the Civil War period, as it is said to have been used at that time as a military hospital. After the war the property was purchased by Colonel B. F. Harlow, who, because he could not take the "test oath," was deprived of his former occupation as attorney-at-law and accordingly invested in the Greenbrier Independent Newspaper, which he edited and published from June, 1866, for many years later. At present this building is the Lewisburg Hotel, which has been owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Cooper for a number of years.

Captain Edgar was very active in county affairs, held many offices, and was put on committees to "view roads," provide for the building of prisons, and discharge other public duties. In 1784 he resigned his surveyorship, and Alexander Welch became his successor. Captain Edgar, however, did not cease his public activities, for that same year he became deputy sheriff under the high sheriff, William Renick. Another of his offices, in 1784, was that of trustee of Liberty Hall Academy, now Washington and Lee University. He was also a magistrate and in 1790 was a member of the Virginia Assembly. He was an outstanding man until his death in 1822.

Captain and Mrs. Edgar were the parents of eight children: Elizabeth, Letitia, Sarah, Mary, Lewis, Thomas, Jr. (b. 1797), Archer Mathews, and Ann Mathews.

Among numerous descendants of Thomas Edgar are numbered many who have followed in his footsteps as leaders and worthy citizens. A grandson, Colonel George Mathews Edgar, was colonel of the well-known Edgar's Battalion. He was the man credited with saving the

town of Lewisburg from destruction in the Civil War engagement of Tuckwiller Hill on April 19, 1863, an exploit which inspired the "ladies of Lewisburg" to present him with a handsome sword for his bravery—a memento still preserved by members of the family.

The story goes that Colonel Edgar's Battalion, consisting of Company K of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Captain J. H. Caraway, and Captain W. H. Hefner's Company, was in Lewisburg when word was received that Federal forces were advancing from the west along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, intending to sack and burn the town. Captain Edgar immediately hastened two miles west to Tuckwiller Hill, where a wide bend in the road near Tuckwiller Tavern was favorable to the concealment of his inadequate forces.

Fortunately, the enemy did not reach that point until after dark, and Colonel Edgar then began issuing commands in a loud voice to imaginary troops as to their positions and the placement of artillery. The ruse was successful and the skirmish short, with slight losses on either side. The Federals, thinking they were completely outnumbered by large forces hidden in the darkness and at the disadvantage of having to fight uphill, with only open fields behind them, retreated while they had the protection of night, leaving Colonel Edgar the victor. Edgar's Battalion also rendered valuable service at New Market, and Colonel Edgar was again conspicuous for gallantry at the Battle of Cold Harbor.

Colonel John Stuart

"Stuart Manor"

COLONEL JOHN STUART, builder and owner of Stuart Manor, the oldest house now in the county and certainly the most historic, has been described as a "wiry, dark-eyed Scotchman, of more than ordinary cultivation, a fearless hunter, and a brave soldier." But he was more. For many years he has been recognized as the Founder and Father of Greenbrier County, a title well earned, for this remarkable man appears to have been "first" in many things connected with the early history of the region.

He was born in 1749, the son of David and Margaret Lynn Stuart, who had arrived in America shortly after 1746 and settled in Augusta County near Staunton. Mrs. Stuart was the widow of John Paul (son of Hugh Paul, Bishop of Nottingham) by whom she had a son, Captain Audley Paul. She was the namesake of her aunt, Margaret Lynn Lewis, wife of the noted colonizer, Colonel John Lewis, of Augusta County. Her grandfather was the Laird of Loch Lynn, Scotland. John Stuart had two sisters—Sabina Stuart who married first a Wilson, and second, Captain Samuel Williams, who lived in Greenbrier, and Elizabeth Stuart, who married Colonel Richard Woods, of Albemarle County, Virginia.

David Stuart (father of John Stuart), a partisan of the House of Stuart and, it is said, in high favor with Robert Dinwiddie (who had assumed the reins of government in the Old Dominion in 1751), was appointed by Dinwiddie in 1755 to the important position of

county lieutenant of Augusta County, with the rank of lieutenant. Waddell, in his *History of Augusta County*, says that if Stuart was originally in the good graces of Dinwiddie, he did not long so remain, as much correspondence of Dinwiddie reveals a decided dislike for him. Stuart lived only twelve years after the appointment, being accidentally drowned in the Shenandoah River.

As John Stuart grew to boyhood and heard more and more tales of the wilderness beyond the western mountains—a hunter's paradise—his interest was aroused, and the desire to go there and see for himself began forming in his mind. In his eighteenth year, strong and mature, a man considered fully grown in those days, he and his friend, Robert McClanahan,¹ set out on a hunting and exploring trip which led them to the Frankford region of Greenbrier, in 1767, the year in which his father died.

Always noted for his instinctive judgment of good land, Stuart, even at the inexperienced age of eighteen, unerringly recognized the productive possibilities of that valley and its desirability for a future settlement. He and McClanahan returned to Augusta County filled with enthusiasm for the country they had seen and with an eagerness to return. Each immediately set about acquiring lands on sites they had selected, McClanahan choosing a tract in what is now called the Richlands section, Stuart securing an acreage in the upper end of the Frankford valley, from Colonel William Frogg, an original patentee (whose widow Stuart later married).

These purchases completed, with the Renick brothers and two or three other young men whom they had in-

¹ The name in the early records has variant spellings, the most common being "McClenachan," but here the modern spelling is adopted throughout.

spired to join them, Stuart and McClanahan two years later (1769) gathered together their belongings and set out for their new lands, turning their backs upon security and their faces towards adventure. When they reached their destination they found another young man, William Hamilton, there and planting corn. It was then customary for settlers to select a piece of land, and, by blazing the trees of its boundaries with a tomahawk ("tomahawk right"), or by planting a crop of corn ("corn right"), or by merely "settling," to acquire a temporary title, recognized by the Land Office at Richmond until necessary papers could be prepared. Stuart bought the "corn right" from Hamilton and at once began construction of a log cabin on the site of his original camping spot.

Located about a mile and a half west of the present village of Frankford, and high on a hillside surrounded by outcropping blue limestone, sure sign of good land, it commanded a magnificent view. This cabin, which he called "Grumble Thorp," a name chosen from an old book called *Thinks I to Myself*, stood for a hundred years before it was demolished. It was replaced by the residence of a descendant, Mrs. S. Lewis Price. The property is now owned and occupied by Mrs. R. T. Higginbotham and her children.

The most urgent need of these young and lusty pioneers was bread. A gristmill, noteworthy as the first west of the Alleghanies, was forthwith erected by Stuart. As an example of his ingenuity, he built the mill at the entrance to a cave not far from the cabin, where, damming up the water within, he was able to conduct it by a forebay to the mill wheel outside.²

² As is usual in limestone regions, there are many caverns in this as well as other parts of Greenbrier County, but the only one explored



Stuart Manor

The cave on the Stuart farm was known to the Indians at an early date, and they had cut a channel for the subterranean stream, which still flows through it in a strong volume. Its entrance is overhung with lichen-covered rocks, trees, moss, and vines, the rushing water inside being plainly heard from without. The cave is a natural refrigerator, as the temperature even around the entrance is very cold. Much of the stone of the original mill dam remains intact near the entrance, while near by upon the hillside is a stone marker erected in 1938 by

and open to the public is "Organ Cave," a formation of stalactites resembling a pipe organ giving the name. It is located between Caldwell and Ronceverte, one-quarter of a mile to the northeast of Route 219. About three miles in extent, the cave was useful at the time of the Civil War and was taken over by the army of General Lee, as it was known to contain saltpetre, from which the soldiers made gunpowder. At the extreme end of the cave, where it is very dry, there are a number of the wooden hoppers still to be seen.

On Saturday and Sunday, July 11 and 12, 1942, four men, employees of the Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation, of Charleston, made a two-day cave-exploring trip to Lewisburg. One of the group, John L. Wingfield, is a member of the National Speleological Society, an organization devoted to making scientific studies of the structure and formation of caverns and their fauna and flora. The others of the party were Leroy Frazier, George Mann, and John Suter. One of the caves, never before explored, was on the Raymond Bright farm, about two miles north of Lewisburg, on the "back Frankford road." This property is the Samuel Brown Plantation described in this book.

The entrance to the cavern is by a shaft 105 feet in depth, through which two of the men were lowered by ropes. Supplied with flashlights and cameras, they took pictures of the interior, which appeared later in the Charleston papers. Three immense rooms were found at the bottom of the shaft filled with beautiful formations, vertical columns, hanging "curtains," and "frozen" waterfalls, ranging from a few feet to approximately sixty feet in height. Many of the formations were tan, but others were glittering snow-white and described as very lovely. Remains of several dead sheep, cows, and other animals were found at the foot of the shaft, but most of the cavern is unpolluted.

An enormous and ancient grapevine nearly a foot in thickness, twists across the mouth of the shaft, and to it were fastened the ropes for the descent. The cavern was given the name of "Grapevine Cave" by the explorers.

Four other caverns were visited, one on the farm of E. L. Brant near Lewisburg, and the other three on the Oscar Higginbotham farm near Frankford. The latter was the one upon which Colonel John Stuart settled in 1769, and his mill cave, one of those explored, was found to follow its underground stream for a half-mile before becoming impassable.

the county to commemorate the site of this early settlement and mill. Incorporated into the marker is one of the small stone buhrs used in the mill and unearthed in recent years when excavations were being made on the premises.

After living in this locality less than two years, Stuart moved four miles south of the present Lewisburg to the Stephen's Ferry region, now known as Fort Spring. There, in 1771, near a spring, he erected a fort stockade, having an inner circle of split pallisades, which in turn enclosed a group of cabins in the center. This, the only fort in that section, was a valued haven to the widely separated settlers and furnished a welcome refuge when threat of Indian raids arose. It was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1792, when a nearby field was being cleared for cultivation. Its location is now noted by a stone marker close to the Fort Spring Church.

Confronted here, as in the Frankford region, with the need for a gristmill, Stuart constructed one at the mouth of Milligan Creek, now known as "The Gorge," where the creek empties into Greenbrier River below Fort Spring post office. This mill had two sets of buhrs, one of which lay for years where the mill stood. The other set was taken to a mill on Second Creek.

Stuart's ability and knowledge of men inspired the trust and confidence of those under him, not only in large affairs, but in those more personal as well. A good example is shown in the fact that his miller, one McVeigh, operated this mill for over forty consecutive years.

The outstanding qualities Stuart possessed naturally gave him leadership for years in the county militia. In 1774, when General Andrew Lewis moved his army

from Camp Union (Lewisburg) before the Battle of Point Pleasant, Stuart and Robert McClanahan marched out as captains. This was the last adventure these close friends were to undertake together, for McClanahan was not to return, but to fall in the battle. Several other officers having been also killed, Captain Stuart was placed in command of a large part of General Lewis' army.

Following the battle, Captain Stuart returned to Lewisburg and two years later, 1776, married Mrs. Agatha Frogg, widow of the handsome and gay young Lieutenant John Frogg, sutler of the army, who had been wearing a bright red jacket the day of the Battle of Point Pleasant and had made a perfect target for an Indian bullet. After killing him, an Indian bounded forward to take his scalp, but was instantly shot, and four others making the same attempt were likewise killed. They no doubt assumed, because of his dashing attire, that he was a person of special importance, and each wanted the honor of securing his scalp. After the battle the bodies of the five Indians were found sprawled across that of Lieutenant Frogg.

A strange story is recorded concerning the little daughter of Lieutenant Frogg, who was at home with her mother in Staunton. On the tenth of October, the day of the battle, the child awakened from sleep screaming that the Indians were killing her father. Her mother quieted her, and she went to sleep, but again awakened and repeated her cries. Again her mother succeeded in calming the child, but when she cried out the third time and refused to be consoled, Mrs. Frogg became greatly alarmed and called in the neighbors. The whole town became aroused over the incident, though it was not until several days later the word was received in

Staunton that the battle had occurred and the child's fears had been realized.

Lieutenant Frogg and his wife were first cousins, as he was a nephew of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Lewis. Mrs. Frogg's grandfather was Colonel John Lewis, who served for years in the Virginia House of Burgesses and who had been the first surveyor of Augusta County and father to the distinguished General Andrew Lewis and Colonel Charles Lewis. With the marriage of Agatha Lewis Frogg and Colonel John Stuart, the two splendid lines of Lewis and Stuart became still more closely united.

An amusing incident is related concerning the determined lady, Mrs. Stuart. It appears that on a certain occasion a false Indian alarm had drawn many people to Fort Stuart, and when it became apparent that no Indians were forthcoming, the occupants, in their relief from fright, decided to make the most of the occasion, since they were all assembled, and have a good time. A Virginia Reel was in full sway when Mrs. Stuart returned home from a visit. Colonel Stuart, who was not easily alarmed by Indian "scares," had remained in his own house, and, being there when Mrs. Stuart arrived, was immediately questioned by her as to the occasion for all the noise issuing from the fort. When she was informed she at once donned her "gig-top" bonnet and proceeded the quarter of a mile across the field to stop the "unreasonable hilarity." She marched into the fort, scattering all before her at the point of her cane, and was quickly left in entire command. No doubt her stern Presbyterian conscience regarded the "goings on" as very unseemly.

After the Revolution was under way the Indians, urged on by secret agents, were persuaded to aid the

British by harassing the settlers. Under General Hand, commander of the division at Fort Pitt, Stuart had been commissioned by the Government to gather volunteers in Greenbrier, General Skillern in Augusta and Botetourt counties, and General Hand himself in the region around Fort Pitt. Fort Randolph (Point Pleasant) was designated as the place where they were to join their forces. The Government plan was to march upon the Shawnee Indian towns and compel them to neutrality as between Great Britain and the Colonies.

The people were not in sympathy with this plan, and the men unwilling to enlist. Stuart and the other militia officers decided to enlist, themselves, in order to encourage others, and, the chief officers in Greenbrier agreeing, they cast lots to see who should command the company. It fell to Andrew Hamilton as captain and William Renick as lieutenant. In spite of their best efforts, however, they had been unable to collect more than forty men when they joined General Skillern for their long journey to Fort Randolph. General Hand did not, as agreed upon, meet them when they arrived, and they found no provision had been made for their men, and the supplies at the fort were inadequate. Stuart decided to wait so long as possible for General Hand, and it was during this interval that the unfortunate death of the Indian Chief, Cornstalk, occurred.

Some time previously Cornstalk, accompanied by two other Indians, had paid his ill-fated, but well-intentioned, visit to Captain Matthew Arbuckle at the fort, warning of the decision of all the Indian tribes, against the advice of Cornstalk, to join the British. Captain Arbuckle thought to avert this calamity by detaining Cornstalk and the other Indians at the fort as hostages. During this time, unknown to Cornstalk, Indians, spy-

ing on the fort, encountered two of the soldiers on a hunting trip a short distance beyond the river, and killed one of them named Gilmore.

It happened that this young man was of a family that had suffered many outrages at the hands of the Indians. He belonged to a company from his home in Augusta County, with a friend and relative as commanding officer. Upon hearing of the killing of Gilmore, this officer and a group of his men became so enraged as to lose all reason in their insane desire for revenge. Threatening to shoot anyone who tried to prevent them, they burst into the fort and cruelly killed Cornstalk, his young son who had just come to visit his father, and the other hostages.

Stuart was greatly grieved by this unjustifiable murder and spoke of Cornstalk as "a great warrior, brave and kindly."

A few days later General Hand arrived. He had secured no troops and no provisions. Stuart and his men, in discouragement and doubtless in disgust, left the fort and made their way in the middle of the winter over the hard 160-mile trail through the mountains back to Lewisburg.

The news of the death of their chief gave to the Indians a new incentive to take the warpath once more. The following spring a party of about two hundred of them, seeking to avenge Cornstalk's death and having failed in an unsuccessful ruse to capture Fort Randolph, moved to attack the settlements in Greenbrier. Scouts from the fort were sent out to give warning, but when they discovered the Indians had separated into small hunting parties, they were seized with panic and returned. Thus, the Indians had had two full days' start when Captain McKee, then at Fort Randolph, called for two

volunteers to attempt to pass them and give the warning.

Philip Hammond and John Prior volunteered, and, disguised as Indians by the "Grenadier Squaw," sister of Cornstalk, who, surprisingly enough, remained friendly to the white men and acted as interpreter at the fort, started on their journey. After traveling steadily without rest day or night, they finally overtook the Indians, who, twenty miles west of the present Lewisburg, were killing and preparing to cook the hogs at the William McClung home on Meadow River, the McClung family having fled to the forts.

Pushing on, the exhausted scouts reached the settlements in time to warn many families, for at least sixty people are known to have crowded into Fort Donnally, ten miles northwest of the town. A messenger was sent by Colonel Donnally to Stuart Manor to warn Colonel Stuart, who with Colonel Samuel Lewis, his visitor at the time, spent the next day and night sending warnings and collecting as many men as possible at Camp Union for the relief of Fort Donnally. Learning from their scouts in the early morning of May 29, 1778, that the attack had begun, Stuart and Lewis, with the assistance of Captain Matthew Arbuckle who had recently returned home from commanding at Fort Randolph, started for the fort with sixty-eight men.

Attempting the shortest route, they left the road, thereby avoiding an ambushade, and, approaching the fort from the rear through a field of grain, were able, though attacked by Indians, to gain entrance without loss of a man. Their arrival about two o'clock turned the tide of the siege, and the fierce attack ended that evening in the final withdrawal of the Indians. This encounter, an important event in border warfare, was the last concerted Indian raid in Greenbrier County.

Among John Stuart's other activities, he was engaged with Samuel Lewis a few years before the Battle of Point Pleasant in making surveys for George Washington along the Kanawha River.³ His aptitudes were indeed varied, for soon afterward we hear of him as clerk of the newly formed county of Greenbrier, with his home designated as the place of holding the first court session. In the back of County Deed Book No. 1, in his legible hand, perfect as a copperplate, Stuart wrote a memorandum, dated July 15, 1798, as to early events in the history of the county, and stated that the first court was held at his home "the third Tuesday" of May, 1778. What became of the earliest records no one knows. The first preserved court records two years later, in November, 1780, show the resignation of John Archer as clerk and the unanimous appointment of Stuart as successor.

About this time Stuart built a small one-room stone building on his premises to house the court records—which were anything but voluminous, as testified to by the size of the building. Any child would have been entranced to have it as a playhouse—and no doubt many have so used it in later years. However, this tiny first clerk's office, with its fireplace and chimney, shutters, and worn stone step, is significant, and is today a sturdy little memorial to the birth of Greenbrier County.

The Stuart home provided quarters not only for the first court held in the county but also for one of the first church services, the sermon being preached there in 1780 by Reverend John McCue, pioneer Presbyterian minister, who organized the first Presbyterian church in the county and was its first pastor.

Stuart possessed an alertness of mind and education

³ Lewis surveyed the site of the town of Dunbar near Charleston.

far above the average. A student and scholar, he owned a valuable and well-stocked library, books being a great luxury in those early days. He was most influential in the organization of the county and had been a member of the Virginia Convention of 1788 to consider ratification of the proposed Federal Constitution. This historic Convention, held in Richmond in June, was composed of a group of men as brilliant and notable as any this country has produced—penetrating thinkers, strong debaters, and forceful orators—among them John Marshall, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, Patrick Henry, James Monroe, George Mason, Governor Edmund Randolph, Bushrod Washington, George Wythe, and Richard Henry Lee.

Much more depended upon the action of the Virginia Convention than appeared on the surface. Many states had previously ratified the Constitution without any very clear notion as to its meaning, but by the time of the Virginia Convention it was more generally understood and bitterly opposed by a decided majority of the people in the state. Broadly speaking, the issue was between those to whom debts were due, the mercantile and financial interests, the Constitutionalsists—and those of the agricultural interests and debtors who wished to be allowed to go their easy way under weak and ineffective state laws, the anti-Constitutionalists. In reality, it was an economic class struggle.

The masterful debates on both sides have never been excelled in statesmanship, and the Virginia Convention provided the only real debate in the whole consideration of the Constitution. The very slight majority for ratification, of ten votes out of 168, shows with what bitterness the battle was waged. John Marshall, an earnest Constitutionalist, developed into a dominant figure in

the Convention, exerting a strong influence on many of the less experienced members who, recognizing his brilliant leadership, voted consistently with him. Among these was John Stuart. Mr. Samuel Price, of Stuart Manor, recalls a letter in possession of descendants, which was written to Colonel Stuart by John Marshall, later Chief Justice, a short time prior to the Convention, informing Stuart of the plan to combat the strong fight Patrick Henry was waging against the adoption of the Constitution. This letter was one of several which revealed the confidence Marshall had in Stuart's ability and sound judgment.

It was in 1789 that Stuart erected his permanent house, facing east, near the little clerk's office, in a grove of towering oak and locust trees, on the opposite side of the road from the fort and a short distance from it. With an extensive view in all directions, the broad acres and distant blue mountain ridges made a delightful setting, inspiring the name "Beau Desert" (meaning "glorious wilderness") given to the site when first seen by the famous French philosopher Volney (to be exact, Constantine Francois Chasse-Boeuf Volney), who made an American tour from 1795 to 1798 preparatory to the publication of his *Views of North America* and who was a guest of Colonel Stuart in 1795. Stuart enjoyed travel and visited many parts of the country, meeting interesting and prominent people, Volney being only one of many of these numerous acquaintances to find his way to this hospitable home. Some years later the poetic name "Beau Desert" was changed to the less imaginative, but more sturdy, "Stuart Manor."

This two-story house of native limestone, somewhat English in character, was, when first built, in 1789, long and low, with a fine stone chimney at each end. A

number of years later a two-story addition also of stone was added adjoining the southwestern corner. This section has a steeper roof and is higher and not so long as the original part of the house. Not only are proportions of the addition more pleasing architecturally, but the stones are larger and the workmanship better. A long veranda extending across the front of the house and around one end joins the addition, from which a door opens. There is also an outside entrance door and stone step from the lawn. There are other later additions of wood on the opposite side of the house, so that now it has the amazing total of fourteen outside doors.

Two front entrance doors open into a long room, with staircase against the rear wall and a fireplace at the end, above which are high horizontal paneling, deep dentil moulding, and a high, narrow shelf—quite different from the usual wide mantels for large clocks and ornaments. Beside the mantel is a high built-in cupboard, with reeded pilasters on each side and dentil moulding above. There are paneled doors and drawers with small brass knobs. All of these are of cherry wood, very rich and dark with age.

This room contains an armed Chippendale settee and several side chairs, part of a set of ten, all bought from the sale of Lord Dunmore's effects, presumably after his unceremonious departure from America. Other articles, including books, were also purchased. One of these, now in possession of Mr. Samuel Preston, of Lewisburg, contains the book plate of Lord Dunmore and the date "London, 1725," and, below, the book plate of Colonel John Stuart.

The wide floor boards show marks of a partition which evidently once divided this room, no doubt between the two doors, making a hallway of that part containing the

stairs. These doors are very interesting. From the exterior they are paneled as usual, but inside are heavily "battened" and finished with hand-wrought iron straps and huge "H" hinges. On one of the windows of the little clerk's office in the yard there still hangs a pair of the original shutters made of the same pattern as these doors. It seems reasonable to assume that, when built, the house also had such solid battened shutters. It is easy to see what an unassailable and safe place this stone house became, once the shutters and doors were closed. The last Indian raid in Greenbrier County had occurred only ten years before its construction, so such precautions were well justified. Shutters on the house today are of the lattice type, later used generally in this region.

To the left of the front entrance door there is a square parlor with a fine hand-carved mantel. In the later addition at the rear of the house is a dining room twenty-three by twenty-six feet, built by Lewis Stuart, son of Colonel Stuart, for his wife, as she frequently complained of not having room enough for their large family of nine children. How she must have appreciated this spacious, bright room! Her portrait hangs above the mantel and looks down on many pieces of her own furniture. This room contains the drop-leaf dining table of Colonel John Stuart, a fine old cherry china cupboard, a sideboard, and other family heirlooms. The mantel is of cherry, elaborately hand-carved. The mantel in the John A. North House (the Star tavern) is said to have been copied from it. The design, however, is not identical, though somewhat similar, the proportions also differing, the North mantel being wider and less tall. A horizontal paneling to the window sills extends around the room, the windows here being deep set as in all the

rooms, the oak floor boards wide, and the ceilings rather low, as contrasted with the extremely high ceilings of the brick houses of some years later. There are five bedrooms on the second floor, duplicating the rooms below.

The little stone office building near the house has a cherry mantel with paneling to the ceiling, and built-in cherry cupboards with glass doors and pigeon holes, drawers and shelves, of the same design as the one later used in the Manor. Of the deep-set windows, one still contains its original window glass, with the longer nine-paned upper sash and six-paned lower sash.

An early log smokehouse still stands, though no sign is left of the log dwelling which was in the rear of the present house and which was used by Colonel Stuart while the Manor was under construction. When the latter was completed, the log cabin lost caste immediately and for many years thereafter was used as a kitchen.

A custom arose among the early Stuarts of chiseling their names on the outside stone walls of the Manor. Many are still plain to be seen, protected as they are from the weather by the porch. Colonel Stuart himself cut his name, "J. Stuart 1807," the year he resigned his long-held county clerkship—a milestone in his life. The name of his wife, "Agatha Stuart," appears very carefully cut, with scrolls below and above—no doubt also done by Colonel Stuart. The name of their son and successor as owner of the Manor, "Lewis Stuart," is there, as well as the name of one of the Stuart sons-in-law, "R. Crockett." One stone bears the inscription, "This house was built in 1789." Two other stones bear the initials "G. W.," "J. A.," "T. J."—George Washington, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson. A family

tradition is that these illustrious men were once guests under this roof. However, nothing of his having been near this locality is mentioned in the records of Washington's travels, and the family has no written record or other verification of such a visit.

Tradition has it that Washington and Jefferson were among the important persons who were guests at the Old Sweet Springs, less than thirty-five miles away, and, if such were true, the proprietor of the Springs, William Lewis, being an uncle of Mrs. Stuart, it would not seem unlikely that invitations to noted guests to visit the Manor were extended from time to time, and accepted. However, there is nothing to prove either of these men visited the Sweet Springs, although Washington's nephew, George Augustine Washington, was a guest there. Letters were exchanged between Jefferson and Stuart concerning the bones of prehistoric animals which Stuart had found on his lands and in which they were both interested, though how close their relationship may have been other than through their mutual membership in the American Philosophical Society, one does not know. Another name—though certainly in a different classification—is also chiseled on this wall, that of Aaron Burr, who owned lands at Sweet Springs and who is said to have made several visits to this region.

The family of Colonel and Mrs. Stuart consisted of four children: Margaret Lynn Stuart, first native white child in the Fort Spring region, born in 1777, who married Andrew Lewis, son of Colonel Charles Lewis; Jane Lewis Stuart, born in 1780, who married Robert Crockett, of Wythe County, becoming the mother of Charles S. Crockett and of a daughter, the first wife of Judge James E. Brown, of Wythe; Charles Augustus Stuart, born in 1783, who married Elizabeth Robinson;

Lewis Stuart, born in 1784, who married Sarah Lewis, of Bath County, granddaughter of Colonel Charles Lewis, nine children being born of this marriage.

In 1793 Captain Stuart was appointed colonel of the 79th Regiment of Militia, and the commission, signed by Henry Lee, of Virginia, is in possession of a descendant. Another relic of interest also in possession of another descendant is his certificate of membership to the American Philosophical Society, signed by Thomas Jefferson, President. It is dated 1797, when he received his election at a meeting held in Philadelphia.

Colonel Stuart was the first historian of Greenbrier County, writing *Memoir of Indian Wars and Other Occurrences*, it is thought about 1820, but the manuscript is undated and was not published until 1832, some years after his death. It is a most valuable document, the only available contemporary formal account of events in the early days of the county, and is the principal source used by later historians. In this, as well as in many other respects, Greenbrier County owes a deep debt of gratitude to Colonel Stuart.

In 1807, when Colonel Stuart resigned his county clerkship, his son Lewis was appointed by the court to fill the vacancy and retained this position until 1831.

Lewis Stuart having married and established his wife at the Manor, Colonel Stuart was relieved not only of his official duties as clerk, but of the management of the Manor as well. He then did an unexpected thing and forsook the latter, returning to his first cabin, "Grumble Thorp," near Frankford, where he continued to live until his return to the stone house about a year before his death. It was in 1820, while he was at the cabin, that he made his will. To his son Lewis he gave Stuart Manor, and to his son Charles he left his Frank-

ford lands and among other tracts "the plantation upon which I now live," meaning Grumble Thorp.

During the many years of his activity Colonel Stuart accumulated, in addition to a large personal estate, many tracts of fine land, owning thousands of acres not only in Greenbrier, but in Giles County, Virginia, and also in Kentucky, and at the time of his death was said to have been one of the wealthiest men in Virginia. A man clearly endowed with qualities and talents of the most superior type, perhaps the greatest legacy left by Colonel Stuart, is that he was largely instrumental in attracting men of his own kind as settlers to this region, men who have given Greenbrier a background of which it is rightfully proud.

Colonel Stuart died on August 18, 1823, and is buried within sight of Stuart Manor, in the family cemetery, not far from the grave of a beloved grandchild for whom he had inscribed this touching epitaph:

Here Lies the Body
of
ELIZABETH STUART
Who Died on the Ninth Day of August, 1819
Aged Eleven Years.
Beauty Adorned her Face, Symmetry Her Form; Piety to God,
Duty to Parents, Friendship and Relations,
Sympathy for the Distressed,
Characterized her Mind.
She is Gone from this World, it is Believed, to Rest with the
Spirits of the just made Perfect, in the
Presence of their God.
This stone is Humbly Inscribed by her Grandfather
JOHN STUART
To the First of his Deceased Offspring, to Commemorate the
Innocence and virtues of this Deceased Child,
who was the child of
LEWIS AND SARAH STUART

This epitaph and the inscription written by Colonel Stuart upon the Old Stone Church are enduring wit-

nesses to the profound feeling and depth of character of the Father of Greenbrier County.

Lewis Stuart, second son of Colonel John Stuart, having inherited Stuart Manor, lived there until his death in 1837, fourteen years after that of his father. He was a man of charming personality, hospitable and kind. He was fond of riding and horses and took great pride in his stable. He enjoyed people and social life and was one of the best-liked men in the county. His consideration for his slaves in allowing them to have plots of ground for their own cultivation, from which they derived the proceeds, was unheard of, and was an example of his kindly nature.

Of the five sons and four daughters of Lewis and Sarah Lewis Stuart, John, Charles, and Lewis lived elsewhere. Those who remained in Greenbrier County were Henry, who was born in 1824 and died in 1902, and who married Nannie E. Watkins (1871) and had two children—J. Watkins Stuart, of Monroe County, and Lewis L. Stuart, of Richlands; Andrew, who lived at Stuart Manor; Rachel, who married General A. W. G. Davis and lived near Fort Spring in a house described elsewhere; Agnes, who was born in 1812 and who married Charles S. Peyton and resided in the Richlands in a house described elsewhere; Margaret, who married Colonel James W. Davis (brother of General Davis) and lived on a farm a half-mile below Stuart Manor; and Jane, who married Governor Samuel Price, November 14, 1837, and lived in a house described elsewhere.

A daughter-in-law of Governor Price, Mrs. S. Lewis Price, an elderly and beloved lady, lived at Stuart Manor with two of her children, Miss Jane Price and Mr. Samuel Price, an attorney of Lewisburg, until her death on Saturday, August 29, 1942.

Charles Stuart House

THE lands first acquired near the village of Frankford by Colonel John Stuart in 1769 comprised many square miles, and the Charles Stuart House, the present Coffman House, is on these lands. "As the crow flies," it is only over the hill from the site of his first cabin, Grumble Thorp, but in order to reach it, one must go over a road which leads to this and one other house only and which is everything a road should not be—rough and rutted to the point of impassability. Located about two and one-half miles west of Frankford, it is said to have been built by Colonel John Stuart for his son, Charles Augustus Stuart, who with his wife, Elizabeth Robinson, lived there many years.

In the settlement of the estate of Charles Stuart in the 1850's the property was acquired by Moses Coffman, father of the present owner and occupant, Samuel Coffman. The house, erected prior to 1823, is of brick, and, amazing as it may seem, the original handmade shingle roof has been replaced only once, and that long ago, the shingles now appearing so curled they look as though they had ruffles—but why wouldn't they, when a wood shingle roof is expected to last only thirty to thirty-five years!

The lower walls of the house are eighteen inches thick, and those above, twelve inches, terminating in a brick cornice. Placed here and there in the walls are the old handmade angle irons. The portico appears to be original, and is two stories high, with pointed roof line extending well into the house roof, its supporting round wood col-

umns being quite small, a radical departure from the usual large ones of plastered brick seen in other buildings of the period. There is a heavy forty-two inch paneled front door opening into a square hall, with another outside door at the rear, while against the right wall a stairway extends to the floor above. On each side of the hall are large, square rooms, in both of which are well-carved mantels, one with a design called Japanese parasol and fan, the other very nicely reeded.

Other good details are the well-paneled casing between the doorways and the wainscot, which extends to the window sills. The original color of paint used on the woodwork is predominantly a light blue-gray, but in some rooms, a fairly dark green. The floors are all of pitch pine, laid with boards measuring six inches wide and one and a half inches thick. The dining-room leads from the room to the left of the central hall and extends back on one side of the house, where a pair of brick archways and evidences of a stone-floored entrance are an unexpected feature. From this room there is a stairway continuing through the room above to the attic. The second floor corresponds to the first, with square hall and bedrooms on each side.

This is a large and very good-looking house, with few alterations beyond an enclosed section and a bay window added in recent years. The absence of the discarded shutters makes one realize how much they seem a part of these brick houses. Of the early cluster of out-buildings so necessary to this remote house, one log building remains standing. There is a fairly distant view toward the Frankford road, though behind the house and on the sides the land rises steeply, giving a vague sense of being shut in.

Anderson Mansion

ADJOINING the Grigsby property, on lands which he had acquired by grant for his military service, John Anderson, Captain in the Revolutionary War, forsaking his first settlement in the "Narrows" of Anthony Creek, erected in 1794 a house known at that time as the "Anderson Mansion." About two and one-half miles east of Lewisburg, it stands on rising ground surrounded by large trees, and facing the Greenbrier River, with a central walkway extending from the front door to the old dirt road. The present Route 60 may be seen as it crosses the bridge at North Caldwell. No doubt, at the time of its construction, this substantial stone house truly seemed a "mansion," as log buildings were still housing most of the settlers, there being only a few stone houses in the county, and none of brick.

The oldest part is of stone quarried from a near-by mountain, the walls measuring two feet in thickness. Originally there was one story above ground, and one consisting of hallway and three rooms partly below ground. Each basement room has a large stone fireplace, and two of these rooms and the hall are plastered and have wooden floors. The third room has a dirt floor only and may have been used as the kitchen or weaving room. There is a brick addition of later date (built by the son-in-law of Captain Anderson) which added another story to the house, both sections being subsequently covered over with plaster. Finally, large upper and lower screened porches were added across the entire front, entrances were changed, and other alterations made in the in-

terior plan, so that today one would have no conception of its original appearance, were it not for photographs in the possession of descendants, which show the house before any changes were made. Undoubtedly it was then all that its name implies, as well as a structure capable of serving as a dependable fort in case of Indian attack.

Mr. Anderson's only daughter, Elizabeth, married Henry B. Hunter in 1810. After the death of his wife, Captain Anderson deeded the property, comprising about four hundred acres, to the newly wedded couple, although he continued to make it his home until his death in 1817. The house and its acres remained in the possession of the Hunter family for eighty years, and for that reason is more familiarly known as the Hunter Farm.

Mr. Carter B. Hunter, grandson of Henry B. Hunter, and later owner of the estate, now lives near Old Sweet Springs and is an interesting man with an extensive knowledge of people and events over a long period of years. He has a cabinet filled with Indian relics found along the old Seneca trail, as well as other objects of historic interest. In the same room is also a case filled with guns and horse-show ribbons—and he delights to recall good hunting he has had and the fine horses he has owned.

Mr. Hunter is the possessor of a very large and extremely handsome mirror, with elaborate carved gold frame, which was purchased in Virginia before the Civil War by his grandfather, Henry B. Hunter, who brought it part way by canal and the rest of the distance to Greenbrier by ox team. It adorned the walls of his home, Anderson Mansion, until his death, when it was sold at auction in the settlement of the Hunter estate. Later, at another auction, it found its way back to the

Hunter family through its purchase by the present owner.

The Mansion, so near the old James River and Kanawha Turnpike, witnessed the construction of that road in 1824. When the Civil War came, it saw the passing of armies with all their equipment; it was in sight of the fighting near the old covered bridge, and saw the bridge set on fire by the retreating Confederates. After the war the Hunter family operated a ferry until another covered bridge was built, which in time the old house also saw demolished to make room for one of steel. It saw the horses and stagecoaches disappear, and finally the new Route 60 constructed and filled with a constant stream of motor cars. What a transformation from the days of 1808, when Colonel John Stuart, Colonel Charles Arbuckle, and Captain Anderson enjoyed the distinction of owning the only three carriages in Greenbrier County!

In 1899 the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, contemplating construction of a spur through this farm, purchased the property. The plans were changed, however, and the farm was not used, although it is still owned by the railway company and the house occupied by its tenants.

Early Log Houses

SCATTERED throughout the county there are yet standing a surprising number of early one- and two-story log houses, some in use, but generally found in ruins, with the roofs and chimneys tumbling down from long abandonment.

Beard Cabin

The Beard Cabin, though dilapidated, is still occupied. It is thought to have been built in 1770. Small and only one story in height, it is all that remains of a much larger log house which was the original homestead of the well-known Beard family, the pioneer, John Beard, settling there at that time. Located on a splendid twelve-hundred-acre farm three miles north of Lewisburg, on Route 219, the tiny cabin seems lost in the extensive acres surrounding it. This property is remarkable in that it remained in possession of descendants of its builder until sold two or three years ago to Mr. Ward Buchanan.

McDowell Cabin

The McDowells were Scotch-Irish. John McDowell, the Protestant pioneer, coming from Cork to America in 1784, soon found his way to Greenbrier County and the little district which was "home" to so many of his countrymen—the Irish Corner. He lived in the county fifty-seven years, and his log house still stands high on a hillside two miles south of Ronceverte. It was occupied by his descendants down to the sixth generation. A great

grandson, Samuel H. McDowell, not only owned it at one time, but also was the owner of the George Lewis brick house at the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. This house is described later.

Peyton House

In the county there are two large, substantial two-story log houses in excellent condition and still occupied—an unusual circumstance. Though in districts miles apart, they are so nearly identical one can scarcely distinguish their pictures. One, the Peyton House, is far back from the northern side of the highway (Route 60) and in summer is out of sight behind the trees. It is located in the Richlands a few miles west of Lewisburg, on the lands originally belonging to Colonel John Stuart, and was the home of his granddaughter, Agnes Stuart (daughter of Lewis Stuart), wife of Charles S. Peyton, who had been twice married and had two children. Mr. Peyton, who was born in 1806, a son of Craven Peyton, was a man of distinguished ancestry. His grandfather was Colonel Charles Lilburn Lewis, an officer of the Revolution, serving under General Washington, and his grandmother, Lucy Jefferson Lewis, was a sister of President Thomas Jefferson.

Of the nine children born to Agnes and Charles Peyton, the youngest, Agnes, born 1853, married Samuel G. Biggs, and this cabin today is generally referred to as the "Biggs place."

Level House

The twin to the Peyton house is two miles west of Ronceverte, across the river in Irish Corner district and not far from Organ Cave. The old stage route between Salt Sulphur and White Sulphur originally passed its

door, the present Route 219 being farther away, although still in sight. This large two-story house, built in 1840, was considered the last word in luxury for a log house. Its rooms, lighted by a number of very small windows, are twenty feet square, one even being sealed with wood. The floors, laid with wide boards, are well above ground, and at the ends of the house are wide limestone chimneys.¹

The three-hundred-acre farm was originally part of the survey of Captain Samuel Williams (husband of Sabina Stuart, sister of Colonel John Stuart) whose daughter, Margaret Williams, was the wife of Thomas Creigh. It was purchased in 1840 from the Dr. Thomas Creigh estate by James Level, an Irishman, who had come to America after 1812. He was first married to Mary McClure, and they had a family of five children. His second wife was Mary Adair, and the property is today owned by Robert A. Level, grandson of the builder.

In the yard near the old road stands one of the most magnificent and perfect oak trees in the county. With no trees near to crowd it, it has grown symetrically on all sides, and is without blemish or decay. The spread of its great branches is amazing, and, judged by the size of its trunk, this monarch, unscarred by time, must be three hundred or more years old.

¹ Both this and the Peyton house are what is known as "double" log houses—no doubt a scheme worked out by the pioneers because of their lack of equipment to hoist the great logs beyond a certain height. Desiring an especially large house, they solved their construction problems by putting up two identical houses in line and side by side, leaving an open space of several feet between the two, called the "dog trot." The roof was usually extended over it, though the sides were left open. Then, too, if desired, the space could be easily closed later. This has been done in the case of these two houses, the enclosed center being weatherboarded, with entrance door in the middle, and a small portico added. The whole effect is unique, with the two long ends of log and the few feet of weatherboarding in the center.

Arbuckle Family

House of James Arbuckle II

THE ARBUCKLES—scouts, soldiers and patriots, noted for their vigor and courage—were among the earliest and most important of the Greenbrier pioneers. The progenitor of the family, James Arbuckle I, received from King George II, a grant of four hundred acres of land on the James River and settled there in 1749. One of his sons, John, later became first United States postmaster in Greenbrier, at Frankford. William (Captain) acquired much land in Greenbrier, Mason, and Kanawha counties and in 1777 married Catherine Madison McClanahan (cousin of James Madison and widow of Captain Robert McClanahan). Both were members of the George Rogers Clark Expedition. And, too, they, as well as their brother Matthew, fought together in the Battle of Point Pleasant. In fact, one only had to know where things were happening, and there would be Arbuckles!

Captain Matthew Arbuckle, born about 1749, also a son of James, was one of the greatest woodsmen of his day. He is said to have been the first white man to pass from the Greenbrier Valley down to the Ohio River and safely return (about 1765). The reason for this long and dangerous journey was not only the urge to explore but also the desire to barter his pelts at a French trading post on the Ohio River. At a still earlier date, however, he and his brothers, William and Thomas, had come from the James River on a hunting and exploring trip

and had camped on the Greenbrier River near the present town of Ronceverte.

It is not surprising that he was the man chosen to guide the army of General Lewis through the dense mountain forests to Point Pleasant in 1774—no small accomplishment. He was doubtless the only man in that whole army of eleven hundred who had ever made the journey. Captain Arbuckle was an officer in the battle, and two years later he again marched a company over this route to build and garrison Fort Randolph, and remained in command there through 1777.

It has long been a tradition that Captain Arbuckle bought the first lot and built the first house after the town of Lewisburg was laid off (1782). Colonel John Stuart, the authentic source of much early Greenbrier history, himself, made the statement ("Memorandum" 1798). It is also generally believed and has often been stated that Captain Arbuckle did not, however, live to see the growth of the town, as he was accidentally killed in a storm when struck by a falling tree near Jackson River the following year (1783). On the other hand, this date does not agree with the court records, as appraisement of Captain Arbuckle's estate, recorded in the clerk's office, gives the date of his death as October 18, 1781.

Further confusing contradictions are a court order dated May 23, 1782, to Matthew Arbuckle and four other men "for viewing and marking out the nighest and best way from the Warm Springs to this place (Lewisburg) 2400 lbs. of tobacco, at rate of one penny half penny per lb." And on May 22, 1783, a second order "To Matthew Arbuckle, 18 shillings for 18 diets furnished for the use of militia on duty."

These orders were likely for money due his estate, even though there is no mention of his death, as presumably the date of his death given in the appraisement must be accepted as accurate.

There is no deed for a Lewisburg lot recorded in Arbuckle's name, and, as the lot sale occurred in 1784, three years after his death, the supposition is that he may have already owned property within the area before the actual survey was made.

Certainly there is evidence to lead one to believe that he did own what appears on the first town plat as Lot 25, at the southeast corner of Jefferson and Randolph streets—land which was originally part of the boundary of Fort Savannah, and that his home was on this site. The late Marcellus Zimmerman, Lewisburg's compiler of local historical data, identified the site as that of the Arbuckle house. (Further information is given under "Reynolds-Patton House.")

As was customary, after three years of service as captain of the Continental Line, Captain Arbuckle was awarded posthumously four thousand acres of land which is located in Madison County, Ohio, and upon which some of his descendants are still living. After the death of Captain Arbuckle, his widow, Frances Arbuckle, married Alexander Welch, who was later appointed by Governor Patrick Henry as surveyor of Greenbrier County to succeed Thomas Edgar, who resigned in 1784.

The appraisement of Captain Arbuckle's goods and chattels, with its quaint spelling, is an interesting one. A few of the items are as follows:

One negro named Adam
1 ditto wench named Esther
Nurse Pernal, a hireling for 13 months

One flee bitten gray horse 8 years old 14½ hands
 high
 Spectators, full volumn
 One large looking glass
 One clock face with part of works
 1 Dikonary 12 Starks justice 15
 One book the souls exposual 2-3
 Standing corn including the Smiths share
 17 head of sheep at 6- per head
 One old bell without a clapper
 6 pewter dishes & 23 ditto plates
 1 stamp counterpine
 1 flax rackle —5—
 1 book Jonathan Edwards
 1 book Mortons 4 fold state
 4 chainy cups & saucers
 1 pockett Bible
 2 smothing irons
 1 bottle case with 6 bottles

Captain Arbuckle was twice married. His first wife was Jane Lockhart, by whom he had two sons, Charles, who became a leading citizen and merchant of Greenbrier (having a son, Colonel Charles) and John, who moved to Ohio. Captain Arbuckle's second marriage (1774) was to Mrs. James Lawrence, Jr., nee Frances Hunter, of Botetourt County, who was born in 1750 and died in 1834.

It was this union which produced the most illustrious of the Arbuckle men, General Matthew Arbuckle. General Arbuckle, born December 28, 1778, was aide on the staff of General Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815; commanded in what is now Oklahoma for twenty years; was transferred to Louisiana and later to Arkansas; built and garrisoned Fort Tow-

son, the first military post below the Canadian River, and died, unmarried, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1851. Captain Arbuckle also had three other sons. Of these, Thomas married Jane Davis, daughter of John and Jane (Clendenin) Davis in 1804, and with a second brother, Samuel, moved to Kentucky; and James II (1776-1869), remained in Greenbrier and lived to the venerable age of ninety-three.

The brick "homestead" of James II is still standing, and is located on a farm approximately three miles southwest of Lewisburg, on the road leading to the Davis Stuart School. The house, later plastered over, is thought to have been built before 1815. It is not recognizable today as one of the earliest brick houses in the county, having been altered and "modernized" about twenty-five years ago. The large paneled front door, with circular glass above, is original, and somehow miraculously escaped the "improvements."

In the yard is a small two-room limestone building, one room above and one below. The upper room, plastered and with a fireplace, opens from the yard, while the lower room is built into the slope of the lawn, with no windows and with an outside door on the lower side. It has a fireplace, but is unplastered and has only a dirt floor. This interesting and quaint little house was called the "loom house," and here the family weaving was done. Undoubtedly very old, though its walls are unbroken, it stands almost hidden in a tangle of vines. The farm is owned today by Mr. Henry Mathews, of Lewisburg.

James II married Catherine Alexander in 1798, and they became the parents of eleven children. Mr. and Mrs. Arbuckle were among the earliest members of Old Stone Church, being members at the time Dr. McElhenney ar-

rived in 1808. One of their sons, Alexander W. Arbuckle I, held the office of sheriff of the county and was also a colonel of militia. He married Julia H. Bell in 1833, and they were the parents of eight children. One of these, Alexander W. Arbuckle II, Confederate soldier and prominent farmer, married Elizabeth Creigh in 1875. Alexander II's children were Charles Creigh, Julia Bell, Emily Creigh, Mary Lynn, James Edward, Lockhart Davis, James Edward (named for the first James Edward who died in childhood, an old custom in Scotland and Ireland), and Alexander Wayt Arbuckle III.

Michael Baker House (Alexander Arbuckle I)

ABOUT five miles north of Lewisburg and a short distance west of the Frankford Road (Route 219) stands the fine old red brick Baker House. The first patent for the land was to James Reid, one of the first trustees of the newly organized town of Lewisburg (1782). Reid acquired a vast tract of land, but he soon sold it and made his future home in Missouri. A daughter, Jane, who had married Jesse Mays, remained, however, and lived on a portion of these lands adjoining the "Archer Mathews Old Place." Also the son, Jonathan Mays, became a leading citizen of Lewisburg.

The property was acquired from the executors of Cuthbert Bullitt¹ by Michael Baker in July, 1801, and it was he who built the house in 1822. Baker's connection with Greenbrier County, however, was soon terminated, for in 1835 he sold the property to Alexander W. Arbuckle I and departed for Kentucky. The house has been in possession of the Arbuckle family ever since, although much of the extensive original acreage has been divided among various of its members, one of whom, Alexander Arbuckle III, with his family occupies the house today.

Well located on a rolling slope and facing the distant eastern mountains, the house is surrounded by open farm lands. The builder had surprisingly modern ideas

¹Cuthbert Bullitt was a large landowner in the county. Among other tracts was that of 1,040 acres which lay east of the Elk River (Kanawha County) and which was purchased from him by George Clendenin in 1787—lands upon which the business center and a large part of the residential section of Charleston are now located.



Alexander Arbuckle House

as to sunlight and air and built his home in the shape of a T, causing every principal room to have three outside walls—a design unusual in this region. The bricks for the house were burned on the premises by John W. Dunn & Company (the “Company” being David H. Spotts and Robert White).

The woodwork was all carved by Conrod Burgess,² said to have come from Richmond, Virginia, and is the outstanding feature of the house. Burgess was a man who evidently loved ornate work, for his designs show a lavish hand in many unexpected places. He apparently was an ardent believer in the beauty of a curved line, as he used many, and almost every door has an elaborately carved semicircular cornice above it. Such is true not only of the Baker house, but of several others in the vicinity built in the 1820's, in which his workmanship is as readily recognizable as though he had signed it. His designs are individual, and some of the motifs quite original. His circles of balls around doorways, acorns, stars, leaves, and the like, have a foreign feeling and an air of sophistication.

One wonders about him—how he came to be in this new mountain country, carving these elaborate and intricate decorations in the homes of people whose stern religious faith would seem to have been averse to such extravagant use of ornamentation, and the simplicity of their early training incompatible with it. Perhaps here

² When Burgess came, how long he stayed in Greenbrier, or even where he lived, remain unsolved mysteries. The only clue to his personal life indicates that he, like many another artist, was a poor business man. Such may be inferred from a deed for Lot Number 12 in Lewisburg, recorded in 1857, to Henson Williams “for the sole use and benefit of Isabella Burgess, free from any liability to the creditors of her husband, Conrod Burgess.” The lot, on the corner of LaFayette and Randolph streets, then had a small stone house on it (first owned by James Withrow I), which may have been the home of the Burgesses during the twelve years it was owned by Mrs. Burgess.

was where they let go of their inhibitions! Whatever the explanation, it is surprising to find such architectural details in a locality which barely forty years before had known its last Indian raid.

The Baker House has a square entrance portico extending to the second floor, supported by columns of rounded bricks plastered over. There are unusually good railings of Chinese Chippendale design upon both levels. The front doorway is graceful and lovely, with its circular cornice extended and supported by pairs of small reeded columns, the over-door design being a row of rounded balls, and above it a pointed dentil moulding, while overhead and on each side of the door are glass panes. The same design of carving is carried out above the door on the inside of the hall, as well as the door leading to the second floor portico. The square entrance hall is large, and on the left is an exceptionally fine wide stairway with curved stairwell extending all the way to the attic.

An amusing feature is the wooden strip running around the wall, with wooden pegs jutting out every thirty inches or so to hold hats and coats—clothes-closets not being customary at the time. The size of the families, as well as the hospitality of those days, is plainly indicated by the large number of pegs.

To the right and left of the hallway are square, high-ceilinged rooms, with several windows and large carved wood mantels. The latter are painted the then fashionable black and, according to today's styles in decoration, are somber and overpowering, but certainly of lasting dignity. The room on the left still has its original painted woodwork, the horizontal paneling to the window sills done in yellow-tan to resemble grained wood and trimmed with black lines, and the door finished in

the same manner. This room has wallpaper more than ninety years old, the pattern a circular flower design in gray. The woodwork in the opposite room was originally painted a peculiar shade of fairly dark green, but it and the hall have recently been changed to ivory.

A door in the rear of the hall leads to the dining-room, which extends straight back from the center of the house and is the most elaborately carved of all the rooms. There is an outside door leading around the corner of the house to the kitchen—a one-story structure, with no entrance directly to the house, a lack necessitating the carrying of all food out of doors in order to reach the dining-room. Obviously there were no commuters in that family, as eating even the most casual meal must have been rather an interminable business! The mantel in the dining-room is the largest in the house. It was originally flanked on each side by huge glass-doored china cupboards carved of cherry wood, which, with the mantel, filled the entire end of the room. The balance of the room was unfortunately marred when one of these cupboards was removed in recent years, and in its place a small door cut through to the kitchen.³

The stain of the wood in this room is difficult to describe; it is of a dark color between walnut and cherry. Presumably the wood itself is soft, as extensive carving would make the use of anything else almost impossible. There is wood paneling to the window sills, and large reeded columns are on each side of the doors, while above them are panels carved with tasseled swags, stars, and leaves, and, on the corners, finials.

The second-floor rooms correspond to those on the first floor. The room above the dining-room has a pair of remarkable shelved cupboards extending from the

³ The cupboard was removed to the home of a sister of Mr. Arbuckle.

floor almost the full height of the walls and ornamented with extended circular over-door cornices, very elaborately carved. When built, this was one very large room, but partitions have been added later which change it entirely.

The original hardware is still in the house. The door locks, with small brass knobs, are of the large brass box type, made in England and bearing the British coat of arms.

Outside, across the front of the house is an interesting and unusually deep cornice trim, intricately hand-carved in a design of acorns, tassels, and stars. It, with the rest of the outside woodwork, is painted white, except for the shutters, which are the usual green. There must have been an unwritten law about shutters in those days, for no one ever grew so bold as to waver from green! No variant color—just green—and the established neutral green, at that.

There have been several alterations and additions throughout the years, but for the most part this is an unchanged and truly beautiful house. It is surrounded by fine old trees and has about it a sort of calm dignity and a feeling of things that endure.

Over the edge of the knoll stands a two-story log slave cabin, with its large stone chimney falling in ruins, yet outliving the cluster of other buildings for smoking meat, weaving, and the like, which invariably hovered about these early houses. In Mr. Arbuckle's barn he has preserved many of the farm tools used by his ancestors and has also lent to the Greenbrier Museum an extremely rare device of pioneer life, a circular revolving wooden rack used for dipping and drying candles.

There is a touching story told of John Davis Arbuckle, a Confederate soldier and son of Alexander Arbuckle I.

On the final day of the war, just before General Lee's surrender, Mr. Arbuckle, a member of the 14th Virginia Cavalry, captured as prisoner, a captain of Company E, 1st Maine Regiment, from whom he took a very fine sword, which he kept as a grim souvenir of the war. Many years later, when he was growing old and the fires of war hatred had burned to ashes, he wished that he might return the sword to its owner. A friend, volunteering to trace the captain, first wrote the Adjutant General, and then gave the story to the newspapers of Augusta and Bangor, Maine, the name of the regiment engraved on the sword being the only clue to identity.

A reply, giving the name of the captain, stated he was alive and well and had moved to the City of New York twenty years previously. The next day a letter arrived from the captain himself to Mr. Arbuckle saying that a friend in Maine had sent a clipping from the newspaper and that he was glad to know that his captor had also survived the war and had kept his sword through the years.

The Confederate Camp in New York, hearing of the story, wrote to ask that the sword be sent to them and that they be allowed to have a big reunion of the Blues and the Grays and to return the sword publicly. Mr. Arbuckle refused, feeling, since he had taken the sword in battle, such fanfare was out of place and that he should personally return it to the owner. This he did at once, requesting the captain not to accept it as a token of war, but as a message of peace, and inviting him to "come down to Dixie and partake of that old-fashioned hospitality."

Not long afterward a team drove up to Mr. Arbuckle's large farmhouse, and a tall, fine-looking old gentleman, with white hair, alighted, walked up to the door and

sounded the knocker. When the door was opened there stood the two old soldiers face to face after a lapse of sixty years. They threw their arms around each other and sobbed like children. Mr. and Mrs. Arbuckle opened their hearts and home to this northern stranger, inviting in the neighbors and all the old soldiers of both armies. They wined and dined him and had a merry time, after which Mr. Arbuckle took his guest to Lewisburg for further entertainment, and then to White Sulphur for a final celebration before the captain returned to New York. The scars of war forgotten, this visit remained a bright and happy memory as long as they lived.

Bowen House

ACROSS the fields near the mouth of Spring Creek, a few miles northeast of Lewisburg, may still be seen the grass-covered indentation of the old road which once passed directly in front of the Bowen House. Today its successor, the Seneca Trail (Route 219) is out of sight two or three miles away, and this enormous house seems to tower rather bleakly against the sky as if, abandoned though it might be, it had determined to survive—by sheer size if nothing else!

It is a house to arouse curiosity at once, and before it one stands in amazement. Visualize acres of farm lands stretching in all directions, and a great brick structure, with a steep roof, standing three full stories high, with a floored and windowed attic extending the roof still higher. Three rows of long, shuttered windows¹—six to a row—march with military precision across the front, a parade broken only by a pair of front doors, side by side, opening upon a small portico. On the second floor, a single door directly above one of the two below, gives the house a slightly off-center appearance.

Marks high up on the walls indicate that the portico, when built, extended to the third floor.² A pair of very tall brick chimneys rise at one end of the house, a single chimney at the opposite end. Separate brick buildings in the rear yard once housed the kitchen and a place for

¹To be exact, the house has, in all, thirty windows, each with eighteen panes, making the appalling total of 540 panes of glass!

²In the summer of 1941 the present owner continued the portico to the third floor, a restoration greatly improving the appearance.

weaving, but these and the ever-present log slave cabins have disappeared.

James H. Bowen (born 1779, died 1851), youngest son of the pioneer Anthony Bowen and one of the thrifty settlers in this region, built his home, according to the date on the chimney, in 1822. He was apparently a man of much energy and business ability, erecting and operating a gristmill on Spring Creek, a sawmill, an oil mill, and a carding machine—a promoter of industries important and numerous for the time. The bricks for the building were, as usual, burned on the place, and, as the Baker House a few miles away was under construction at the same time, many of the workmen were employed on both, with quite a contest as to which house should be completed first.

The interior, unfortunately, has suffered many partitions, divisions, and removals which have destroyed its very unique and amusing plan. Mr. Bowen had a large family, nine of whom were daughters—not remarkable in those days, but rather staggering to contemplate, nevertheless, and a circumstance which certainly explains the size of this hotel-like dwelling, as well as his eccentric architectural ideas.

The father felt the weight of his parental responsibility, and, though a man definitely in the minority among so many women, determined to maintain a firm control over the situation—as well as to have some peace and quiet for himself. He thought out a very original scheme. Instead of the usual front door, he built two front doors side by side, and, immediately facing them, two flights of stairs, separated by a solid wall, led to the floor above. The daughters were to inhabit one side of the house and father the other. But the catch was this: he had his bedroom placed strategically at the head of



Stairway — Alexander Arbuckle House

both stairs, the thought being, once he had the daughters safely locked in on their side, they could not again descend without going through their father's room, thereby bringing down questions upon their heads! As an added safeguard, he omitted a doorway to the second floor porch from their side, and had one only from his own.

The result of all of these complicated precautions was that the daughters did exactly what has always been done under similar circumstances—found ways and means to circumvent them, and, with several elopements, were duly married to the neighboring farmers.

The woodwork of the house was done by Conrod Burgess, whose beautiful carvings are in evidence in the Baker as well as other houses in this neighborhood. Many of the designs are quite similar, particularly the carved over-door treatment with elaborate motif of balls and other rounded details. In the main first-floor room, on the father's side of the house, is a "master" mantel—if there be such a thing. One wonders if Mr. Bowen sat before this gigantic fireplace majestically alone, while the nine daughters crowded about one a third its size on their side of the wall!

This mantel, the doorway, and the window casings are still stained in the original beet color, as is also a low wainscot in horizontal panels. Much of the woodwork of the house has been repainted, but on the third-floor stairs the original color is still in evidence—dark green on the treads and a marbled effect in cream and black on the risers, shades frequently found today in the interestingly different "Williamsburg" colors. The doors are all very fine, wide and paneled in squares, some painted in a yellowish grained-wood effect, and all having the large box locks with small brass knobs which

came from England, similar to those in the Baker House. These locks, as well as other supplies for the two houses, which had to be hauled from distant cities, were doubtless ordered and shipped together.

The stairs on the daughters' side have been taken down, the large rooms there have been partitioned into smaller rooms and hallways, and with the greatest difficulty a door has been cut through the extremely thick dividing wall. There are several good mantels and nice carvings in unusual places—such as around window casings. The third floor has no fireplaces or mantels, although it is divided into separate rooms opening into a long hall, as on the second floor.

James Bowen married Jane Mann McClintic in 1800. They are both buried on the premises. After the death of Mrs. Bowen in 1832, James married her sister, Nancy McClintic.

The thirteen Bowen children were all born of the first marriage and are as follows: Robert, who died in infancy; Polly; Jane, who married James C. Pollock in 1824 and was the mother of ten children; Allen, who married Anna W. Pinnell in 1831; Eliza; John, who died in infancy; Nancy M., who married Reverend Josiah Osborne in 1831 and was the mother of five children; Peggy, who married Abram Bright in 1833 and was the mother of eight children; Sally, who married William St. Clair Johnson in 1834 and was the mother of ten children; Harriet, who married George Bright in 1834, Robert (named for an infant who had died), who lived to be only 22; Susanna, who married Samuel Clark in 1841; and Miriam, who married Washington Wallace in 1846 and was the mother of six children.

James Bowen's will, dated August, 1851 (the year he died), is very interesting. To his wife, Nancy, he gives four slaves, a yoke of red steers, four cows, three horses, ten sheep, all the hogs, "a year's provisions out of the present crop," three beds and clothing, one four-horse wagon and two sets of harness, the clock, a *chaney* press and bureau, a safe, all the dishes and cooking vessels, three tables, one rocking chair and settee, and "one dozen chairs of her own selection." Furthermore, he set aside four rooms at the north wing of the house for her use, "my son Allen to have the balance of the house, provided they can live in harmony; if not, my wife is to have all the house to herself." He also gives her a portion of land.

To all the daughters he gives land and slaves, the daughter, Peggy Bright, receiving the woolen factory. After the death of the daughters, their children are to receive the bequests. He owned large tracts of land and much property, and in his will disposes of twenty-two slaves, themselves a valuable estate.

The towering house finally passed from the Bowen family into the hands of A. M. Goff. The next owner, Newton Mann, was born in Monroe County and came to Greenbrier in 1855. He later sold the property to the present owner, Mr. Harry Simmons, who with his family has occupied it for thirty-four years. Although the Bowen name has disappeared from Greenbrier County, so long as this amazing house stands, James Bowen will be remembered—an uncompromising individualist.

Hutsonpiller House (Bunger's Mill)

THE EARLY settlers lived without luxuries and many times even without so-called necessities, but one need was essential—a gristmill. Milligan Creek was very suitable for such purpose, and a number of mills were erected along its meandering course. One seems to have been especially popular—that of Anthony Hutsonpiller, on the old James River and Kanawha Turnpike, which, just after it had passed the mill, started its climb over Muddy Creek mountain. Built about 1783, after the opening of the road from Warm Springs to Lewisburg, the mill also served as a post office. In addition, the industrious Mr. Hutsonpiller was a merchant, hauling his wares by wagon from Philadelphia.

The weekly trip to this mill was no burden upon its patrons, but was an event looked forward to with eagerness. There one met distant friends, exchanged family news, argued and gossiped, and finally went home laden with flour, purchases from the store, and news for the family. Dr. McElhenney was a regular customer for many years, and, as a special privilege, his well-behaved students at the Old Academy were permitted to take turns riding the Doctor's horse to the mill on Saturdays for the weekly grist.

Several of the Hutsonpiller daughters married millers, and, as they built their homes near by, there soon came to be a little settlement of the family grouped around the mill, one son-in-law, Joseph Henry Bunger, being the last of the family to operate it, doing so until his death in 1903. During his lifetime it was known as

Bunger's Mill, and although the mill itself has been torn down for twenty-five years, the name still designates the locality. A large log barn and several small log cabins stand silently near the creek, and on the banks still lie two or three stone buhrs to mark the site of this once busy mill.

Mr. Hutsonpiller was a versatile man, not only miller, postmaster and merchant, but carpenter and cabinet-maker as well. He built his home on the hillside facing the creek. The house was of brick, probably with six rooms originally, and, strange to say, weatherboarded over. Later two chimneys were built, and it is thought two rooms were added at that time. There was a double portico to the second floor, but it was subsequently removed, and now across the front of the first floor extends a long porch over which a grapevine gracefully climbs.

This old house, shining with orderliness and white paint, is now occupied by the Misses Lizzie and Alta Bunger, daughters of Joseph Henry Bunger. In the house today are a splendid walnut secretary, a stand table, and a pair of bellows—cherished heirlooms made by Anthony Hutsonpiller and to remain in the house so long as any of the family are living there.

Another prized possession of the household is the "Girthen"¹ carpet, made by Rachel Hutsonpiller Bunger, daughter of the pioneer, and her sisters. They carded the wool and dyed and wove the carpet on a loom still owned by their descendants. The carpet is most attractive, bright and in excellent condition, and, unlike the usual designs of this type of early weaving, which had stripes running across, the stripes in this case run lengthwise. The colors, too, are unexpected—two shades of

¹The word "Girthen" indicates a type of weaving of a close twist such as is used in making saddle girths.

rose-red, two of green, yellow, and, for accent, black. Rachel Hutsonpiller must have been a woman of imagination! This charming carpet has been in use for perhaps 135 years, and today looks very happily at home in a bedroom furnished in antique maple and cherry—though one instinctively has the desire to tread lightly on this gay and valued handiwork of long ago!

Bowlin House

THE MIDLAND TRAIL, Lewisburg's east and west "Main Street," rises at the eastern end in a long, steep hill and at the western end in one not quite so long, with the town's business center lying on the level land between the two. In the early days of horses and mud, the eastern climb was one to be dreaded and was then called by the descriptive name of "hard scrabble hill." To quote the late Mr. Marcellus Zimmerman, in his "Notes" of 1884, Jessie B. Bowlin, a butcher, built the first house of any kind on "hard scrabble hill." In 1828, one of his daughters, Sallie Bowlin, married John Winnall, a blacksmith, first apprenticed to Archibald Moore. The little square of land upon which John built his home was a gift from his father-in-law and a part of the latter's own lot. Winnall became brother-in-law to Judge James B. Bowlin, of St. Louis, who assisted him in establishing a blacksmithing business in Cincinnati, where he later became the proprietor of a large shoe shop.

Samuel Winnall, Sr., the pioneer father, was born in 1763 and lived to be nearly 101 years old. He was a millwright and built many of the early mill wheels of the county. A grandson, Colonel William Proctor Smith, became, in 1863, the chief engineer of the Army of Northern Virginia on the staff of General Lee, and planned most of the fortifications around Richmond.

The Bowlin House, on the northeast corner of Washington at Lee Street, is two stories high, built of logs, close to the ground. Its doorway originally opened directly on the street. It has had many owners through the

years and is said to have been used for many purposes, once as a schoolhouse; as a commissary in the Civil War; and as a drover's office when the droves of cattle on their way to the city markets heralded their approach by their incessant bawling, the barking of dogs, calls of the drovers, and the clouds of dust that could be seen long before the cattle were visible.

One of the later owners was Patrick McCleary, a tin- and coppersmith, who purchased it more than sixty years ago and lived there many years, during which time the house was weatherboarded in an unusual way, the horizontal boards being separated across the front by eight wide vertical boards ("stripping"), evenly spaced, extending from ground to roof. A frame addition was also added in the rear of the house.

Within the last five years this property was purchased by Mr. Randolph Hock, proprietor of the General Lewis Hotel across the street, and is in use as his home. Many alterations were undertaken. The frame addition was detached, moved so as to front on Lee Street, and remodeled into a dwelling. The house, itself, was moved back farther on the lot, a small brick wing added at one side, an entrance made for the front doorway, and other changes necessary for modern living. The interior is interesting, with its whipsawed and beaded ceiling beams, wide random-width oak floors, paneled wainscot, good mantels, and steep little enclosed stairway, all very old. This little house, painted white, with its boxwood bushes beside the door, tastefully decorated inside and furnished with antiques, is most attractive.

Carmin House

ON THE same side of Washington Street, farther up the eastern hill where the "scrabble" must have been even harder, is another dwelling which is doubtless almost as old as the Bowlin House. Like the latter, it is built of logs, later weatherboarded and painted white, the subsequent alterations and additions having made it delightfully livable, and its attractive appearance today greatly belies its age. High above the street, it is almost hidden by fine maple trees which virtually conceal its quaint dormer windows and interesting exterior. It is owned today by Mrs. Charles G. Mathews, who takes overnight guests and calls it "Althea Inn," for the many althea shrubs which surround the house and whose blossoms are most welcome in midsummer.

Strangely enough, the first deed recorded for this property, July 27, 1807, reveals that even then it sheltered travelers, Benjamin Carmin at that time occupying it as a tavern. His deed to Hugh and James McLaughlin was the first of many; there have been successively recorded eight deeds for the property. These two men appear to have been tavern-keepers also, as they were later owners of a small brick tavern farther down the hill, which has been previously described as the Old Bell Stand.

James Montgomery House

JOHN MONTGOMERY, of Augusta County, was one of the founders of the well-known school in Lexington, Virginia, which has been known by many names. First, it was Augusta Academy, then Liberty Hall, and after the Revolution, when George Washington endowed it with the money he had received for his military services, it became Washington College. Finally, after the Civil War and the association of General R. E. Lee as its president, it received its final and last name of Washington and Lee University.

Four brothers, great grandsons of John Montgomery, came to Greenbrier about 1845. The eldest, John, was a settler in Blue Sulphur, where he taught in the schools. William and Franklin were merchants, associated with their cousin, Johnston E. Bell, who had preceded them to the county and whose store, operated for over fifty years, stood on the southeast corner of Washington and Court streets in Lewisburg.

James Nelson Montgomery, the fourth brother, a dealer in real estate, lived in Lewisburg for many years. His is one of the smaller Lewisburg houses, built by the local brickmason, John W. Dunn, about 1845. It is a cheerful two-story brick house, standing with the sun in its face at the northwest corner of Lee and Randolph streets. The entrance is from a one-story porch surmounted by a white gallery, the porch flanked on each side by small-paned windows with green shutters. The roof is low, but the house appears tall from one side, as the lot is on a fairly steep street. The slope of the land

gave opportunity for two basement rooms half under ground, one of which has a large chimney and stone fireplace, although there is only a dirt floor in both rooms. A brick wing not "bound" to the front section extends to the rear of the house and is apparently a later improvement which added four more rooms to the four of the original section.

The interior of the earlier part has very good random-width flooring of approximately six-inch boards, as well as pleasing mantels. In one of the first floor rooms is the unusual feature of a closet-within-a-closet.

There are a number of descendants of the Montgomery brothers still living in Lewisburg, though this house is not owned by any one of them, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mays having been its owners and occupants for more than thirty years. Mrs. Mays is a daughter of Patrick McCleary, the expert tinner and one-time owner of the Bowlin House, which stands in plain view on the next corner, where Lee Street joins Washington.

Early Craftsmen

Donnally Glovemakers

GREENBRIER, primarily a farming and stock-raising county, has been spared the disfigurement of factories, but in the early days before they were supplanted by machine-made products, it had several flourishing industries operated by skilled craftsmen. Most widely known was that of glovemaking in Lewisburg. The Donnally family founded and carried on the business over a long period of years. The progenitor was Hugh Donnally, who came to America from Wales in the late 1760's and lived in a narrow valley near the foot of Weaver's Knob ten miles northwest of Lewisburg. His son, Andrew, builder of historic Fort Donnally upon the family lands, succeeded him in the trade. The latter was one of the most influential and important men in the county. He served as one of the first trustees of Lewisburg, as sheriff of the county, and also as colonel of the Virginia Militia. Colonial Virginia had a militia system in which officers were commissioned by the governor upon the recommendation of the county court. It was therefore the men of most outstanding qualification socially as well as otherwise, who were appointed, and such official position in the militia carried with it honor and distinction.

Andrew Donnally had a son, Charles, who before 1858 owned a tavern adjoining the store lot of John Withrow but who continued the glove business until Hugh Wilson Donnally (born 1844, died 1914) came home from the Civil War, to become fourth in line and

the last of the famous glovers. It was after the war that the business, which employed about fifty persons, was particularly flourishing. Advertisements in the *Greenbrier Independent* newspaper in 1868 read:

Allen Donnally — H. W. Donnally
Glove Factory
Near Lewisburg, West Virginia

The public will bear in mind that we are still in the business of manufacturing the Celebrated Donnally Gloves and that we are prepared to execute all orders for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Buckskin Riding Gauntlets, Half Hands, and Gloves of all descriptions. Orders left at any of the stores in Lewisburg will be attended to. Orders from a distance are solicited.

A. & H. W. Donnally

The tannery was located in a "sink" north of Washington Street and near LaFayette Street, in the rear of what was later known as the Beirne property,¹ where a good spring supplied the water, and an underground cavern furnished convenient disposal of the refuse.

Each spring, trips were made to the surrounding mountains with four-horse hayricks to buy deer hides, which were then very plentiful. The method of processing the leather was secret; unfortunately it was never put in writing, and is now unknown. The chemicals, with the exception of the dyes alone, which were imported, were procured locally—lime, potash, ammonia, nitrates, and oils. The gloves were extremely soft and pliable, would not stiffen when wet, and yet were tough and strong enough to outlive their wearers. All types were made, from men's heavy riding gauntlets to the dainty white and pearl gray shoulder-length gloves for ladies and those for children, of red leather, with fancy stitching

¹ A fine old brick house fronting on Lee Street once stood on this lot, but was demolished in recent years.

and tassels. The pattern was first cut from cardboard, then traced on leather, and originally cut out with a sharp knife. Later heavy iron dies were invented, which cut a glove in a single blow with a heavy mallet. The sewing and fancy stitching were done by hand by skilled women who took the gloves to their homes.

During the summer season when the resorts were crowded with visitors, Mr. Donnally sold trunks full of gloves to the guests at the Old White in White Sulphur Springs. The surplus was easily disposed of when he made his annual autumn trip to Gloversville, New York, the manufacturing and style center of the glove industry, where he learned new trends and new methods.

The glove industry in Lewisburg was prosperous and flourishing until the invention of mechanical methods of cutting flooded the market with gloves that could be turned out quickly and cheaply, and when the sewing machine was also invented, it meant the Donnally business was at an end. Such careful and painstaking work could no longer compete with the speed of the new processes, so in the 1880's the Donnally's tannery closed its doors. However, Hugh W. Donnally, still taking pride in his workmanship, continued making gloves for his friends as a hobby.

The Museum at Lewisburg contains not only two pairs of the Donnally gloves but also patterns and tools from which they were made. The donor of these interesting exhibits is Mr. Charles Donnally (son of Hugh Wilson Donnally) who with his sister, Miss Sallie Donnally, lives in Lewisburg today on the lot opposite the General Lewis Hotel, where the early log house of their ancestors once stood. A few doors above, on the opposite side of the street, is a house, part brick and part frame, which was occupied by Hugh W. Donnally after his purchase

in 1872. The first deed for it was in 1832, from Samuel V. Farnsworth to James H. Bowen²—he of the many daughters—this house being given to the children of one of them in his will. A number of other persons successively owned the property until 1926, when it was conveyed to Mr. Mason Bell, who, with his family, occupies it today.

"Colonel" Goshen, the Tailor

A colorful figure among Lewisburg's very early tradesmen was "Colonel" Marcus Goshen, tailor, who, about 1806, married Eleanor, one of the four daughters of the Irishman, John Galbreth, of Lexington—one-time owner, so it is said, of the land upon which Washington and Lee University now stands. The Goshens settled in Lewisburg in 1808, living first in the log P. B. Wethered house, and next, in 1814, moving into the stone jail (still standing on Lot Number 8), where the "Colonel" served as jailer and received as compensation twenty-five dollars a year. His duties doubtless interfered but little with his tailoring business, as Greenbrier citizens were not criminally inclined. In fact, one inmate of the jail was so polite that when he had the opportunity to escape from his quarters on the second floor, he went first to Mrs. Goshen's door and, knocking, told her he could not leave without expressing his thanks for her kindness to him while he had been a prisoner, after which, with a few added "pleasantries," he bade her good evening and took his departure from the front door.

"Colonel" Goshen next purchased and lived in a two-story log building erected and used by the soldiers of

² Mr. Charles Donnally and his sister are great-grandchildren of James H. Bowen, their mother having been a daughter of Sally Bowen Johnson, seventh daughter of James Bowen.

1812, known as "The Barracks." This building still stands opposite the jail on the northeast corner of Jefferson Street at Randolph (Lot Number 11). The "Colonel" refitted the building and made it suitable for a residence, weatherboarding the exterior and adorning the walls of his parlor with the first wallpaper to be seen in Lewisburg. Behind the house he erected a brick tailor shop, where he continued his business for many years before selling the property.

The title of "Colonel" was not altogether military. Having been appointed captain of the 2nd Battalion of the 79th Virginia Regiment of Militia in 1823, Goshen and Thomas Scott were next in line for the promotion to colonel, a title Mr. Goshen had long since enjoyed by courtesy. But Colonel Samuel McClung was elevated to the position over both of them, Goshen then accepting the next lowest honor of lieutenant colonel. Although there had been no military exploits to warm the heart of the "Colonel," he nevertheless gave himself the pleasure of dressing in full regimentals at the slightest provocation—cocked hat, epaulets, gold lace, and swallow-tailed coat—all worn with much dash.

The "Colonel" apparently enjoyed the spectacular, for some of the names of his eight children are truly breathtaking, the most overpowering being Yandaloo de Marguerite, Marshall Cicero, Abarella Berdeaux Bisextile, and Marcus Diantheca! There was one daughter, who, being named a plain, untrimmed Elizabeth Ann, must have felt slighted and apparently attempted to remedy matters in naming her own child. Learning that Elizabeth Ann and her husband were the parents of a baby girl, an acquaintance asked an uncle, Andrew Wetzel, what name had been given the child. He looked puzzled, and said, "Let me see—it's—it's,—pshaw! I can't re-

member now—but it's one of the Goshen yarns!" The child's name was Elizabetha de Marguerite.

The "Colonel" even disliked advertising his business in the usual prosaic fashion, but instead, attracted his customers with rhymes in the weekly newspaper.³

Come, all ye faithful customers
Who've favored me so well,
And listen to the overtures
Which I'm about to tell.

But, first, I am most thankful
To you and all of yours
For patronage so bountiful
Continued sundry years.

I've just received a new supply
Of clothing ready-made,
Cloths, Cassimeres, and Satins too,
Well suited for the trade.

I've Overcoats—not over high—
And dress coats—dressing nice—
And business Coats that sure will do
The business in a trice.

And Pants and Vests to please, I trow
All those who on me call,
Well made of various goods—and low
To suit the present Fall.

But if with Suits I should not suit
The crowds who round me flock,
I then can turn, all in a minute
Unto my other stock.

Of Cloths, Satins, Cassimeres,
And trimmings—all complete;
And with my needle and my shears
I'll trim them off quite neat.
I will! Oh, yes, I will!

Goshen plied wit and humor along with his needle, and had his part to perform in all that took place in

³ These verses were reprinted in an article by Marcellus Zimmerman in the *Greenbrier Independent* April 2, 1885.

Lewisburg of a public nature—assemblies, parades, meetings, and dinners. His dexterity as a meat-carver was well known, and considered nothing short of a science, his wit being equally keen. Upon one occasion, a wedding supper, he was carving the turkey, and had served a young lady very bountifully. She, no doubt wishing to appear too ladylike to have a healthy appetite, whispered to her companion, “Why didn’t he give me a cartload and be done with it!” The criticism, though overheard, was apparently unnoticed by the “Colonel,” but later, seeing that her plate was empty, he called out in a particularly loud voice, “Now, Miss, back up your cart again and I will give you another load of turkey!”

John Dorman, the first postmaster of Lewisburg, resigned in 1825, and “Colonel” Goshen was appointed to fill the vacancy. The post office was at that time located one door west of the stone courthouse—Lot 24—on Washington Street. At the blowing of the mail boy’s horn, the “Colonel” would dash to his post and distribute the scanty mail in a few minutes.⁴ If any remained uncalled for, the “Colonel” simply placed the letters in his big bell-crowned hat, and, in his walks around the village, distributed them to their owners—a voluntary, but, in view of the Colonel’s penchant for getting about, doubtless an efficient free delivery service.

In 1822 “Colonel” Goshen purchased a two-acre lot in the west end of Lewisburg, actually beyond the limits of the town at that time, now the site of the manse of the

⁴At that time (1824) rate of postage for a distance not exceeding 30 miles was six cents; over 30 and under 80 miles, ten cents; over 80 and under 150 miles, twelve and a half cents; over 150 and under 400 miles, eighteen and a half cents, and over 400 miles, twenty-five cents, all of which doubtless explains the infrequency of letter-writing. “Double letters,” that is, those composed of two sheets, were double the price—letters being folded and sealed with wax, envelopes not being used until 1839, and postage stamps not used until 1847.

Old Stone Church. A dilapidated cabin on the land was used as the nucleus of a two-story weatherboarded house, which became the last home of the Goshens in Lewisburg, as the "Colonel" sold his property in 1839 to Henry Erskine and Company and three years later moved to Missouri.

Henning Spinning-Wheels and Chairs

Another of Lewisburg's skilled craftsmen was "Old Tommie" Henning, son of Thomas Henning, Sr. Born in St. Marys County, Maryland, in 1786, he married Nancy Pennell, daughter of Reverend John Pennell, of Lewisburg, in 1811, and first settled on lands north of Lewisburg, now the Arbuckle place. Like his father before him, Tommie was a famous maker of spinning-wheels and chairs, and was known throughout the entire region, as the spinning wheel was an essential in every home. In fact, it, together with a loom, a chest, and a bedstead, was the maximum dower every bride hoped to be fortunate enough to receive from her father when she married.

Henning chairs were equally certain to be in every home. They were ladder-back, and first were made with plank seats, but later, in 1852, the wonderful discovery and concession to ease and perfect relaxation, split bottom seats, was heralded in the newspaper, the public being urged to call "and see specimens." These chairs yet appear in occasional auction sales in the county and may be found stored in woodsheds and attics, and, although Henning used no trade mark, they can be identified by many residents. Tommie sold countless dozens to the Old White Hotel every year, furnishing the first twelve dozen in 1812, when "Old Jimmie" Caldwell became proprietor.

In 1815 Tommie and his wife moved into town and lived in a two-room log house which he purchased from his father-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Pennell, gradually adding more rooms, until he had quite a large house, which he used as a combination factory and residence. The versatile Tommie was a cabinetmaker and painter as well⁵—Matthew B. Peers, Josiah Osborne, James and Elijah Dyches, and several of his sons and nephews serving apprenticeships under him in one or more of his trades.

It was fortunate, however, that Tommie Henning chose cabinet-making for his career rather than engineering, for he demonstrated beyond any question of a doubt that the latter was not one of his strong points. The work of making the Henning chairs was done with a foot lathe and naturally was a slow and tedious business. Finally "Old Tommie" became inspired to remedy matters. A bit vague as to the details, he nevertheless determined to construct a large cogwheel which could be operated by horsepower and thus forever eliminate the tiresome foot lathe. There were many interested spectators, all eager to proffer suggestions and advice, though apparently their total "I. Q." did not prove of great value! The construction proceeded, the great wheel finally measuring eighteen feet in diameter.

Came the moment when it was to be moved into its permanent position in the adjoining room, when, to the consternation of all, it was suddenly discovered the wheel was far too large to get through the doorway! This was a bit dashing to the enthusiasm of the onlookers, but not so Mr. Henning. He simply tore out part of

⁵ Certain of the old chairs may be seen with their original black paint and yellow stenciling, one such being in the Museum at Lewisburg.

the foundation and one wall of the room, and, with the combined heave-hos of a few hardy souls, propelled the wheel into the proper place!

After it was duly ensconced, the spectators gathered to admire and marvel, when suddenly one of them was struck by a terrible thought—there wasn't room for the horse to walk around the circle and turn the wheel! That thought was truly devastating. Tommie, however, refused to be thwarted, and immediately began tearing down more walls, until finally the building was expanded to resemble a circus tent. Even though "Old Tommie" was never allowed to forget his engineering fiasco, he at least had the satisfaction for some years of seeing the lathe turned by the wheel, as the old horse plodded around the circle!

Every business, of course, was disrupted during the Civil War. Afterward, however, Tommie Henning published in the newly edited *Greenbrier Independent*, weekly newspaper, the following advertisement, dated March 21, 1867:

CHAIR MAKING

The undersigned returns thanks to the citizens of public generally for the liberality they have extended to him for Sixty-six years [what a man!] in the chair making business. He has removed across the street, opposite his old stand where he is now engaged in making a lot of chairs for Mr. Frazier of the Alum Springs, and hopes to be able to furnish his old customers, and all who may give him a call.

Old Chairs Repaired.

County produce of all kinds taken in exchange for work.

T. Henning.

In the same paper the advertisement of a competitor appeared.

Chair Making, etc.
Richard Thomas
At Mr. Henning's Old Stand
Lewisburg, West Virginia.

Is now prepared to manufacture and sell chairs at prices much lower than they have ever been sold before, in this community. He is also prepared to do all kinds of painting.

County produce taken in exchange for work.

Mr. Henning, the patriarch chair-maker, seems to have been somewhat irked by this upstart, who was making such bold assertions—and in his former home, too. He consequently proceeded to express himself in the issue of October 18, 1867, quite defiantly.

HENNINGS IMPROVED CHAIRS

At his new stand, where he puts up chairs by hand and insures them to stand. He has nothing to do with chairs sold at his old stand since the war. As to price, he has never seen the man that puts up as good a chair for the same money as himself.

October 18, 1867.

Henning was probably quite correct, for after all, sixty-six years for one man successfully to make one article, should certainly entitle him to a bit of frank boasting.

Richard Thomas, however, was not to be intimidated and not long afterward fairly outdid himself in a new notice, stating that he would make furniture of all kinds, bedsteads, bureaus, and other pieces, and as an added inducement, agreed to make coffins "at short notice!" But "Old Tommie" continued in popularity, and in spite of the coffin threat, lived to be eighty-nine.

Other Crafts

In the effort to revive business following the war, there were many other craftsmen whose notices appeared

in the weekly papers. One of these was Patrick McCleary, expert tinner and coppersmith, who made kettles, pans, and coffee-pots in a shop once used as the post office on Washington Street. McCleary married Mary L., daughter of Charles Donnally, the glover, and owned the old Bowlin House on "hard scrabble hill" for many years.

The town of Alderson had a famous and expert gun-maker named Reynolds. At the time of the Civil War the Federal soldiers took from him his tools and supplies and forced him to discontinue his trade for the duration of the war. Many of his guns are still in Greenbrier today and are greatly prized for their fine workmanship. Lewisburg also had a gunsmith named M. Wood, on "Main Street." Mr. Wood appears to have been well supplied with assurance, as he unqualifiedly advertised himself by asserting, "He will do all that he promises!" And he, like many of the other craftsmen, was willing to take country produce in exchange for work. In fact, money was so scarce that one advertiser plainly stated his reason for "selling off" at greatly reduced prices was "owing to the scarcity of greenbacks." Another notice attempted to be more subtle, but none the less irresistible, by saying, "Cheap! Cheaper! Cheapest! Fine whiskey at Greenbrier Hotel⁶ at Ten Cents per drink! Fine apple brandy for the same."

Then there was the Spotts pottery at the eastern end of town, and likewise the wagon-makers, the Thomas H. Pare saddle- and harness-makers, the hatters, and many other craftsmen and tradesmen who made their bid for patronage. Literary pursuits were not forgotten, for one notice says that "Miss S. E. McElhenney proposes to open a school for a limited number of young

⁶ The former Old Bell Stand.

ladies on Monday, the first day of October, 1866, in the brick building⁷ on Main Street belonging to Mr. Mauzy," while at Frankford, Mr. James H. Lepps, as principal, was opening the Academy for its second session.

⁷ Either the Old Bell Stand or the iron-balconied house next to it.

Dunn Houses

IN CONNECTION with Greenbrier's early buildings there frequently appears the name of John W. Dunn, the successful brickmason who not only built most of the houses but made the bricks as well. The fine old courthouse was an example of his skill. He had come to Lewisburg first as a stonemason, employed in the construction of the piers of the Greenbrier and Gauley river bridges. Subsequently he learned the brick-making trade and formed a partnership with another young man, David K. Spotts, a local bricklayer and plasterer. The latter was born in Lewisburg (1810), the son of the owner of the small local pottery.

Before 1834 Mr. Dunn built for himself a two-story brick dwelling directly on the southeast corner of Jefferson Street at German, in the block below the house of Mr. North. In comparison with most of the larger houses he had erected, his own seems small and modest. In later years an adjoining building was incorporated into it, and both were covered with plaster to give the appearance of one house. A surprisingly good exterior resulted, the composite structure now being large, with several chimneys and a long porch paralleling Jefferson Street.

Mr. Dunn later built a larger and more pretentious brick residence on a 260-acre farm a short distance south of Lewisburg, on the road leading to Fort Spring, then called the old Edgar Mill road, the early rough and narrow road to Ronceverte, which turned off at the boundary of his land. This was a fine location with a

splendid view and had the added advantage of adjoining the lands of his friend, David Creigh, across the road.

Dunn was one of the later owners, as the farm, with its early log house, had previously passed through numerous hands. One of the first occupants of this dwelling was the pioneer millwright, Samuel Winnall, Sr., referred to in connection with the Bowlin House. His wife was Nancy Stuart, daughter of an Englishman, George Stuart, and a part of this farm was her home at the time of her marriage in 1803. She appears to have inherited it later, as a deed is recorded from Samuel Winnall and Nancy to Robert B. Moorman, captain of the Civil War "Greenbrier Cavalry," for fifty-four acres in 1858. A subsequent deed, dated March 12, 1862, appears on record from Robert B. Moorman and his wife to John W. Dunn. The property then descended to a son, John R. Dunn, after whose death there were other owners. Some years ago it was acquired by Mrs. Alan Watters and is now known as "Gray Rocks." The house, painted white, is very charming, with its boxwood-bordered walk, its white fences, and tree-shaded lawn.

McClanahan Lot Number 3

AT THE western end of Chestnut Street, in Lewisburg, is an interesting old log house attractively weatherboarded with vertical stripping and with a small entrance porch. It is painted white, and is low on the ground. There are large outside brick chimneys at each end, and others at the end of a story-and-a-half rear wing, beyond which a still lower wing extends. The windows are rather large, with green shutters. Vines climb over the house, and large trees shade it pleasantly.

In early deeds this lot is spoken of as "near" the town of Lewisburg, and it was part of the early survey for John G. McClanahan, son of the pioneer, Captain Robert McClanahan, being designated in such as Lot Number 3 in the Josias Shanklin plat of Lewisburg and as containing more than an acre.

The log cabin was probably in existence in 1827, when a son, John G. McClanahan II, who had been decreed the property in the settlement of his father's estate, conveyed the lot to Robert A. Pearis, as the deed recited "together with all the appurtenances." After Mr. Pearis' death, his widow became the second wife of Colonel Samuel McClung, of Morlunda, after which marriage the lot was sold to James Withrow and Elisha Callison. A few years later it was owned by Thomas Welch, familiarly called "Old Tommie," a carpenter from Lexington, Virginia, known to fame for having, among other things, nine daughters. It was he who incorporated the log house into its present frame exterior and who also built on the adjoining lot a shop which

was burned by the Federal soldiers during the Civil War. Later Mrs. Virginia Kincaid Woodson, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Kincaid, became the owner, and the house is still referred to as the Woodson House.

William C. Woodson, whose daughter, Ida, later inherited the property, was sheriff of the county. His father, Blake B. Woodson, married as his second wife Mrs. Julia Neal Jackson, mother of General "Stonewall" Jackson, making William C. Woodson and the General stepbrothers. The property has changed its ownership many times, its present owners being Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Snead, of Washington, D. C., who in 1942 made many restorations and improvements in the house and who expect to occupy it as a summer home.

McFarland House (Glenco)

GREENBRIER pioneers for the most part were well content to build their cabins in the region of the Great Levels and along the banks of the Greenbrier River, allowing the more remote and inaccessible sections to the north and west to await later settlers. The exception was the very early settlement by one hardy soul, William McClung,¹—or, more properly, by two, for certainly his wife was no less hardy—on Big Clear Creek, in Meadow Bluff District. The locality is still spoken of as McClung's Meadow, and the river running through it as Meadow River.

A child of this couple was the first white baby born in that whole region, and there was not a neighbor within many miles. Even so, the twenty-two miles to Lewisburg was frequently traveled, for Mr. McClung became an elder in the Old Stone Church and rode there regularly to attend the Sunday services. With the arrival of several McClung brothers, there soon came to be a little family colony on the creek, though that section failed to attract others and remained sparsely inhabited. This explains the dearth of early houses in the Meadow Bluff District today. The few discovered by the writer proved less than a hundred years old.

One old house, however, remains on the waters of Little Clear Creek, the McFarland House on the old "Beirne" tract, which lies on the northern side of Route 60, about two miles east of the village of Rupert. Its

¹ It was the McClung hogs which the Indians were slaughtering when passed by the scouts before the attack on Fort Donnally.

early owner, Colonel Andrew Beirne II, had a phenomenal career and amassed a fortune in Monroe County. The father, Andrew Beirne I, an educated man of the Irish gentry, comfortably situated financially, provided his three sons with a classical education. His twenty-one-year-old son, Andrew II, having graduated from Trinity University, Dublin, was the first of the three to announce his decision to come to America. Considered sufficiently mature for such an undertaking, he was furnished his transportation and at once embarked upon his journey.

Arriving in Philadelphia in 1793, he quickly found a tradesman who agreed to furnish him quarters and an opportunity to become acquainted with the city, in exchange for the 150 dollars, which represented Andrew's entire capital. The tradesman's affairs were evidently toppling at the time and shortly afterward crashed completely, leaving Andrew with nothing to his credit but experience. By this time, however, he had determined to become a merchant, and, showing better judgment in his second selection of a friend, he sought out a fellow-countryman named Flanigan, who liked and trusted what he saw in this Irish lad, and furnished him a three-hundred-dollar credit for the purchase of his first stock of supplies.

As Andrew peddled from door to door, his pleasing personality stood him in good stead, and the stock was soon sold, replenished, and sold again, and his mercantile career was launched. After about two years, however, he had all he wished of city streets, and he set out for greener pastures in Monroe County, where he continued his sales for a time by peddling his wares from settlement to settlement. Even then he was beginning to attract attention, for the sharp-tongued and

observing writer, Anne Royall, who considered it her prerogative to denounce all things that displeased her, was referring to him and other "peddlers" in most unpleasant terms.

It was not long until Andrew Beirne married Ellen G. Keenan, daughter of Edward Keenan,² an established citizen of the county, whose farm was on the eastern outskirts of the town of Union. Mr. Beirne soon left off peddling and started his first store on his father-in-law's land near the Rehoboth Church. After the county of Monroe was formed (1799), he moved his store into the town of Union, where he and his brother, George, who arrived in 1800 from Ireland, formed a partnership under the firm name of A. and G. Beirne.

Soon Mr. Beirne began taking an active part in public affairs, and in 1807 was a member of the Virginia Assembly. In the War of 1812 he served as Captain of a rifle company, and later as colonel of the county militia. He continued his interest in politics and public affairs, serving as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1829, a member of the state senate in 1831, a Presidential elector in 1836, and a member of Congress 1837-1841.

During this time Anne Royall became really outraged, for the mercantile business prospered beyond all reason. In speaking of Beirne and another equally successful merchant, she sarcastically states, "Messrs. B. and C., the two great mercantile heroes, are taking in the people

² Edward Keenan, interested in securing a church for that region, wrote, in 1785, to Bishop Francis Asbury, asking that a minister be sent. In response to the request, Reverend William Phoebus came, and the Rehoboth Methodist Church was organized. Mr. Keenan deeded five acres of his farm to the trustees, and there a small log meeting house was erected in 1787 and dedicated the following year by Bishop Asbury. This ancient building still stands and has recently been covered by a tin-roofed shelter, in order to preserve the old logs from the weather.

of Greenbrier with admirable skill, having rendered Monroe insolvent." But Colonel Beirne continued to flourish, and when he died in 1845 owned large tracts of valuable land, the estate north of Union upon which he lived being 2,200 acres in extent. He also reputedly owned a million dollars in cash, which doubtless irked poor Anne no end, as, more often than not, her own strenuous efforts to keep herself in funds proved hopelessly inadequate. Colonel and Mrs. Beirne were the parents of ten children, but only two of the sons remained in Monroe—Andrew III, known as "the Young Colonel," who married, first, Mary A. Alexander, and, second, Ellen Gray, and Oliver, said to have been worth six million dollars and the wealthiest man in Virginia at that time, who married Margaret M. Caperton, daughter of United States Senator Allen Caperton, of Monroe County.

Nancy, a daughter of Colonel Beirne, married William McFarland, an eminent lawyer, of Richmond, and by her father's will inherited his lands in Greenbrier on Little Clear Creek. She and her husband not only built there a summer home on what is now known as "Glenco Farm," but in 1848 erected the first sawmill on the creek. Located about a mile from the highway, on high ground, the house is surrounded by tall trees, with a fine view of open fields in front and with a wooded hill rising immediately behind.

Originally the house, built on a stone foundation, with cellar rooms below, was a harmonious and pleasant-looking building of the "Williamsburg cottage" type, long and low, with three dormer windows piercing the roof and wide stone chimneys at each end. Shutters hung at the lower windows, and the central doorway was sheltered by a narrow porch. The white painted

exterior is weatherboarded with alternating wide and narrow stripping. At some later day, probably in the 1890's when architecture had its fling, strange and wondrous things were done to the house, with results that could have been evolved only by an imagination of truly startling proportions. The porch was widened and lengthened, the foundation was extended, and at the ends of the porch were erected large square towers, two stories high, which jutted out far beyond the line of the house, each with a lower and upper room.

Doors from the porch led to the lower tower rooms, but those on the second floor surely took some thinking. The solution was certainly remarkable—to say the least—and best! The central dormer window was extended to the front edge of the roof, becoming a sort of narrow little tunnel, at the end of which a door on each side opened on the roof. As the roof was steep, walkways were made by laying down two boards lengthwise near the edge, and in order to provide a visual suggestion of safety, a low iron-grill railing was placed at the outer edge—much too low to reach. After “walking the plank,” as it were, with no protection whatever from the weather, one reached tower room doors, doubtless feeling quite heroic.

One of these towers has a square, pointed roof finished with a spire, while on the other the roof is flat and has no spire, although presumably they were once alike. The towers are weatherboarded to correspond to the rest of the house. With the four tower rooms, the several original rooms, and later additions at the rear, the house can accommodate many persons and is used as a summer cottage. Its present owner is Dr. James McClung, of Richwood, West Virginia.

Close by is a second two-story house, built for extra storage space and occupied by a farm tenant. In the rear stands the early log smokehouse filled with fine-looking hams.

Some distance to the east and out of sight in the woods, are a pair of old "double" log houses, identical, and side by side, which long ago housed the first settlers on this farm.

Renick House (The Cave Farm)

FIFTEEN miles north of Lewisburg on the Seneca Trail (Route 219), near the Greenbrier River, is the village of Renick, named for one of the earliest and best known families in the county. Robert Renick, the first to arrive in America from Scotland, fleeing from religious prosecution as did so many of his countrymen, came first to Pennsylvania, but soon moved to Augusta County, Virginia. This new-found freedom, however, was short lived, for in 1760 the family was attacked by Indians, Robert Renick killed, and the wife and five children taken as prisoners to the Indian towns in Ohio, where Mrs. Renick gave birth to another son. They were held captive for five years, until an Indian treaty, negotiated by the British officer, Colonel Bouquet, forced their release in 1765 at Staunton, Virginia.

Four years later, in 1769, two of the sons, William, who had been born in Augusta County in 1746, and Robert, then young men, accompanied John Stuart and Robert McClanahan on their pioneering venture to Greenbrier County. Of the other Renick children, Thomas returned later to his home, but, having grown fond of the Indians, went back, married a squaw, and settled on the Scioto; Joshua, another son, never returned; and a daughter, Betsy, died in captivity.

William Renick, who in 1768 had married Sarah Hamilton, sister of the young pioneer, William Hamilton, purchased from Robert McClanahan four hundred acres of choice farm land, which he called the "Cave Farm," but which subsequently became known as the

"Glendi Farm." There on the forks of Spring Creek he built his long cabin and a stockade fort. Later he erected his permanent home, which still stands in sight of the highway on the outskirts of the village of Renick. Mrs. Clarence F. Dickson (Lyda Renick), great-grandniece of William Renick, still living at the fine old Dickson home just over the line in Monroe County, on Second Creek, was married in this house fifty-two years ago.

The house is of native stone, built, so it is thought, in 1793 or 1794, about the same time as the Old Stone Church (1796) and by the same stonemasons. It is a long house of two stories, with a small entrance porch, and, as is the case in most of these early houses, there are indications that when the porch was built it extended to the second floor. An appealing feature is the provision made for the birds. Around the eaves, wooden blocks with holes drilled in them are set in the stone walls, six on each side and four at the ends, places for the martins to build their nests. Martins being rather stable and systematic in their ideas, return to the former nests almost on the same day each spring, and the particular bird tenants of these homes invariably found each one cleaned out and ready for occupancy upon arrival. Perhaps this thought for the birds is just one evidence of the kindly nature of William Renick, who in his will of 1814 expresses the unusual hope, after the final bequest to his brother, Robert, "that he will be charitable to all our poor friends."

Unusual for that time was the copper spouting, and the floors are puncheon, also rarely seen. The inside woodwork of cherry, with built-in cupboards and bookcases, though simple and plain in design, is very pleasing. The stairway is of the same wood, the round and curving handrail in one piece being carved with great difficulty.

An outside stone kitchen building had a fireplace that could accommodate logs the size of a man—a building now reduced to a pile of stones.

At some later period, probably about 1825, an addition which creates a very singular picture was made at the north end of the house by William Renick II. The 1820's being the years when many of the large brick homes in which Conrod Burgess was displaying his fine carvings were under construction, the Renicks evidently felt their unadorned and sturdy stone house somewhat passe, and determined to have their contemplated construction conform to the more modern style—O tempora! O Mores! The results are quite bewildering to the casual beholder. This addition, entirely of red brick, is a completely separate structure, although built against the stone house and connected with it by an inside door.

The brick section consists of a single large, square, high-ceilinged room on the first floor, against the rear wall of which is a stairway leading to a similar room above. There is no hallway, but the room has its own imposing front door, with a great box lock and key, opening on its two-story, columned portico, the railing of which is similar to the Chinese Chippendale pattern used in the Baker House. Mr. Burgess fairly outdid himself in his attempt to compensate for the lack of the usual number of rooms and crowded as much as possible of his workmanship into these two—a massive mantel, over-door treatment, the stairway, huge built-in cupboard with glass doors, all lavishly hand-carved. The entrance door, though narrow, is very tall, with graduated paneling and carved trim of balls and reeding around it, as well as around the fan window above.

The roof on the brick addition is steeper and higher than that of the stone part, and, architecturally, the two

houses, one horizontal, the other perpendicular, have no relation whatever to each other. It is as though someone pushed the brick house up against the stone temporarily and then went off, forgetting to take it away. These two ill-assorted buildings, which have been leaning against each other for so long, are fast falling into ruin, particularly the brick section. The property is now owned by Dr. C. P. Nash, of Alderson, although the only occupant for many years has been a caretaker who lives in a room or two in the stone house and stores his onions, potatoes, and corn on the floor in the brick addition!

Later Renick generations were "horsy" people and kept an excellent stable of hunting and riding horses. In fact, a grandson had what was probably one of the first race tracks in the county, on land originally owned by Captain William Renick and later known as the Wallace Robinson Farm. Racing grew to be a popular sport in Greenbrier's youth, and this mile track was one of several patronized by the young bloods of the region. A three-quarter-mile track near the site of the Old Stone Church, encircling parts of the present graveyard and the fields of James Withrow, Mrs. E. A. Fry, and Captain R. F. Dennis, was the earliest track of all.

"The Archer Mathews Old Place"

JOHN MATHEWS and his brother-in-law, Robert Renick, settled near Natural Bridge, Virginia, several years before the organization of Augusta County, in 1745. The latter was slain by Indians, but Mr. Mathews lived to become a prominent man, both in church and county affairs. His family consisted of four daughters and seven sons. Archer, the youngest son, moved to Greenbrier before 1778, and, like his father, saw the beginning of a new county. He immediately was recognized as a man of ability and outstanding qualities. He became one of the county's first magistrates and continued in that office until his premature death, presumably in 1790, as a record of the appraisement of his estate is recorded that year. He "viewed roads," sat on the county court, which then had the power to try slaves for various crimes, was elected as a delegate to the Legislature of Virginia from Greenbrier in 1780 and 1782, and, when the town of Lewisburg was created (1782), was one of its first eight trustees appointed by the General Assembly.

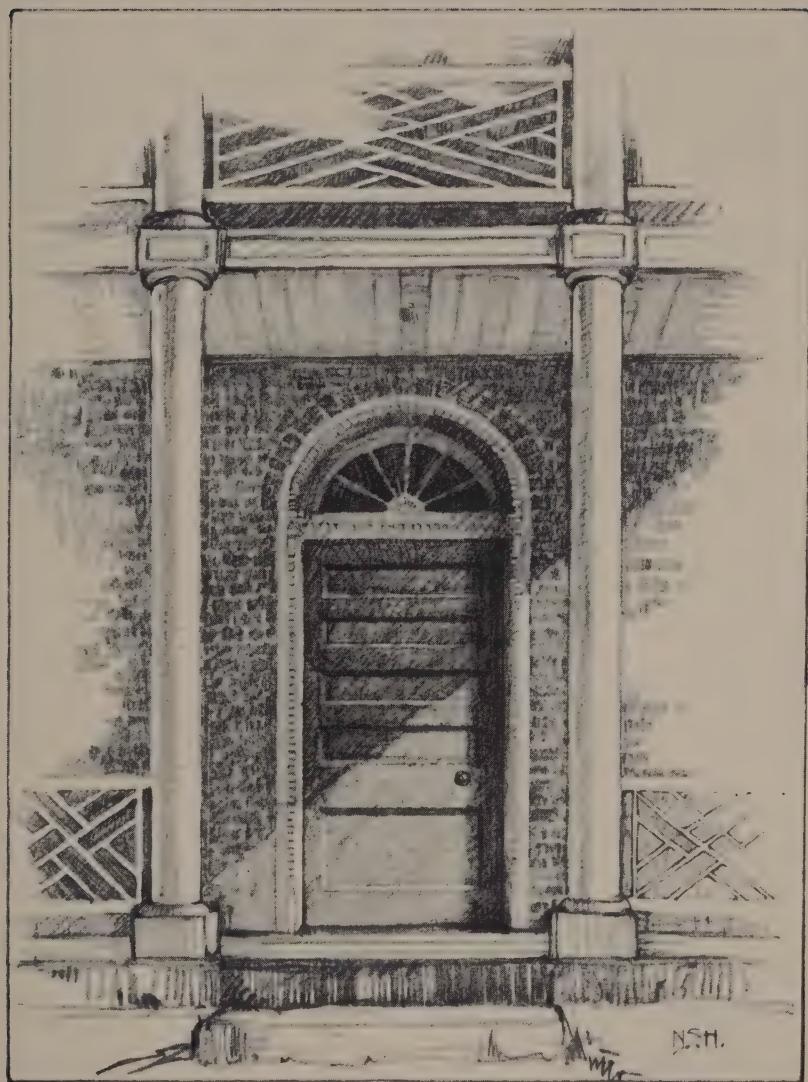
Archer Mathews was one of the administrators of the estate of the brave young Captain Matthew Arbuckle. Shortly afterward he, too, had died, and two prominent citizens, together with his wife, Letitia McClanahan Mathews, are recorded as acting in like capacity for his own estate—Colonel John Stuart and Captain Thomas Edgar, the husband of his daughter, Ann Mathews. Though Mr. and Mrs. Mathews were the parents of seven children, the only descendants of Archer Mathews

living in Greenbrier County today are those of Captain Thomas Edgar and Ann Mathews Edgar.

Archer Mathews in the few years he had lived in Greenbrier had acquired numerous tracts of land in the county, and at the first town lot sale in 1784 had purchased Lot Number 6 (adjoining Lot Number 8 reserved by the county), facing Jefferson Street and near the northwest corner of Randolph. Whether he ever lived there, one does not know. After much searching of old records, the indications seem quite conclusive that his original homestead of logs is still standing. It is on Route 219, three miles north of Lewisburg, on the western side of the highway. A long tree-shaded lane leads to the building, the outlines of which are completely concealed in the summer by the thick foliage. The oldest part of the house is of log, since weatherboarded. The windows are very small, with tiny panes of glass, and the front door is a batten or "Indian" door, with its old brass English box lock. It is very old looking and very gray, its weathered boards unpainted. Its surrounding acres are in the beautiful Great Levels, with fine fields and vistas.

The farm was originally quite large, as Archer Mathews some years before had entered six hundred acres "as part of a pre-emptive warrant adjoining his settlement where he now lives," the patent not being issued until after his death in 1796, and he had a similar warrant for three hundred acres on the "east side to include a wallow hole." This wallow hole in later deeds becomes a little more elegantly described as a "gravelly spring." Originally, however, it was just what its name implies, a shallow spring where wild animals came to wallow.

Lying to the west and almost directly behind this farm, on the "Back Frankford Road," is the home of



Doorway — Renick House

Colonel Samuel Brown, County lieutenant and another of the town's first eight trustees. The Mathews farm passed through many ownerships, but was always referred to in the deeds as the "Archer Mathews Old Place." An interesting reference in a deed of 1872 to the road along which this property lies (Route 219) designates it as the "Oakland and Lewisburg turnpike," Oakland, Maryland, being approximately 150 miles from Lewisburg.

The present occupant of this pioneer home is Mrs. Bright Harvey.

James Wylie House

AT THE eastern end of White Sulphur Springs, on the present Midland Trail, James Wylie once owned 140 acres or more of land, most of it low-lying. Upon a higher elevation, however, he built—it is thought before 1815—a very large house of bricks burned on the premises. The house is back from the highway and faces south. The large basement, the first and second floors with extremely high ceilings, a full story attic with average size windows at the ends, and a very steep roof, all combined to make an unusually tall building. At each end are pairs of outside brick chimneys which pierce the roof, adding still further to the effect of height.

The main section has eight rooms, all with fireplaces, one or two of which still retain their original carved mantels. Some of the original low wainscot still remains, showing single boards measuring as much as twenty inches in width, the floors being also very wide. The walls are about thirteen inches thick. The wing extending to the rear is only two stories in height. Back of it there is a two-story log house which has a stone and brick chimney and which was used as kitchen and slave quarters, and at one time was connected with the house by a covered alley—a concession to comfort seldom thought of in those days.

This property was purchased by D. H. Stalnaker at a foreclosure sale under a trust deed executed by Mr. Wylie on September 3, 1841, the purchaser conveying, on March 29, 1844, to Samuel Drewery, of South Hamp-

ton, Virginia. In 1906, Daniel O'Connell purchased the property and subsequently sold much of the lowland to the Government for the establishment of a Fish Hatchery. Mr. O'Connell set about making many alterations in the good and dignified lines of the house, the most conspicuous being the change in its roof line. In the front wall the brickwork was extended high through the roof, giving a pyramidal effect, with oddly shaped windows opening into the attic in the center. The original two-story portico disappeared, and in its stead a large porch, with gallery railing above, now extends the full width of the house. The small panes were made into much longer windows with undivided sash. The interior was also altered—some mantels removed, old hardware, doors, and other original features relegated to the discard. The owners of the house today are Mrs. Sue O'Connell and her daughter, Miss Minnie O'Connell.

Mountain Home (Locust Hill)

ON the waters of Howard Creek¹ Joseph Dickson, a native of Ireland, received grants from the Commonwealth of Virginia for three different tracts of land—175 acres in 1785, 365 acres in 1789, and 80 acres in 1795—and built his log cabin near the present line of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. In his will (1820) he gave these lands to his son, Robert Dickson, who in turn devised them to his son, Henry Frazier Dickson, father of the present owners.

It was Robert Dickson and his wife, Sarah Renick Dickson, who chose a site on a high slope facing the south, on the opposite side of the creek from the log cabin, to build, in 1833, the handsome brick house, first named "Locust Hill" and later called "Mountain Home." About three miles west of White Sulphur, it has always faced a highway. The first road was located some distance across a field; later it was changed to pass much nearer the house and between it and the large log barn. When the present Route 60 was built years later, the road withdrew again, compromising between the two former locations to curve around the foot of the slope, leaving Mountain Home and its barns together once more on the same side of the highway. Howard Creek can become a very turbulent stream, and in times of flood frequently overflows its banks. Mr. Dickson

¹ One of the earliest named streams in the county, discovered and named in 1742 by a party of men on an exploring trip, among whom were John Howard, his son, Josiah Howard, and a friend, John Peter Salley, who journeyed on farther west to discover Coal River beyond Charleston.

evidently knew its habits when he chose his home site far above such dangers.

One of the most distinctive of the early houses in the county, Mountain Home, with its extremely thick walls and excellent construction, remains in a splendid state of preservation today. Built of brick burned on the site by the dependable brickmason, John W. Dunn, it is large and square, with an imposing Colonial entrance. The wide double portico, many feet above ground, is supported by two pairs of massive white painted columns of rounded brick, plastered over and extending to the roof, which there becomes pointed above a fan-shaped window. The doorway, many times photographed, is lovely, with reeded columns, wide paneled door, circular over-door window (the door on the second floor having the same), and glass side panels divided into circles and ovals. Flanked by the customary green shutters, the windows, with their upper and lower sash cut into nine small panes, are quite large. Above the windows on the first floor are circular panels of wood, topped with vertical brick trim set in the walls—an interesting detail.

The interior arrangement is that of central entrance hall, with wide stairs on the right and with rear door opening into a brick-paved area—a space now enclosed, which leads to a long room across the house called the “summer dining-room”—the original dining-room being on the left of the bricked area. Behind the dining-room extends a wing which housed the large one-story kitchen, with its huge brick chimney and fireplace, in which still hangs the old iron crane.

Doors lead right and left from the hallway into spacious rooms twenty-four feet square, with ceilings twelve feet high. The one on the right is the parlor, and in it is the finest, although not the largest, of the

hand-carved mantels, the design of which combines slanted hatching, sunburst medallion, leaf design, reeded columns, and dentil moulding. The same moulding is carried around the top of the vertical paneling of the low wainscot or "chair rail," as it is called, and is more elaborate in this than in the other rooms. This woodwork is now painted white, except for the baseboard, which remains its original black spattered with white to imitate marble—an idea quite popular at the time. One of the best examples of this type of painting is that of the mantel in the master bedroom in the rear wing of the second floor, where the marbleizing is so effective that it is difficult to believe it wood till one touches it.

Rarely does one find any of the original interior color remaining in hundred-year-old houses, but Mountain Home is singularly fortunate in this respect, for the paint of the left front room across the hall from the parlor is entirely original. It is a very interesting putty color, a true "Williamsburg" shade, seen there combined with beet red for a very striking effect. The "chair rail" paneling is yellow-tan trimmed with black, while the great hand-carved mantel, six feet high and eight feet long, with its heavy reeded columns and sunburst medallion, is painted solid black.

Another room with its original color is the master bedroom. Here the woodwork is painted a fairly dark green shade, another of those used in restored Williamsburg today. On each side of the mantel is a built-in cupboard, ceiling high, with deep shelves, the doors of which are paneled and painted to resemble natural maple wood. Upstairs rooms, except for the master room, are rather small, and all do not have fireplaces, which is surprising. One wonders if the great square rooms, corresponding to those below, were partitioned after the

house was built, though the present owners have no knowledge of such changes ever having been made.

All the wide oak floors remain in Mountain Home, as well as the heavy paneled doors, forty inches wide, with their English box locks and brass knobs. The front door lock is especially large, and its key as long as a pencil.

The preservation of so many of the fine features of this house is attributed, no doubt, to the fortunate circumstance of its continued ownership by one family, a little boy, Hunter Long, being the sixth generation to live on the property. The present occupants are Mr. Lawrence Dickson, Mr. Henry Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Dickson, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, and Miss Sadie Dickson, children of Henry Frazier Dickson, who inherited the estate in 1876.

Many beautiful family pieces of antique furniture are happily remaining here. The parlor contains especially valuable treasures in two portraits of husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Madison Lyon, grandparents of Mrs. Hunter Dickson. Neither portrait is signed, but both are believed by the family to have been painted by Thomas Sully during a visit to Cincinnati.

During the Civil War this house, so close to the road over which soldiers of both armies were passing, with a battle occurring a few miles west at Lewisburg and another a few miles east at White Sulphur, would surely have been burned had Mr. Dickson not had a friend in one of the Northern generals, who generously threw a guard around the house and protected it. Even the most ardent Southerner will surely find it in his heart to be grateful to the Yankees for sparing this beautiful house. On the front stair landing, covered with a decorated shade, there is a window, the lower

sash of which is obstructed by the roof of the summer dining-room, and back under this roof was the wartime hiding place for the family treasures.

The Dicksons have always been great horsemen, as far back as when they started carrying home the prizes at the early race tracks and fairs in Greenbrier and neighboring counties, continuing right on down to the horse shows of today, as tables and mantels filled with silver cups can testify. Their stables are well known, having supplied the riding horses for the Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs for a great many years.

At one period of its life, several frame guest houses were built near Mountain Home (one, weatherboarded over, being the early log house built while the brick dwelling was under construction) and Mountain Home became a small resort for those in search of a pleasant, restful vacation. Since vacations now seem to have become so full of activity, the families who came year after year and settled down comfortably for a stay of several weeks are largely supplanted by the ever hurrying overnight motorist. But beautiful Mountain Home stands on its tree-shaded hillside in all of its gracious dignity, and is undisturbed by man's restlessness.



Mountain Home

The Clendenin Massacre (Hartland)

THE brothers, Archibald Clendenin, Jr., and Charles Clendenin, natives of Scotland, reached Greenbrier County at the very early date of 1761. Charles and his family journeyed on farther west to the Kanawha River, while Archibald, holding the position of the King's colonial surveyor, settled about three and one-half miles southwest of the present town of Lewisburg, in a beautiful and fertile valley. The name of the valley speaks for itself, the Rich Hollow. The land was later known as the "Ballard Smith Farm" and is now owned by Mr. E. M. Johnson.

Charles Clendenin had four sons—(Colonel) George (born 1746 in Scotland), Robert, William, and Alexander—and two daughters. George and William soon became active in county affairs. George, as a member of the Virginia Assembly (1781), began efforts to secure from the Assembly authority for the building of a much-needed fort on the Kanawha River, the early Fort Randolph at Point Pleasant having been abandoned and later having been burned by the Indians. At last he was successful, and the Assembly permitted him to organize a company of rangers for the purpose. This he did, making his brother, William, the captain.

They selected a site along the river near the present Brooks Street of Charleston, and there, in 1788, erected Fort Lee, named for Governor Henry Lee. The enclosure was 250 feet long by 175 feet wide, with buildings inside. This, the only fort in a wide area, was

most needed and became one of the valuable frontier defenses.

There always seemed to be a dearth of supplies—flour, meal and ammunition—and Mr. Clendenin was unceasingly engaged in beseeching the Assembly to furnish these necessities.

The usual delays and uncertainties of the far away Assembly in Richmond give plausible reason for the story of the well-known character, "Mad Anne Bailey," who, when Indian raids were feared and a call for volunteers met with no response, herself volunteered and rode alone from Fort Lee to Lewisburg to secure powder, a journey successfully accomplished not only once, but several times. This woman was not so much "mad" as she was different. Married twice, first to a man who was killed in the Battle of Point Pleasant, she later donned man's attire and habits, rode and swore, shot and chopped as well as any, was rough and tough and fearless, and earned both praise and condemnation for her many exploits.

Through the efforts of George Clendenin, the Virginia Assembly created, in 1789, the new County of Kanawha, formed from the western section of Greenbrier, and in 1793 Clendenin and Alexander Welch, Greenbrier County surveyor, laid off lots and streets around Fort Lee, naming the settlement "Charlestown" for the father of the Clendenin men, who had died three years before and was buried in the stockade. Such was the beginning of the present city of Charleston, capital of the state and the greatest chemical center in the United States. A marker on Kanawha River Boulevard designates the site of Fort Lee.

Charles Clendenin, although the more adventurous in moving farther west, died peacefully, surrounded by

his four stalwart sons. But the tragic fate of his brother, Archibald, who had remained in the locality of Lewisburg, presents a very different story. Before coming to Greenbrier, Archibald, about 1756, had married Anne McSwain (born 1732), and they had three children—the eldest, Jane, who was about four years old, a son, and an infant born either just before or just after their arrival. Anne McSwain's father had died when she was a baby, and her mother had then married a Mr. Ewing, to which union was born a son, John Ewing, who evidently accompanied the Clendenins, making his home with them, and who has been frequently thought to have been one of their own children.¹

Archibald Clendenin, a brave man and mighty hunter, had taken particular pains to exhibit all possible signs of friendliness to the bands of Indians constantly roaming through this rich hunting ground. Having lived in the region a year, with no indication of Indian hostility to arouse his fears, he felt he was succeeding in his efforts to win their friendship. But the Indians were only waiting for the opportune moment. On June 27, 1763, Mr. Clendenin had just returned from a very successful hunting trip on which he had killed three fine elk, when a band of sixty Shawanoes (Shawnees),

¹ Anne Royall (b. 1769, d. 1854), tireless traveler, militant reformer, shrewd observer, and honest, though caustic, writer, spent her married life at Old Sweet Springs and was somewhat familiar with the surrounding region. In the first of her books, published in 1826, called *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States*, she recounts her travels through that part of Virginia embracing Greenbrier County, where she met and talked with jurists, housewives, merchants, farmers, and innkeepers, as well as the intrepid Ann Bailey and the Negro defender of Fort Donnally, Dick Pointer, from all of whom she gathered much information of the early history of the locality. It was from the daughter of Ann Clendenin's second marriage, "Mrs. Maiz" (Mays) that she was told the story of the Clendenin massacre, which supplies many details not given in the account of the massacre by Colonel John Stuart in his *Memoir of Indian Wars and Other Occurrences*.

a particularly cruel tribe, led by their young chief, Cornstalk, appeared.

The settlement contained perhaps from seventy-five to one hundred people. Many had previously gathered to see the results of the hunt, and, word of the presence of the large band of friendly Indians quickly spreading, the entire settlement soon assembled. The elk were prepared and roasted, and the Indians and neighbors all enjoyed the feast, the latter with no thought of danger, little dreaming that their Indian guests had but the day before annihilated the only other settlement in all of this vast wilderness, that on Muddy Creek a few miles away, and had come to destroy them as well.

Being entirely unsuspecting and unarmed, the settlers were taken completely by surprise when without warning the Indians, the first victim being an old woman, fell on them with tomahawks and savagely killed all the men. Only one, Conrod Yokum, who had from the first doubted this seeming friendship and remained some distance from the house on the pretext of hobbling his horse, was able, when the slaughter began, to escape. On that animal, although discovered and pursued, he made his way to a fort on Jackson's River, about thirty miles to the east. Many of the settlers there, refusing to credit his wild story, which they felt must be greatly exaggerated, were caught unaware and killed by the pursuing Indians.

After the terrible carnage of fifty or more victims at the Clendenin home and the firing of the cabins, the Shawanoes assembled those of the women and children who had not been killed, together with the survivors of the Muddy Creek massacre the day before, to await the return of the Indians who had continued their raid to Carr's Crossing, in Rockbridge County. After their

return with more captives and booty, they placed the prisoners in the center, with Indians in the front, the belled horses and one guard in the rear, and started on the exhausting journey of 175 miles or more over the mountains back to the Indian towns in Ohio, leaving the Greenbrier region completely depopulated for about seven years.

Mrs. Clendenin, in spite of threats to kill her, persistently upbraided the Indians for their cruel and inhuman conduct. After vainly trying to induce others to join her in a plan of escape, obviously a woman of unusual courage, she determined to attempt it alone.² When the party had traveled about ten miles and as they were crossing Keeney's Knob, she asked a woman near her to carry her child for a little while. She thought the child would be spared; she knew that if she took it along and were caught, they would doubtless both be killed.

As they passed through a dense thicket, she slipped aside and, jumping down a precipice, concealed herself under a rock. The baby began to cry and attracted the attention of the Indians, and Mrs. Clendenin's absence was discovered. One of the Indians, saying, "Make the calf bawl and the cow will come," grabbed the child by its heels and brutally killed it against a tree, throwing its body on the ground to be trampled by the horses.

After a brief search for Mrs. Clendenin, the attention of the Indians was diverted by the sight of a bear in the woods, and they abandoned search for her in their

² Inspired doubtless by the recent thrilling escape from the Indian towns in Ohio of Mrs. Hannah Dennis, who, almost starved and exhausted, had been found in the woods only a few days before by members of the Clendenin settlement. They had given her shelter and food, and, when she was strong enough, had supplied her with a horse to continue on her way to Fort Young at Covington, where relatives met her later and conducted her home.

eagerness to pursue and kill the bear, the whole party moving on.

Hours afterward, Mrs. Clendenin crept from her hiding place and made her stumbling way back through the darkness of the forests to the ghastly scene of her home and the massacre. There, almost demented with grief, horror, and fear, she managed to find the scalped body of her husband and to cover it with a buffalo robe. Unable longer to endure the gruesome sights around her, she concealed herself in the cornfield until she gained enough strength and composure to begin the long and terrifying flight to the settlement on Jackson River, to which Conrod Yokum had previously escaped.

Hiding by day and traveling by night, she had little means of securing food, once luckily finding onions and salt in a springhouse near the charred ruins of a cabin. Her body cut and scratched by briars and rocks, she fortunately found a discarded Indian blanket, which she tore into strips and used for leggins.

Unknown to her, a negro man and his wife, working in the Clendenin fields at the time of the massacre, had made their escape, the woman in her fright and panic killing her young infant for fear its cries would lead to their capture. Reaching safety at the Jackson River settlement, they spread the news of the massacre. The story soon reached the ears of Clendenin relatives, and a party composed of the "heirs-at-law"—the phrase is Anne Royall's—and others lost no time in setting out for the scene. Thinking the family destroyed, their chief objective was the salvage of any cattle or belongings that might have been spared by the Indians.

When Ann Clendenin reached Howard Creek, she encountered this party and, inhuman as it sounds, was not received with gladness. In fact, quite the reverse.

She was offered no relief beyond the grudging proffer of a piece of bread and cold duck. But Ann, her fortitude undiminished after this unhappy meeting, with the greater part of her journey lying ahead of her, continued on.

One can imagine the thoughts of this lone woman, her stark terror of what lay behind, her distorted imagination picturing every sound a footfall and every shadow an Indian. Fear, grief, thirst, hunger, exhaustion, exposure, sleeping without shelter—all these she must have experienced, but she fought them all and won, and, after nine days of travel, reached a settlement on Cow Pasture River in safety.

In 1767 Ann Clendenin married John Rodgers, and they were the parents of at least three children, a daughter (Mrs. Mays) and two sons. They left the vicinity of Staunton, Virginia, where they had been living, and, with the undaunted perseverance of the pioneer, came back to Greenbrier County in 1772, locating within sight of the spot where the massacre occurred, on part of the original acreage secured by Archibald Clendenin. There Ann found the very dish and meat fork she had been using when the Indians arrived. On this land, near the early house, they built a two-story log house which stood for many years before it was removed. In 1793 Archibald, the eldest son, was given by his parents 160 acres of the original tract of 360 acres, and in 1800 James Rodgers, the second son (born 1773), received a deed for the remaining 200 acres, and upon it James built in the same year a small log house.

In 1812 Archibald bought the share of James and occupied his one-story log house, which still stands as the oldest section of the later dwelling called "Hart-

land," and is now used as a wash house. At the end there is an old soapstone chimney literally covered from top to bottom with names, initials, and dates which have been cut by various members of the family through the years.

In the meantime (about 1770) a treaty with the Indians forced the release of their captives, and Ann Clendenin's daughter, Jane, was returned to her. The step-brother, John Ewing, having somehow been previously released, had returned home and brought the sad news of the death in captivity of Ann's son. The little boy, a personable child, had been adopted by an old Indian and squaw whose own children were dead. The child grew fond of them, and they of him, so much so that jealousy arose between them. One day the squaw told the child to go to the spring for water. The Indian objected, each foster parent threatening to kill the boy if he obeyed the other. Finally the Indian walking away from camp, the child set out for the spring. But the old man saw him go, and returned. Approaching the boy from behind, he killed him in his tracks, saying later he could not have done it had he looked into his eyes.

Ann's daughter, Jane, having been seven years with the Indians, seemed a stranger, and Ann could not believe Jane was her own child until a body mark convinced her. Even so, the child was so unfamiliar that it was some time before Ann's affection for her daughter was able to reassert itself, while poor Jane,³ having grown fond of the Indians and used to their customs, felt equally uncomfortable with her mother and for some time after her release wished to return to them.

³ A descendant of Jane Clendenin, Mrs. J. B. Woodville, Sr., of Lansing, West Virginia, has a beautiful pair of buckskin gloves which tradition says were made by the child while she was in captivity.



Hartland — the old part

However, each finally became adjusted, and Jane grew to be a popular young lady, with many suitors. She later married John Davis and was the mother of six daughters, one of whom, Mary Gray Davis, married Ballard Smith, Sr., a member of Congress, and considered the Beau Brummel lawyer-legislator of his day. Her family lived in a house on or near the site of the massacre, in the vicinity of the Rodgers home.

A few years after acquiring the property from his brother James, Archibald Rodgers built a two-story addition to the log house, the first story of which is now used as a living-room. A larger and taller soapstone chimney for this section, dated 1820, was later torn down. The house passed into the possession of Archibald's son, John Rodgers II, and he added still more rooms to the old house—four, to be exact—with the walnut door and staircase at the southwest end.

It was one of the rooms (added later) at the rear of the house that served as a hospital during the Civil War. A company of Confederate soldiers encamped on the hill near by, and many of the men ill with typhoid fever were brought to this house to be cared for and nursed.

The following romantic story of her parents is told by Miss Betty Lynn Hounshell, granddaughter of John Rodgers II. One of the soldier patients, Major D. S. Hounshell, becoming convalescent, and his interest in things and persons beginning to assert itself, inquired of his colored attendant, Will, as to the identity of the one preparing the delicacies that appeared on his tray.

Will's reply was, "Miss Lou, she done claim you."

Naturally the Major's curiosity was aroused, and he wheedled his physician, Dr. Creigh, into allowing him to have visitors. Mrs. Rodgers was thereupon informed

that the Major was lonely and it would be "kindly" if she brought her daughter in to talk with the invalid.

"Miss Lou" was an unusually pretty girl, and the Major promptly fell in love. The romance culminated in a wartime wedding, and the eighteen-year-old bride followed her husband through the campaign which resulted in the fall of forts Henry and Donnelson and the evacuation of Nashville. They escaped the surrender and made their way on horseback to Virginia. She remained with him during the reorganization of General Floyd's command at Abb's Valley, Virginia, and was so popular with the troops that she was lovingly called the "Little Major." Major Hounshell was in command of the 51st Virginia Regiment of about eight or nine hundred men at the Battle of Princeton, Colonel Wharton being absent. When attacked by four enemy regiments, he completely routed the superior forces, his troops killing, wounding, and taking prisoner 212 men, with losses of only twelve killed and wounded. Following this gallant action, he was made a colonel.

In 1895 still other alterations were made to the old house, and other rooms and the porch added in 1912. This house, called "Hartland" for so long—and no one knows why or when the name originated—is now occupied by descendants, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garton and Miss Gertrude Handley. Long and low, with walls vertically weatherboarded and painted white, low ceilings, wide floor boards, and with an ancient wisteria vine climbing and twisting over the porch, it appears very peaceful in its old age, standing far back from the road, shadowed by tall pine trees, which spread their branches protectively above it.

In the old "Alex Welch, Sr." cemetery nearby is the grave of heroic Ann Clendenin, who died about

1817. The grave is unmarked, and the exact spot unknown. One of her possessions, a beautiful cherry corner cupboard, which stood in her log house in the Rich Hollow until it was demolished, is cherished still in Greenbrier County and is now owned by a descendant, Mrs. James Stuart.

James Withrow House

ONE of the early brick houses in Lewisburg is the James Withrow I House, the location of which, when built, was most desirable and conveniently near the center of the village. Situated on Jefferson Street, about two hundred yards north of Washington Street, it is on rising ground with a fine view to the southwest. Originally there were several acres surrounding the house, with fine trees in front and tall boxwood bushes on each side of the portico and along the walks. The latter were made of the most beautiful flagstones imaginable, a type of sandstone that looks like slate and hardens when exposed to the air. One slab in particular measures fifteen feet long by five wide. Many of the old sidewalks in Lewisburg, worn smooth with age, are made of these great square slabs, quarried near town in what is today known as the Goheen Quarry.

James Withrow was a tanner. He first owned a lot on the northwest corner of LaFayette and Randolph streets, designated on the town plat as Lot Number 12, where he built a small one-story stone building in which he lived for a time and near which he established his tannery. After his purchase of the Jefferson Street property and the building of his permanent home on the near by hill, he conveyed the little stone house to his son, James, who continued the operation of the tannery.

In the surroundings of the Withrow House, the years have brought about many changes which have been detrimental. Today it must look down on a feed mill in the "sink" near the once famous "Lewis Spring," at the

unsightly old jail and the backs of several of the Washington Street buildings, although the fine old trees in front of the house do their best to blot them out. The north-and-south Route 219 passes on the side, after making a deep cut to lessen the grade, leaving the house above an abrupt steep bank, where before there was only a gradual slope. Well constructed, the house has survived splendidly and is still substantial, with almost no exterior changes from its original lines. It is a rather tall and wide house, with two-story wing extending to the rear. In front there is a large double portico, supported by huge plastered columns of rounded brick extending to the roof and lending a decided air of distinction to its appearance. Two other columns, not so large and only about four feet high, are on each side of the portico steps. An early watercolor picture shows them topped with round knobs of wood, but these doubtless rotted away and were never replaced. In later years the columns supported a pair of flower urns.

The entrance doorway has an attractive fan window above, and on each side are glass panels which, oddly, do not extend from the top of the doorway to the floor, but only about half the distance, giving rather an unfinished appearance. The doorway itself is divided into a pair of narrow doors of the French type, similar to those in the Dr. Hugh Wilson House—unusual for this locality.

The hallway is square with stairs on the left. Originally a second steep and narrow stairway extended from the room on the right to the floor above.

During the Civil War, when it was reported the Federal soldiers were coming, the treads to these stairs were removed, wheat concealed inside, and the treads replaced. The small children of the family were set to

work also, digging under the front portico steps to make another hiding place for the silverware. The house, however, was not searched, though the outbuildings and grounds were ransacked and damaged. There must have been some anxious moments in the household if the story be true that one of the Withrows, who was a Confederate officer, happened to be at home at the time, and, being sought by Federal soldiers, escaped capture by concealing himself for several days in a small room of the attic, the entrance of which is hidden by a secret wall panel through which the slaves were able to carry him food.

It is difficult to establish the exact date when this house was built, as the memories of descendants and others vary from 1812 to 1819. The *Greenbrier Independent* of June 22, 1866, gives it as 1818, in the following news item:

Mrs. James Withrow and daughter, Miss Mary, Mrs. Helen Feamster and her daughter, Mrs. Marybell Warwick, and children, left Tuesday for Frankfort, Kentucky, where they will all spend the winter. Charles Donnally (the glover) and wife will occupy the residence in the absence of Mrs. Withrow. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that since 1818, when the house was built, there was never a time until now when it was not occupied by some member of the family.

It is quite certain that it is among the earliest of the brick houses. John Weir, architect and brickmason, who preceded John W. Dunn, was its builder, and it shows him to have been an excellent workman. The front rooms are about nineteen feet square, opening right and left from a square hall, with another room at the rear, the second floor plan corresponding to that below. The rooms have a paneled chair rail to the window sills, though the mantels and woodwork are uncarv-

ed and plain—the master carver, Mr. Burgess, must certainly not yet have arrived in Lewisburg. Had he been there, it is doubtful that he could have been restrained from taking charge of the woodwork, for it was in this type of house that he liked best to display his skill.

Behind the house is a large two-story brick kitchen, with enormous outside chimney, the second floor being used as slave quarters. Remains of old brick walks, hidden in the grass and a lone flagstone step indicate the location of other outbuildings on the premises.

James Withrow I married Letitia Edgar, daughter of Captain Thomas and Ann Mathews Edgar, and they had a large family of eight daughters and three sons, two of whom, James II and John, became very prominent citizens of Lewisburg. James for nearly half a century was one of the master commissioners of the circuit court of the county and several times a member of the Legislature. He was not a licensed attorney but had a good legal mind, and his sound judgment and advice were in constant demand. He had a little square brick office on his premises near the street. It still stands, although after his death it was moved back to the rear of the house, and the bricks covered with plaster. The brother, John Withrow, was a merchant. In 1852 he purchased the brick building now used as the Community House on the southwest corner of Washington at LaFayette Street in which he conducted his store for many years.

On the southeast corner of Washington and LaFayette streets, opposite the Withrow store, stood, until recent years, a landmark that the settlers doubtless thought was as fixed as the mountains—the town pump. It stood five feet high, with its iron dipper dangling

from a heavy chain, and underneath was a large iron drinking trough for the accommodation of the thirsty animals that had made the long pull up the steep mountain grades. This fine old well is now a thing to smile about sentimentally, but after all its years of bountiful service to man and beast, it seems rather ungrateful that its only epitaph is an Esso gasoline sign!

James Withrow II was a very important man in the old Stone Church, a leader of the choir for many years (there being no organ, his voice was depended on to lead the singing), and a Ruling Elder—the last church officer to be ordained under the pastorate of Dr. McElhenney. He served as the last commissioner to the Synod of Virginia, which met in Lewisburg when the centennial of the church was held. He married Mary Jane Kincaid, and, of their family of two sons and four daughters, the only two descendants living in Greenbrier today are James Withrow III and his sister, Mrs. T. Redmond (Nancy Withrow) Burke, neither of whom occupies the house.

A recent owner, Mr. Edward W. Sydenstricker, died in 1941. Two pieces of the original furnishing of the house were in it at the time of his death—a walnut “spool” daybed and, in the fireplace of the rear room on the first floor, a splendid example of a rare type of Franklin stove with circular iron hearth cemented to the floor. There is said to be only one other such stove in the county, that owned by Mr. Howard Skaggs. In the settlement of the Sydenstricker estate in 1942, the property was purchased by Mr. John Montgomery, who is making repairs and expects to occupy the house as his home.

It was during the ownership of James Withrow II that this house was the scene of a dinner and informal



James Withrow House

reception given by him on August 3, 1867, in honor of General Robert E. Lee. General Lee was a guest at White Sulphur Springs at the time and was accompanied to Lewisburg by his friend, Captain James J. White, professor of Greek at Washington College (later Washington and Lee), to spend the day quietly as the guest of Mr. Withrow. He rode from the White to Lewisburg on "Traveler," veteran horse of the war, though still alert and vigorous. This visit, within a few miles of the farm where he was born, was doubtless "Traveler's" last visit to his native mountains, which bred into him the stamina that made him famous.

The tablecloth used for the noonday dinner in honor of General Lee was never used again but was preserved as a memento in memory of the occasion and is now displayed in the Greenbrier County Museum at Lewisburg. Mrs. James Montgomery, of Kentucky, a Withrow descendant, has also a cup and saucer used by General Lee at the dinner. In deference to the wishes of the General, there was no public expression of esteem by the townspeople, though in the afternoon many men, women, and children could not refrain from calling to see and speak to him—beloved idol of the South—and they were graciously received in the parlor to the left of the front entrance.

White Homestead

ON the old Sweet Springs road, called the "Tuckahoe Draft," several miles south of White Sulphur Springs and near a bridge over a branch of Howard Creek, is the White Homestead. The house, very close to the road, was one of the earliest taverns. It is long and low, with two stories in front and the roof sloping in an unbroken line to one story in the rear. Supported by many white wood posts, there are long porches the length of the building on the first and second floors, with railing above and none below, as the floor level is barely one step above ground.

There are three doors opening upon the lower porch, one of which, at the eastern end, led to the barroom, and an additional central door opened into the enclosed stairs to the second floor, there being no hallway. The second floor has windows and one door to the upper porch. The house is of frame weatherboarding, though very likely of log construction underneath. The plastered interior is quite crude and plain. Large brick chimneys rise at each end of the main part of the house, with lower ones at the ends of the single-story section.

The old place, very gray and dreary for lack of paint and repairs these many years, is surrounded by a veritable village of barns, sheds, granaries, smokehouses, and the like, of log and frame in various stages of collapse, the old shingles of their roofs curled almost double. But ruin is forgotten in the interesting story of the first owners.

George White and his wife, Sarah Caldwell, of

Scottish descent, lived in an old stone house near the town of Omagh, in Tyrone County, Ireland, called "Fourth Hill." Their son, William I, was a small child when his father died and, his mother marrying again very shortly, he was adopted by his uncle, Robert White, who gave him a somewhat extensive education, particularly in mathematics.

When William was eighteen, he enlisted in a company of Orangemen at Omagh. That year the British Government organized the Orangemen as an army to be used in suppressing the insurrections which had arisen among the Catholic inhabitants of southern Ireland. In 1804, when Great Britain was preparing to defend itself from invasion by Napoleon, some of the Orangemen who had seen active service in 1798 were organized as regiments in the regular army. Consequently William received a captaincy in the Omagh Infantry, a regiment which was stationed behind the heavy guns along the coast. A descendant has a buckle from the sword belt of this young officer bearing the British coat of arms and the name of his regiment.

About 1807 Captain White married Rebecca Orr, and they had two daughters and a son—Anne, Elizabeth, and Robert. But instead of "settling down," William became filled with the desire to pioneer, and in 1817 he sold his home to a relative, and also his commission as captain—a custom of those days—and set sail from Belfast with his family on the ship "Lord Nelson," bound for America.

He was already in possession of the 427 acres of land in Tuckahoe Draft, which was to be his home, for in 1790 Governor Randolph, of Virginia, had issued an executive warrant to him for this land as assignee of John Dickison Littlepage. William was only a young

boy at the time, and the land had been purchased for him by his uncle.

When William sailed for America, a number of his relatives and friends came also, but the long journey of eleven weeks almost ended disastrously, as the ship ran on the rocks near Halifax, Nova Scotia. The passengers, however, were transferred to another vessel and finally reached Baltimore. During the many weeks on shipboard, a third son, William II, had been born.

When these pioneers reached Greenbrier, they were aghast at the great forests covering their lands. They managed, however, gradually to clear the land nearest the stream and to build first a cabin and then the larger house. William White, versed in the use of the sword and with a mind well stocked with knowledge gleaned from books, was not, however, equipped with the skill of a woodsman and was entirely unfitted for such a life, so that much of the burden of maintaining the family fell upon the sons, three others of whom—James, George, and Richard—were born in Greenbrier. Their father provided for their education from his limited store of books and his own unlimited store of mathematics, history, and the poems of Burns and Scott.

It is difficult now to realize the tremendous popularity and influence which these writers, particularly Scott, exerted in the life of the American pioneer, who, if he had any books at all, was sure to have "Ivanhoe," "Marmion," or the "Lady of the Lake"—volumes to furnish an escape from days of hard work and deprivation in lives which, though dedicated to a very real adventure, clung desperately to these chivalric tales of unreal knights and ladies.

William II, of robust frame and vigorous mind, inherited his father's talent for mathematics and fitted

himself as a surveyor. He married Margaret Dickson, daughter of the most extensive planter on Second Creek (a relative of the builder of Mountain Home), and they had three children—two sons, William H. and James D., and one daughter, Margaret. They lived in the Irish Corner District, a section lying between the Greenbrier River and Second Creek, populated entirely by Scottish people who had dwelt for a time in North Ireland and who were energetic and intelligent and pursued, as nearly as they could, the way of life that prevailed in Old Scotland.

William II married as his second wife Mary Gibson Irwin, daughter of John Irwin, an exceptionally intelligent and gracious woman. One of her two sons was named Nelson in honor of the ship upon which his father was born. The other son, Henry Alexander White, graduated at Washington and Lee University and Princeton Theological Seminary, acquiring numerous degrees. He was professor of history at Washington and Lee, and professor of New Testament Greek in Columbia Theological Seminary, in South Carolina, and wrote several books—*Life of Robert E. Lee*, published in New York and London, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, *The Making of South Carolina*, *The Pentateuch in the Light of the Ancient Monuments*, and two textbooks of history for high schools. He received honorary degrees of D.D. and LL.D. and was a member of Victoria Institute, London, and Phi Beta Kappa, as well as the recipient of numerous other honors.

Tuscawillla

AFTER seeing so many of the early houses falling into ruin, it is a joy to encounter one beautifully kept and furnished—and such is delightful Tuscawillla, owned for many years by Mr. Edward W. Knight, of Charleston, West Virginia, and, since his death within the last few years, occupied by a daughter, Miss Elizabeth Knight.

Located about halfway between Lewisburg and Roncerverte, the house is reached from Route 219 by a long, hedge-enclosed driveway. Standing surrounded by stalwart oaks, graceful hemlocks, and maples, and flanked on the north side by a large enclosed flower garden, the house very politely keeps its face toward the highway and its back toward the magnificent view of the distant eastern mountains and White Sulphur gap—quite different from the architectural ideas of today, when one's first thought is to make the most of even a mediocre view and to ignore so far as possible the existence of a highway.

Built in 1844, the house, of brick burned on the site, is the usual dignified type of the period—a wide two-story facade, with story-and-a-half wing extending on the left side to the rear. It also has the customary small-paned windows, green shutters, and white painted wood trim.

There are many rooms, twelve or more, with a main central entrance and hall. Certain changes have been made for the sake of convenience, a dividing partition removed on the left to make one very long room, and a

terrace added in front, though for the most part the essential characteristics of the house are unaltered.

In the wide front door, measuring forty-five inches, and in three pairs of French doors in the lower rooms, there are panels of beautiful frosted glass, with design "cut to clear," evidently a later replacement of the early solid wood panels. All the doors are put together with wooden pegs, and still have their old brass knobs and locks. The original floors with their wide boards are also preserved.

The builder of Tuscawilla was the Reverend David R. Preston, a Presbyterian minister, who had served as pastor of Virginia and Florida churches, but who, because of ill health, was forced to retire from the active ministry. His wife was Jeanette Creigh, daughter of Thomas Creigh, wealthy pioneer merchant and landowner of Lewisburg, and it was from him the Reverend Preston purchased this farm, still spoken of as the Creigh farm, upon which he immediately constructed the brick house. He christened it "Tuscawilla," a musical Seminole Indian word meaning "two lakes," a name doubtless inspired by his stay in Florida, where Seminoles and lakes are numerous, but without local application in Greenbrier, where Seminoles and lakes are equally non-existent.

The shadow of tragedy seemed to hover over this house, for Mr. Preston lived only a few years after it was built, and, of his three sons, Thomas C. was killed in the Civil War, Walter C. lost an arm in the same strife, at Spottsylvania Court House, and only John A., born in 1847 (whose home is described in this book), escaped. The final sorrow occurred in October, 1866, when Mrs. Preston was fatally burned while she was alone in the

house, her hoop skirts becoming ignited from one of the open fireplaces.

It was after this tragedy that the house was sold to Mrs. Caroline Bloomer, in 1873. Later the farm was purchased by Mr. Knight as a summer home, and he and Mrs. Knight spent many happy years beautifying the house and grounds and developing extensive apple orchards.

Samuel Smith House

JUST beyond the eastern corporate limits of Lewisburg, on the southern side of the highway (Route 60), there is an unusual house which defies all attempts to discover the history of its first owner and builder. A deed, however, appears in 1836 to Samuel Smith from Pleasant and Dorcas Wade for twenty-five acres lying on "both sides of the turnpike" and adjoining the lands of James Frazer, Samuel Winall, and Thomas Huffman. In 1854 Smith sold fifteen acres of the land to Henry B. Brightwell, and by 1858 Smith had died, and another deed appears in which his wife releases her dower interest in the fifteen acres. As "appurtenances thereunto belonging" are mentioned, it is assumed this is the house meant and that it had been built by Smith shortly after his purchase in 1836.

An article written by Marcellus Zimmerman seems to confirm this supposition, as he further states that Smith was a potter and his pottery stood over the hill in the rear of the house. The next owner was Samuel Hover, followed by William P. Rucker, who came to Lewisburg after the Civil War. The present owners, Mr. and Mrs. G. Palmer Stacy, purchased the property in 1927 from the Greenbrier Bank.

The house, its lawn enclosed by a low stone wall, is shaded by tall trees and has a delightful location on a slope comfortably back and above the highway, with an inspiring view of White Sulphur gap to the southeast. This unusual-looking and attractive dwelling originally had a very high porch, making the principal entrance

and main part of the house on the second floor. There being no basement, the first floor, built on the slope of the land, is partially below ground and has very low ceilings, the large kitchen having originally been one of the four rooms on this floor. Very steep boxed-in stairs lead to the rooms above.

Not large, the house is of brick, painted white, with pairs of exceptionally tall chimneys piercing the roof on either side. The long entrance steps have been removed, and today one enters directly from the ground, where tall, square columns now support a roof above the flagstone entrance terrace. The door above, which was once the front door, now has a small balcony around it, and on each side is an especially large window with shutters.

Walnut Hill

A HOUSE that has been lived in by descendants of one family from choice for a century, must necessarily take on a sort of pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Such is Walnut Hill, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Turner, the latter a great-granddaughter of Alexander Kearns, the builder of the house. Their children are the sixth consecutive generation to live in it. The daughter of Mr. Kearns married Franklin Montgomery, and their daughter, Martha, married James M. Rader, who became the parents of Mrs. Turner. The house is a mile and a half north of Lewisburg, on what is called "the back road to Frankford," a narrow paved road extending north from Court Street, paralleling Route 219 and winding through the farms till it turns east past the Alexander Arbuckle House, to join this highway about four miles from Lewisburg.

Along this little road lie many good farms, and there are several early brick houses, the Turner house being nearest Lewisburg. Facing the south, it commands a distant view of rolling fields, and its beautiful location on high ground insures a strong breeze on the hottest day. It is surrounded by tall maple trees, which in summer blot out the red brick and the green shutters and leave only the white posts of the veranda visible through the thick foliage. A small house of limestone was first built, but was replaced by the present brick structure, the stones being used to erect a rear wing. The predecessor of the stone house may have been a log house, as one is still standing on the premises, used as

a slave cabin before the Civil War and today doing duty as a garage. A little square log smokehouse has been repaired and is also in use today.

Of medium height, Walnut Hill, when built, had a small one-story portico, now changed to extend the width of the house. The entrance door opens into a narrow hall, with a room on each side and at the back, there having been six rooms originally in the brick part and two in the stone section. These rooms have beautiful pine floors. One has a single wide oak-board border around it. That in the rear room has a border of two wide boards in sharp contrast, dark oak and light pine. The wide front door is decorated with a raised geometrical design of strips of wood about an inch wide fashioned into vertical panels. The old lock of the upright box type is on this as well as other doors. The house contains built-in cupboards and other original features still intact.

Colonel Samuel Brown Plantation

A LITTLE farther north from Walnut Hill, along the "back Frankford road," and about two and one-half miles from Lewisburg, is a brick house built by Colonel Samuel Brown. The land, studded with many limestone rocks, slopes upward from the road on the left to the crest of a ridge, upon which the house, facing east, is advantageously located. The sweep of the view is miles in extent, far across and beyond the main Frankford Road (Route 219) toward White Sulphur. There were once tall pine trees in front of the house, but heavy snows and sharp winds have had their way, and now only one remains—leaning and ragged as though it, too, for all its tenacity, were tired of the struggle.

This brick house was originally a large, well-built, commodious, and good-looking building, its most conspicuous characteristic being the pairs of tall outside chimneys at each end. A rear story-and-a-half wing, used as kitchen and servant's quarters, extends in the back and has another outside chimney at the end, which, with a very steep roof, makes the house appear unusually tall, although, as a matter of fact, it is low, the porch barely two steps above ground. There are at least ten rooms, four on each floor, with central hallway and a finished attic with full-sized end windows—rooms in which the original wide pine and oak flooring remains, as well as the brass box door locks from England. The woodwork is all plain, without carving, which leads to the conclusion that this house was probably built before 1820, as those of that period did not have the hand-

carved mantels and other decorations common a few years later.

The front door is quite large, and there is a door above on the second floor, showing that the original entrance was a double portico, since replaced with a one-story porch. Most of the old green shutters are still in place, now faded a pale blue. A few of the original window panes with their "wavy" old glass are still in evidence in the rear wing and the third-floor windows, the upper and lower sash of which each has six panes.

There are built-in cupboards of walnut, and low paneling to the window sills, since painted over, which may also have been of walnut—the fine wood so plentiful in pioneer days and squandered so recklessly. In spite of this waste, there are still a number of very large and graceful walnut trees standing near Lewisburg homes, as well as a number of fine hickories—to the delight of the tame squirrels that scamper around their branches.

Colonel Samuel Brown, a very prominent man, was one of the first justices of Greenbrier and one of the first trustees appointed for the new town of Lewisburg in 1782. His wife was Elizabeth Grattan, of Augusta County, to whom in his will, probated in April, 1828, he leaves this house and farm for her lifetime, and then to a grandson, John U. Dickinson. It was not the entire estate, as "the other half of the plantation" was left to his other grandson, Samuel Brown Miller. Some years later the grandsons conveyed both properties to John Simpkins, who died shortly afterward, and his wife deeded it, in 1839, to Moses McClintic, except sixty-six acres and two rods sold to Michael Hawver.

The property finally descended to McClintic's son, Samuel. At the death of Samuel McClintic, his widow,

Ellen, was assigned this farm as a part of her dower. She later married C. L. McClung ("Charley Fox"). Since she had no children, her lands descended to her brother, Jesse F. Bright, and at his death to his only child, the present owner, Raymond E. Bright.

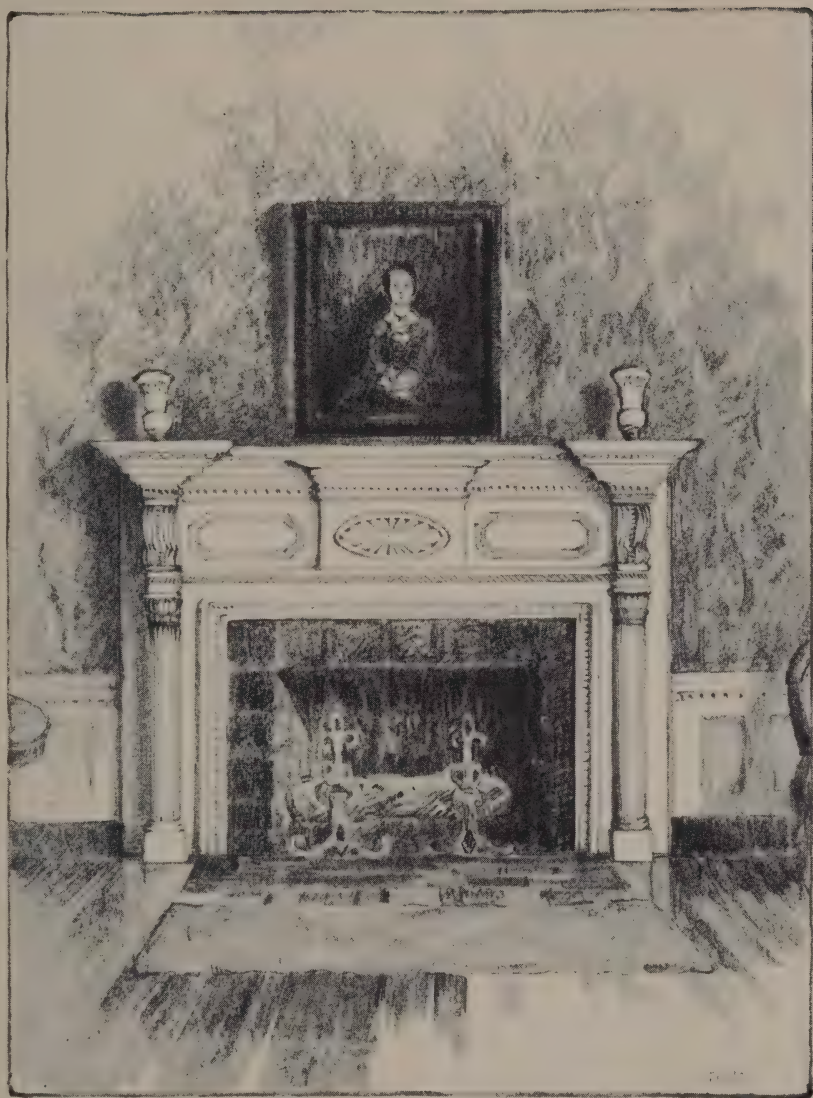
For some years the old house has been occupied by farm tenants, who have lived in two or three rooms only, and it has gradually been deteriorating, but many people yet remember when it was a delightful place, with gay parties and good times under its roof.

Michael Hawver House

BEFORE 1839, and during the McClintic ownership, sixty-six acres from the Samuel Brown farm was sold to Michael Hawver. The land lay to the north, on the same side of the road as the Brown house, which Mr. Hawver evidently used as a model for his own dwelling. His is smaller and less pretentious, but nevertheless with walls fifteen inches thick. It, too, is of brick, with one-story end wing, the shape of the two houses being somewhat similar. Two chimneys rise at one end, but at the other there is a single chimney only. Though small, this little house with two rooms below and two on the second floor, has a rather pleasing quality.

The original stairs have been removed and enclosed steps added at one side of the main roof, where there is a low wainscot to the window sills, and mantels with very simple carving. Though the shutters are gone, much of the old window glass remains, with its quaint divisions into nine small panes in the lower sash and six in the one above. There is a one-story porch with an entrance door that is quite large and paneled and surprisingly has a fan-shaped glass above it.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael F. Freeman, a couple eighty years old, have owned the property since 1910 and live here alone today, both active and well.



Parlor Mantel — Mountain Home

Sydenstricker House

THE Sydenstricker family holds a position both unique and remarkable, with an influence unbelievably extensive in Greenbrier and surrounding counties. Profound students, linguists, and people of deep religious feeling, originally Mennonites, many of the family not having churches of their own available, became ministers in the Presbyterian and other denominations. The best-known of these was Absalom, son of Andrew Sydenstricker (five of whose seven sons were ministers) and great-grandson of the Greenbrier pioneer, Philip Sydenstricker. The home of Absalom, however, was not in Greenbrier, as he and his wife lived in her home over the line in the adjoining northern county of Pocahontas, near the village of Hillsboro, where this pleasant white house is noted by a roadside marker on the Seneca Trail (Route 219).

Absalom was a missionary in China for many years and was engaged for a great part of that time in translating the scriptures into Chinese in a more simplified form than was then available. He was the father of the well-known contemporary writer, Pearl Buck, whose widely read books, particularly *The Good Earth*, paint a realistic picture of Chinese life, a life which she shared during her formative years.

The Sydenstricker family emigrated from Bavaria, Germany, coming first to Pennsylvania, where Philip Sydenstricker enlisted in the Revolutionary Army, being later captured by the British at Fort Washington and held prisoner many months. A crippled brother, Boston,

had previously come to Greenbrier County, and as soon as the war was over, Philip joined him, becoming one of the first four settlers in the Fort Spring region, where he purchased lands from William Morrow in 1790.

Mr. Sydenstricker gave a portion of this land near Colonel John Stuart's fort for the erection of a Presbyterian church, and the small log building there, known as the "Old Fort Springs Church," stood for many years, being replaced in 1908 by a modern structure. His house, located a short distance northeast of Stuart Manor and about five miles from Lewisburg, is on the farm later known as the George N. Davis property.

Far back out of sight of the road and hidden by dense maple trees, which appear to have been planted on each side of a wide avenue, the house differs from the usual brick houses of the region. It is small and from the front appears as square as a child's wooden block, although there is a one-story wing extending in the rear, with cellar underneath. Instead of the customary end chimneys, there is a single chimney in the center. The second floor has three front windows, with green shutters, while on the first floor there are but two, between which a central entrance doorway opens from a small, square, columned portico. Inside, the ceilings are low, and the rooms are of average size, the woodwork of the plainest sort.

Philip Sydenstricker reared a family of five sons and two daughters, and of their numerous descendants many still live in Greenbrier County. This little house, however, has long since passed into other hands. When seen by the writer it was unoccupied—the only tenant on the place being a hungry and not very responsive-looking cat.

Reynolds-Patton House

CAPTAIN Alexander Welch (d. 1810) was one of Greenbrier's first settlers, serving for many years as the second surveyor of the county, succeeding Captain Thomas Edgar. Along with his other duties, he assisted George Clendenin in laying out into lots and streets the settlement of Charleston on the Kanawha River, now the state capital. He married Frances Arbuckle (d. 1834), the beautiful widow of the famous pioneer, Captain Matthew Arbuckle, who had been accidentally killed near Jackson River in 1781 by a falling tree in a storm. Concerning this unfortunate occurrence, Captain Welch, the successor in the widow's affections, is quoted as happily saying, "He was Providentially killed."

Lying along the Fort Spring Road about three miles west of Lewisburg, on what was once the Clendenin lands, is an ancient cemetery where Captain and Mrs. Welch are buried. For a great many years it has been known as the "Old Alex Welch Cemetery," the Welch homestead having stood in that locality.

Anne Royall, colorful writer and indefatigable traveler, visiting Lewisburg in 1824, talked with Mrs. Welch, who then lived in the town, where her house and garden stood within the limits once occupied by Fort Savannah. In view of Mrs. Royall's description of the location of the home of Mrs. Welch, it would seem to correspond to the lot (Number 25) upon which she and her former

husband, Captain Matthew Arbuckle, had lived and to which she had returned after the death of Captain Welch. Although Mrs. Welch was then seventy years of age, Anne Royall describes her as a woman of "much personal beauty," of "pleasing and courtly manners," and as "gay, bright and benevolent." As that writer was given to faultfinding rather than praise, Mrs. Welch must indeed have been a woman of outstanding charm.

Nancy, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Welch, married the prominent merchant, Thomas B. Reynolds. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds had five children. One son, Alexander W. Reynolds, became a brigadier general in the Confederate Army and after the close of the war went to Egypt and served in the Khedive's army until his death in 1876. A daughter, Elizabeth, married Mason Mathews and became the mother of Henry Mason Mathews, governor of West Virginia. Another daughter, Sally Ann, married Dr. William N. Patton, a native of Buckingham County, Virginia, in June, 1842, but was soon a widow, as Dr. Patton died in 1853.

Three years later, in July, 1856, Alexander Reynolds made a deed to his widowed sister for the half-acre lot on Jefferson Street, which their father had purchased from the trustees of Lewisburg in 1818, the location embracing a portion of the site of early log Fort Savannah. This lot, designated as Lot 27 on the original town plat, is on the northeast corner of Washington Street at Jefferson Street, and it then adjoined on the north the Arbuckle-Welch lot of his grandmother, Mrs. Alexander Welch.

Whether or not there was a building on the lot at the time is not indicated in the Alexander Patton deed. There were no intervening owners, so if the house was not built by Mrs. Patton's father, Thomas Reynolds, it

may have been built shortly after Mrs. Patton became the owner of the lot. This would place it below the age of admission to this book, but as the matter is uncertain, let us give it the benefit of the doubt. It is a clear-cut, well-built, square brick house, with very deep white wood cornice, white porch, green shutters, and separate brick kitchen and servant's quarters in the rear.

Miss Betty Lee Hounshell described "Aunt" Sally Patton as "a frail little Southern woman who never weighed more than eighty pounds, but whose loyalty and courage would have moved mountains." Her husband dead, and her only son killed in the Confederate Army, she did all and gave all that she could for the Southern cause, even secreting ammunition in her home. Once when her home was invaded by Federal soldiers who threatened to set it on fire, she produced matches from her pocket, saying that she would willingly fire it herself, that it would be "well worth the price of dying to kill so many Yankees." One of the men said, "Come on, the old devil means it," and they left her house intact.

All during the war she kept a diary in which she spelled Yankee Y-a-n-k-y. A niece, questioning the spelling, received the explanation, "When I'm not angry with them I spell it *kee*, but when I am, it is *ky*"—the indisputable testimony being that the indignant lady was in a continuous state of anger throughout the entire war!

Mrs. Patton lived here for many years, after her death the property being sold by her executors. There have been a number of owners since, and the house is now used as an undertaking establishment.

Hamilton Farm—Home of "Traveler"

MAJOR William Hamilton (born 1744), one of Greenbrier's first farmers, was planting corn in 1769 in the Frankford region when John Stuart and his young pioneer friends arrived. Later he sold his "corn right" to Stuart. In 1773, the year of his marriage to Isabelle Clements, he moved to the Blue Sulphur region, where he settled on a fine farm not far from the road leading to the Blue Sulphur Springs—a farm¹ which, under its later name of the "Johnson Farm," became noted as the birthplace of the great horse "Traveler." Here Mr. Hamilton built his log cabin, and here he lived to be eighty-one years old.

In his will, probated in 1825, he gives part of his land to his three sons—Andrew, William, and Jacob. The youngest, Jacob C., born in 1796, remained there, and either he or his brother, Andrew, who married Delilah Jarrett, built a large brick house in 1840. Still standing, it has lost much of its resemblance to the original structure, as many changes, including a two-story wing in the rear, a porch around the entire house, as well as numerous interior alterations, have been made. The generous dimensions of the large central hall and the square rooms remain, however.

An old tale is told of a very casual homicide which occurred here many years ago. The story goes, that once a guest was definitely upset when his shaving water, brought to him by a negro servant, was not so hot as desired. Thereupon, he expressed his displeasure

¹ It is now owned by the heirs of Hickman Jarrett.

by knocking the luckless servitor down the stairs and killing him!

The fourth person in possession of this farm was Captain J. W. Johnson, the man who owned America's most famous war horse "Traveler," which carried General Robert E. Lee tirelessly through almost four years of war. General Lee first saw and admired the horse while he was encamped² on Sewell Mountain in 1861, and spoke of him as "my colt Greenbrier."

A large maple tree called "Lee's Tree" stood for years on the site, and when it died recently and was cut down, the United Daughters of the Confederacy had a beautiful table made from the wood by Stuart Watts, a young and skilful cabinetmaker of Savannah Mills, near Lewisburg. The table is carved by hand, and the top is a glass case for preserving letters and mementoes of General Lee. The table was presented by the organization to the State Museum in Charleston.

There have been numerous variants of the story of "Traveler." An account is in existence, written by Captain James W. Johnson, whose father, Andrew D. Johnson, purchased the Hamilton farm from Jacob Hamilton in 1855 and who had raised the horse, which, when a three-year-old, was given to the son. It had already won two blue ribbons as a colt in the Greenbrier County fairs. The following is quoted from the account of Captain Johnson.

As a four year old, General Lee first saw him on Big Sewell Mountain and admired him at once. Asked if he could be bought, I (J.W.J.) promised him that I would see that he got him if he wanted him. I had promised Captain Broun (Joseph M.) to let him have him as soon as I had to return to my Company (I was then on detail duty that required the use of a horse—I belonged to the Infantry).

² The place of encampment is noted by a roadside marker on Route 60, a few miles west of Rainelle.

In the winter of 1861 we were ordered to South Carolina to report to General Lee (he having left Sewell). We took the horse and turned him over to the General in S. C. Captain Broun proposed presenting him to General Lee, but would not accept him, but paid \$200.

Traveler was a stylish, high headed fellow that always attracted attention. He had a rapid, springy walk, high spirit, bold carriage and muscular strength. He needed neither whip nor spur and would walk 5 to 6 miles an hour over rough mountain roads with his rider holding him in check with a tight rein; moved with vim and eagerness as soon as mounted; was about 16 hands high. Weighed about 1,100 lbs., was quiet, good disposition; loved to be petted, and was just as intelligent as it was possible for a dumb brute to be.

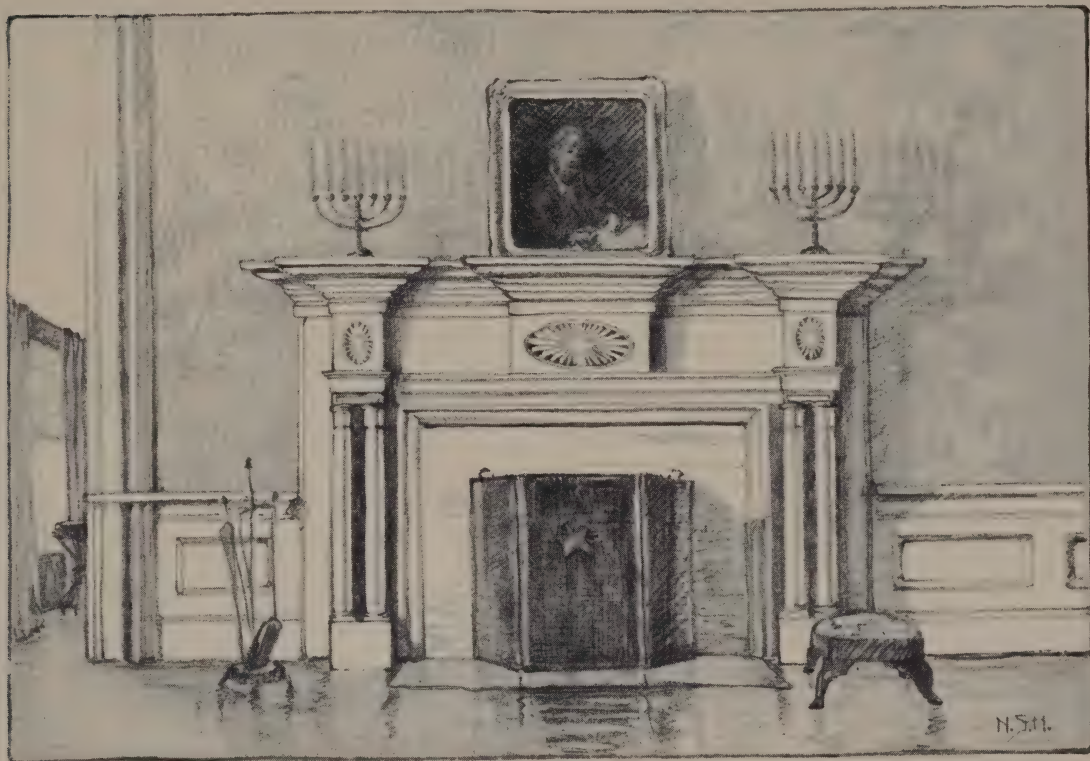
J. W. Johnson

Upon request from the *National Horseman*, Louisville, Kentucky, the late Dr. V. T. Churchman, of Charleston, West Virginia, prominent surgeon and well-known horseman and horse-show judge, supplied the following information by letter, dated February 7, 1936, as to the pedigree of "Traveler."

Traveler was foaled the spring of 1857, and shown as a two-year old at the Greenbrier Fair the fall of 1859, winning first prize, and again winning first in the three-year old class at the same Fair in 1860. His name then was "Jeff Davis"—sired by "Gray Eagle," first dam by "Blue Jeans," and second dam by "Red Eye." He was thus at least seven-eighths a thoroughbred.

General Lee, who changed the name to that of "Traveler," had the deepest affection for this splendid animal and paid him the most glowing tributes. In Lexington, Virginia, after the war, in response to an artist named Markie Williams, who had asked for a description of the horse, the General dictated the following:

If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of Traveler—representing his fine proportions, muscular



Mantel — Morlunda

figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and suffering through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate Gray. I purchased him on the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861 and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days Battle around Richmond, the Second Manassas at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappanhanock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run south of Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He was well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil—"Richmond," "Brown Roan," "Ajax," and quiet "Lucy Long"—he is the only one that retained his vigor. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait.

It will be noted that General Lee's dictation indicates that "Traveler" was purchased by him "on the mountains of Virginia," while Captain Johnson states the actual purchase and delivery took place later in South Carolina. There is no real discrepancy, however, as General Lee, after long lapse of time, would naturally remember the

circumstances under which he first saw "Traveler" and determined to acquire him, even though the details of where the transaction was consummated had passed out of his mind.

At the time of General Lee's death in 1870, "Traveler," draped in a Confederate flag, faithful to the last, accompanied his master's funeral procession. He lived only two or three years afterward, but many pictures and paintings have preserved the memory of this noble horse, beloved not only by his General, but by the army and the Confederacy as well.

Governor Mathews House

AS the village of Frankford, ten miles north of Lewisburg, was on the old turnpike, there are yet standing several log and frame buildings which belong to the period of the stagecoach. One or two of these are two-story and rather long, with central doors on each floor. These were the early taverns. The oldest house in Frankford—of logs, and said to be about 150 years old—has been long since covered over with stucco. Its fourteen-inch-wide floor boards and equally thick walls are all that is left to tell the story of its age, unless it be the two enormous walnut trees which crowd against the house, the porch roof being built around one of them. There were only two rooms in this little house when it was erected, one below and one above, but several others have been added as the years have passed.

Located close to Route 219, it is not far from the site of Colonel John Stuart's early cabin Grumble Thorp, and it is possible this cabin may have been built by one of the young men who accompanied him, and who composed that first group of pioneers. Many years later it was owned by Mr. Mason Mathews and his wife, Elizabeth (Reynolds), and there, in 1834, their eldest son, Henry Mason Mathews, destined to be governor of West Virginia, was born.

This son grew to be a man not only of ability and prominence, but also of distinguished appearance and much personal charm. He married a daughter of Judge Joseph L. Fry and Elizabeth McElhenney Fry (a daughter of Dr. McElhenney) and their home still stands

in Lewisburg, on Randolph Street, up the hill a block above the courthouse and not far from the stone Edgar House on the corner. It is a surprisingly modest little house to have been built when large houses with great square, high-ceilinged rooms were the fashion. Constructed of brick, it is very low, with two tiny dormer windows piercing its roof, more nearly typical of the "Williamsburg" cottage than a house of the 1820's. The walls are thick, the floor boards wide, and there are the usual paneled doors and wainscot. The entrance portico long since has been supplanted by a porch. Surrounded by a large, square lawn, once filled with trees and tall lilacs, and approached by a flower-bordered walk, this little house sits well back from the street, enclosed with a picket fence.

In his younger years Mr. Mathews taught modern languages in Alleghany College at Blue Sulphur, but the Civil War brought an end to normal life, and he was soon in the war as a major of artillery, the school ended forever. After the war Major Mathews was much in public life. He was elected state senator from Greenbrier by a virtually unanimous vote, but, like other prominent Confederates, was immediately confronted with the "test oath" of allegiance and, because he could not take it, was not permitted to be seated. He and James Withrow, the delegate from Greenbrier, were allowed to address the legislature at Wheeling, but neither was seated.

With two others, he represented the district of Greenbrier, Monroe, and Summers counties in the Constitutional Convention of 1872, and in the autumn of the same year was elected attorney general of the state, serving four years. In 1876 he was elected governor of the

state, serving till March, 1881. Two years later his name was presented, and he received a large vote in the Legislature for the United States Senate, but before the end of another year death had terminated the career of this useful and honored man.

Rapp House (Judge Snyder)

DIAGONALLY across the corner of Randolph and Levisay streets from the home of Governor Mathews, was the home of another distinguished citizen of Lewisburg, Judge Adam C. Snyder. Though Greenbrier County may not claim him as native, since he was born in Highland County, Virginia, the greater part of his adult life was spent in Lewisburg. Having finished his academic education in various schools and having studied law under the eminent J. W. Brokenborough, judge of the United States District Court, he came to Lewisburg when only twenty-five years of age to begin practice in 1859.

However, in less than two years he found himself engulfed in the Civil War, actively engaged under General Joseph E. Johnston, and at the Battle of Manassas, in 1861, was severely wounded. That was only one of the numerous battles through which he fought; he was also in the Seven Days fighting around Richmond, the Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was captured as a prisoner of war in 1863 and imprisoned in Wheeling until exchanged in 1864, after which he was so broken in health as to be unfit for active service. He then took up journalistic work until he was able to resume his law practice after the close of the war.

A student and scholar, as well as a forceful lawyer, he was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia in 1882 to fill the three-year unexpired term occasioned by the death of Honorable J. F. Patton.

Later he was elected for a full term of twelve years, but resigned in 1890.

Judge Snyder did not marry until after the war, when, with partial recovery of health, he was again established in his profession. In 1869 he married Henryette Harrison Carey, daughter of William and Ophelia Mathews Carey, of Lewisburg. Five years later, in February, 1874, he purchased his later residence from the estate of George Rapp.

When the house was built is uncertain, but it is quite clear from the records that it existed in 1841, as an adjoining piece of property is described in a deed of that date as "adjoining the brick residence of George Rapp." The latter acquired the lot in 1822 and doubtless built the house within the next few years. It is of brick, fairly large, with an ell extending to the rear, and has a high limestone foundation, which permits cellar rooms partly below ground. Large chimneys rise at the ends, and a two-story portico originally added greatly to the good lines of the house. Today there is a one-story porch only, the second floor door opening on its roof.

The walkway to the entrance door attracts one's attention, as it is made of massive flagstones eight feet wide, similar to others from the Goheen quarry used for the first sidewalks of the town, many of which are still in existence.

The woodwork in this house is hand-carved, the elaborate designs corresponding to those in the Bowen, the brick part of the Renick, and other houses which were built about the same time and in which the wood work was carved by Conrod Burgess. The front entrance has Burgess' favorite circular top with fan window above and carved ball designs around the entire door, the same design being carried out on the inner side

—and seeming a bit wasted, as the hall is narrow and the foot of the stairs so near that one must climb the stairs to look at the carving! The door itself has eight panels, and, like all the other doors, is large and heavy, with reeded casings and circular carved corner blocks.

The mantels are large and imposing, painted black, that in the room to the right of the entrance being the largest, with design of oval sunburst medallion and bell-like ornaments along the edge. This room also has well-paneled wainscot, which extends up the stairway to the second floor. The floors are of six-inch pine boards. Shutters were once at the windows, but have disappeared.

When it was constructed, this was a very fine and well-built house, but, as in the case of many houses of the same period, it has suffered from too many owners—some of whom have not been kind to it.

Though situated on a hill, this and the Governor Mathews House, as well as several others along this street which appear quite old, were convenient to the courthouse and the central part of the town. But, the building trend for residences having been in other directions in more recent years, many persons do not realize what a desirable location these houses had at one time. The present owner is Charles W. Dunbar, and the house is occupied by his tenants.

Donnally's Fort

THERE seems to have been much uncertainty as to when this fort was built. Waddell's *History of Augusta County* gives the date as 1768; a marker on the highway state it was "about 1771"; and a second marker on the site says "in 1771."

Located in a narrow valley, about ten miles west of Lewisburg and two miles north of Route 60, this fort was privately built by Colonel Andrew Donnally, of the famous glovemaking family of Lewisburg, on the lands of his pioneer father, Hugh Donnally. It was the only western frontier refuge in the vicinity. There was no settlement to the west nearer than that of the McClung family on Meadow River, twenty-two miles away. The sturdy two-story log house, in which the Donnallys lived, was equipped with a central chimney, had port-holes under the eaves, and formed a portion of the front wall of the fort, which is described as a double-wall structure, surrounded by a stockade of split logs, with two gates. The kitchen was a separate building, a story and a half high, with a passageway between it and the house.

The story of the attack on Fort Donnally on May 29, 1778,¹ might easily have had a different ending before Colonel Stuart and his men arrived to help defend it. Because of the carelessness of one of the men in the fort—carelessness which cost him his life—the advantage at the outset was distinctly with the Indians.

Having received timely warning by two scouts from

¹ See previous account of Colonel John Stuart.

Fort Randolph, who had passed the Indians twenty miles to the west, the settlers had reached the fort before nightfall of May 27. After a day and night in the fort, with no sign of Indians, they had relaxed their vigilance somewhat and were unaware that the savages had stealthily arrived and in the darkness had concealed themselves behind trees and rocks around the stockade.

Having neither seen nor heard any sign of their approach, one of the white men, unknown to the others, had gone outside the stockade to secure firewood just before dawn on May 29, and had left the heavy gate open behind him. He was immediately tomahawked before he could make an outcry to warn the unsuspecting occupants of the fort, all of whom were asleep except two guards.

Creeping up to the gate, a group of the savages (the total number is estimated to have been two hundred) were soon inside, attempting to set fire to the cabins, before they were discovered. It was Dick Pointer, a negro slave belonging to Colonel Andrew Donnally, who, in the graying dawn, saw the first Indian crawling toward the Donnally cabin, where the negro and another man were on guard. Anne Royall, well-known early writer, visited Lewisburg forty-six years after the Indian attack, while there were persons yet living who had been in the fort at the time and with whom she talked. She states that there were only four men besides Colonel Donnally and Dick Pointer in the fort, only three or four guns, and apparently almost no ammunition. Accounts by other writers, however, vary as to the number,² listing more men as in the fort.

² Colonel John Stuart states there were twenty men in the fort when the attack began, with only two on guard—the scout, Philip Hammond, and the negro, Dick Pointer—and that it was Hammond and not Colonel Donnally who directed Dick to fire.

Dick had loaded his gun with a strange assortment of old nails, pieces of iron, and buckshot, and begged his master to allow him to shoot. But Colonel Donnally refused, hoping the enemy might think the defenders were more numerous and were purposely withholding their fire, knowing when Dick's load of nails was shot, the Indians would at once realize the desperate plight of the fort.

Undeterred, the Indians were soon at the door of the house, pounding with stones and tomahawks, but the stout door resisted valiantly. Finally one plank gave way, with Dick still pleading to be allowed to fire, but it was not until later, when the second plank crashed, that Colonel Donnally knew he could wait no longer and quietly said, "Now, Dick," and Dick at last joyfully blazed away, killing three savages and wounding several. This caused the Indians to abandon the attack for the moment. During the interval, in which they attempted to carry their wounded outside the stockade, the fort gate was secured. The fort's few defenders were then able to stand off the enemy until the arrival of Colonel Stuart and his volunteer company of sixty-eight men. The savages were soon defeated and at dark abandoned the attack and returned to their Ohio villages. Seventeen or more Indians were killed, and four white men.

Much was made of Dick's part in the defense of the fort, and his master later granted him his freedom as a reward. John Davis, husband of Jane, daughter of Ann Clendenin, gave a plot of ground on his farm about a mile and half from Lewisburg, and there the citizens built a cabin for Dick, where he lived the rest of his days. Anne Royall, in 1824, saw and talked with him, then a gray-haired man. She records that he did not

know his age but thought he had been about twenty-five at the time of the raid.

Poor old Dick—not the first man to be demoralized by too much praise—after he received his freedom, spent the remaining years of his life largely in a state of intoxication! Nevertheless, when he died in 1827, people, forgetting his later life and remembering when he was deserving of respect, buried him with military honors in the early Negro cemetery across the street from that of the Old Stone Church. It is said a son of Dr. McElhenney read the burial service at the grave.

Some time before the siege of the fort, Anthony Rader, of Rockingham County, having heard the rumors of threatened Indian raids on the Greenbrier settlements, had assembled a group of twenty-five Rangers and had set out across the mountains to help defend the outpost fort at Donnallys. However, the attack had already occurred by the time they arrived.

Anthony Rader determined to remain in Greenbrier, and the Donnally family, after such a harrowing experience, were doubtless only too glad when the opportunity to sell their land to the newcomer presented itself.³ Mr. Rader occupied the log house, and, according to Anne Royall, it was not only still standing at the time of her visit, but still in use by the Rader family.

It was about the following year (1825) that the fort was demolished and the logs of the main building used for a barn located about one hundred yards west of the site, where a door of the fort swung between the same logs as on the day of the raid.⁴ Logs of the kitchen were

³ Andrew Donnally later moved to Kanawha County.

⁴ Two of the doors from the buildings in the stockade may be seen in the state museum at Charleston.

used for other farm buildings by Archibald Rader, descendant of Anthony Rader.

Though all marks of this pioneer fort are now gone, the farm remains in possession of descendants of the Rader family, and the long narrow valley in which it is located is still called "Rader's Valley."

McClintic House

FIVE miles west of Frankford and not far from the site of Fort Donnally is a brick house, built, according to the date on the chimney, in 1829, by a Methodist minister, Robert McClintic, for his youngest son, Robert, grandfather of the present owner, Dr. C. F. McClintic, who with his sister, Miss Byrna McClintic, is living there today. Dr. McClintic is a man prominent in the state, former warden of the state penitentiary and at present the state health commissioner, with a national reputation for his scientific research and contributions to medical education. He has recently restored the two-story house, removing a porch and substituting a double portico, as well as making interior alterations. A partition, which made two front rooms on the first floor, was removed, leaving one large room the width of the house, with a handmade mantel at each end and stairs against the rear wall.

Situated on rising ground at a curve in the road, with fine view, the building faces east and is an unexpected and welcome sight for those passing on the near-by rather lonely road from Frankford to Fort Donnally.

Dr. McClintic, interested in historical matters, succeeded, about 1930, in salvaging a sufficient number of the original logs of the old fort to erect on his farm a little one-room cabin, where he keeps several relics of interest, including a lock from the door of Fort Donnally.

Littlepage House (Kirkpatrick)

TWENTY miles above White Sulphur and four miles beyond the village of Alvon, in plain view from the road, is the Littlepage House. Between the house and the road, lies Anthony Creek, and to reach the dwelling by car one must ford the creek. William Johnson was the first to settle upon this property, selling it in the early part of the nineteenth century to Adam Littlepage, who erected a large brick house in 1824-25. However, he remained in the locality but a short time, and the house is locally identified with the succeeding owner. Mr. Littlepage moved to Kanawha County, where his grandson, of the same name, became a lawyer of prominence in Charleston, state senator, and member of Congress.

The purchaser of the house from Adam Littlepage in 1830 was a miller by name of Thomas Kirkpatrick, who with his family had come to this locality in 1812. Anthony Creek had naturally attracted him, and on its banks he had built a stone gristmill, adding a sawmill shortly after, the first to be erected on the creek. There was another sawmill built in 1818 by John Holly, and still later a grist- and sawmill at the juncture of Little and Anthony creeks, all of which have now disappeared. This region, for the most part steep woodland, was rather sparsely settled, and this house is one of the few surviving homes of the first settlers. Even the usual early log houses are missing.

George Kirkpatrick, son of Thomas, was born in 1816 and married Belinda Dean in 1836. He succeeded

his father in the ownership of the mill and house, with its 220-acre farm, in addition to owning a second farm of 270 acres on Howard Creek. He had a family of fifteen children, four of his sons being later in Edgar's Battalion of the Confederate army. After the death of his wife he married Bettie A. Shanklin in 1866.

Appearing to have been distinctly "the people's choice" in all public affairs of the little community, he was eight years constable, eight years justice of the peace, four years secretary of the board of education, commissioner of roads, and postmaster—obviously a man of capabilities.

This old house, now occupied by Mr. Oscar Perry and his family, is being repaired and painted by them, after some years of neglect by former tenants. It is a tall two-story structure, with a one-story rear wing, which was used as the dining-room and post office of Lowery's Mill in the early days. The walls of the wing are not so thick as those of the rest of the house, being only two courses of brick. Doors in the end of this section once opened upon a porch, which now is gone. This wing must have been the first kitchen, as it has a large stone fireplace, and the adjoining room with cupboards is the logical dining-room.

Apparently, from a photograph in possession of the family, there were originally porches extending the full width of the house on both floors, but now there is no porch of any kind.

The front entrance door in the center of the house is put together with wooden pegs and is forty-five inches wide, its vertical panels having curved, cut-off corners. Features seldom seen are the heavy handmade, pointed iron straps on the door, which extend its full width and are curved at the end to form the hinge, plainly the work



Doorway — Elmhurst

of the local blacksmith. The old box lock is still in place, with its great pierced key, and instead of the usual small brass knob, there is an open circular pull handle similar to those used on early cupboards. Above the door is a glass transom.

The hallway, with rear door at the end, is not large, but there is a very good stairway with many square spindles, five to each step, and the usual storage closet is under the stairs. The rooms, floored with five-inch boards, are large, sixteen by eighteen feet, with ceilings of medium height and unusually low doorways. The room on the right has a mantel rather crudely carved, while that in the room on the opposite side of the hall evidences skill and refinement. The latter room, said by the present owners to have been used by "the old folks" as their bedroom, hardly gives the impression of having been built for such purpose. Rather, according to present day arrangement, it would seem to have been a dining- or living-room—though it was then a well-established custom for the "master" bedroom to be on the first floor and to be used by the entire family as the main living-room, it and the kitchen being the only two really warm spots in the house during the cold mountain winters.

The fireplace on the outside end wall is flanked on the left by a very attractive built-in cupboard, with glass doors above and solid doors below, which carries the same dentil carving at the top that is used across the top of the mantel. Both mantel and cupboard appear to be of cherry. Filling in the space on the opposite side of the mantel is another cupboard, very crude, with a decidedly "homemade" appearance, having solid doors at both top and bottom and bearing no relation, so far as harmony

goes, either to the mantel or to the other cupboard—indicating they were built at different times by different owners.

In this house there are decorative effects in wood-trim which are individual and have not been encountered by the writer in any other buildings. Such are in evidence on the glass cupboard doors, where thin curved pieces of wood about a fourth of an inch wide are worked out in an attractive design. These appear again in the front door transom, in the stairway casing, and, strangest of all, in the pairs of little windows in each end of the attic. These windows are not more than a foot square, and instead of being set in the wall in the usual manner, are in diamond shape. The wood-trim on these small-paned windows is not the same at each end of the house. After all, one can't see both ends at the same time, so what difference!

During the period of the Civil War, there was a square opening cut in the closet floor under the stairway, and a hiding place made for sugar and other food supplies. A similar opening was made in the rear of the lower hallway, while in the left bedroom above, a smaller space in which to conceal valuables was neatly cut out in the floor near the hearth, the space being carefully covered over with a rug.

A log slave house once stood some distance from the house, and various other outbuildings near by.

Across the fields is the burial ground of this large family, many of whose descendants still live in Greenbrier County. One of them, Dr. W. E. Myles, a great-grandson of Thomas Kirkpatrick, has in his possession the interesting notice of a sale held at the residence after

the death of Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, dated November 5, 1847, which advertised

A quantity of corn, oats and wheat, upon a credit of six months, the purchaser giving bond and approved security. Also at the same time and place will be hired for one year thereafter, 15 negroes of various ages and sizes of both sexes; the hirer will be required to give bond and unquestionable security for the payment of the hire and return of the slave or slaves.

Joseph Damron, Adm. of
Thomas Kirkpatrick, dec'd.

Governor Price House

STILL hanging over the mantel in his former home in Lewisburg is the excellent portrait of Governor Samuel Price, by Mr. Dietrick, of Baltimore. Painted in his later years when his hair was gray, it shows him to have been a distinguished and dignified man of good physique, with fine head and strong face.

Lewisburg is a town with a population even today of not more than two thousand, yet it has counted among its residents throughout the years a remarkable number of men of state-wide prominence. Such was the Honorable Samuel Price. Though not born in Greenbrier County, he spent the greater part of his adult life there.

While he was a small child, his parents, Samuel and Mary Clymon Price, moved from Fauquier County, Virginia, to Preston County, West Virginia. It was after Mr. Price began the study of law that he located in Nicholas County, and there became interested in politics, being elected to various offices, including that of membership in the legislature from his own and Fayette counties, in 1834. Still unsettled, he moved to Wheeling two years later. After his marriage in 1837 to Jane Stuart, daughter of Lewis Stuart and granddaughter of Colonel John Stuart, of Greenbrier, he moved to Lewisburg in 1838 and established his permanent home.

He again became active in politics and in ten years was once more elected to the legislature. In 1850 he was elected to the Constitutional Convention, representing six counties, including Greenbrier. In the Secession

Convention in 1861 he represented Greenbrier as a Union man, becoming a member of the all-important committee of twenty-one on Federal relations. This committee recommended against secession, but as Greenbrier County had voted almost solidly for ratification of the ordinance, Mr. Price signed it in accordance with the instructions of those whom he had been sent to represent.

During the Civil War Mr. Price, along with many other Confederate men of public life, endured some trying experiences. After the Battle of Lewisburg in 1862, his refusal to take the "test oath" of allegiance resulted in his being threatened with military prison and finally being taken to Charleston, where he was put in jail, though a friend later succeeded in having him paroled, to stay at a hotel, with the obligation of reporting every morning. This he did for several months. In 1863 Mr. Price was elected lieutenant governor of Virginia, with General William Smith as governor. He served until the close of the war and presided over two sessions as president of the Virginia Senate.

After the surrender of General Lee, Mr. Price was summoned to Richmond in order to convene the legislature for consideration of what action should be taken in the new situation. President Lincoln had advised the meeting with assurances that its members would not be molested. Receiving a pass from General Weitzel, Mr. Price rode all night on horseback to reach Richmond as soon as possible, but had barely arrived when word came of the assassination of President Lincoln. He at once returned home, but as a final indignity, with the disturbed national situation following such news, a squadron of cavalymen, arrested him and the then Confederate Senator Allen Caperton, taking them as prisoners to Charleston. It was to be several years before

a more normal attitude ensued and the danger of such actions was at an end. So late as 1869, when Governor Price was elected circuit judge, Governor Boreman refused to commission him because he could not take the ever troublesome "test oath."

In 1871 he was elected a delegate to the historic West Virginia Constitutional Convention, becoming its president. This year also saw the organization of the first bank not only in Lewisburg but in the whole region between Staunton and Charleston, with Mr. Price as president and J. W. Mathews as cashier.

In 1877, Senator Allen Caperton, of Monroe County, having died, Governor Jacob appointed Governor Price to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term. He served in this capacity until his successor was elected. This honor rounded out a life filled with public duties and responsibilities—a life and a man of whom Greenbrier County is justly proud.

Two years after coming to Greenbrier, in 1840, Mr. Price bought his home. A large and attractive brick house, just completed by a Mr. Myers, it was located on Court Street a short distance north of the courthouse. In the opposite direction, on the same street, he built the little brick office, still standing, which he used all his life as a law office, and his son after him—a quaint one-story building, with shuttered windows and a large chimney.

The Price house is on one of the typically large lots of Lewisburg, enclosed by the tallest picket fence in town, full fifty-three inches high, with a gate opening upon Court Street. The house happily does not face the street, but looks to the south, over a long stretch of heavily turfed lawn, encircled with a dense wall of maple trees.

This hundred-year-old building is singularly untouched, one doorway cut from the hall to the room on the right being its only alteration. The reason is, of course, that the house has always been owned by members of the family who have had the good taste to leave it alone. Even the one-story front portico and its companion on the side are still there. The roof being fairly low, the house appears square in front, with an ell on the left extending in the rear. There are twelve rooms and six chimneys. The heavy front door is surprising in that it does not have the horizontal panels which were customary, but instead has two vertical panels from the top to the bottom. It is forty-eight inches wide and still has its old knocker and large box lock with brass knob.

The woodwork is not elaborate, the mantels being quite plain. The paint from a built-in cupboard in one of the front rooms was removed in later years, and beautiful honey-colored maple wood was revealed. The cupboard doors, as well as all the other doors in the house, are put together with wooden pegs, and all are paneled with two long vertical panels. In the dining-room are pairs of recessed cupboards with solid doors and old brass latches. The floors are of pine, the boards about five inches wide.

In addition to the stairway in the front hall, there is on the right side of the house an enclosed stair, which has an outside door as well as doors opening into rooms on the left and right.

The outside door is most interesting, consisting of a pair of paneled French doors, with all the original hardware, very heavy iron slip bolt latches and lock, and a shield-shaped key escutcheon. This pair of doors opens into a square boxlike entry made of long green lattice

shutters, rather like a storm vestibule, in the middle of the small side portico.

An old brick walk led from the east portico to the large garden at the side of the house, forking to lead to the rear, where there is a patio arrangement unusual for this region. Using the rear of the house and the ell wing as two sides of a square, a low porch roof the height of the doorways is extended around both, and the third side of the square is enclosed by the rear walls of a row of low frame buildings used for various purposes. The fourth side is left open except for two small octagon-shaped brick buildings, once used as bath-house and smokehouse. The whole courtyard is paved in brick.

This attractive old house contains interesting family heirlooms, including the large mantel clock with painted glass doors and heavy iron weights, with which Governor and Mrs. Price started housekeeping and which still ticks away the hours.

The present owner of the property is Samuel Price Preston, a grandson, who inherited the property from his aunt, Miss Jennie Price. Governor and Mrs. Price were the parents of six children, S. Lewis, John S., Sallie, Margaret, Jennie, and Mary, descendants of whom are many in Lewisburg today.

Back through the fields to the northeast of Route 60, in the Richlands section west of Lewisburg, is a brick house built on one of the numerous farms once owned by Colonel John Stuart. In his will he gave this land to his son, Lewis Stuart, who in turn willed it, along with all of his property, to his capable and efficient wife, Sarah. A few years later, in 1841, she gave this farm of 568½ acres to her daughter, Jane, and the latter's husband, Governor Samuel Price. In the same year Governor Price built there a brick house for his two



Governor Samuel Price House

unmarried sisters. The property is still owned by members of the family, although it is used today only as a farm tenant house.

The dwelling is the usual one of brick, two stories high, with rooms opening from a central hall, probably two on each floor originally. Although it is now in bad condition, there are yet evidences that this was once a very good house—the wide floors, cupboards which appear to be of cherry, and the old box door locks with brass knobs. Windows on the first floor have long upper sash, containing nine small panes of glass, with only six panes in the lower sash. The second floor windows differ by having an equal number—six panes in each sash. There is no sign of a porch. The old rotted wood steps to the central front door are all but gone. A few feet from the back of the house is an ancient one-room log cabin, with an old cut limestone chimney measuring eight and a half feet wide and four feet deep—as straight and as solid as ever.

Captain Henry Erskine House

A LITTLE beyond the Governor Price House in Lewisburg, and on the western side of Court Street from it, stands a house, today dreary and unoccupied, which, when it was built over a hundred years ago, was referred to as a "mansion." Christian Varner, a hatter, and his wife, Elizabeth, came to Greenbrier from Rockbridge County, Virginia, filled with high hopes and visions of prosperity. They bought a large lot and started construction of this impressive brick home. But something happened—perhaps the Greenbrier Scotch-Irish were a little too much on the Scotch side and wore their hats too long! Anyway the house-building came to a halt, and the Varners sold the property in April, 1829, to Captain Henry Erskine, who completed the construction. Captain Erskine was a prominent man in the community, representing the county in the Virginia Assembly and later owning one of the largest merchandising establishments in the western part of the state. Mrs. Erskine was a granddaughter of Mrs. John Stuart.

A later owner of the house was Silas Boxley Mason, of Orange County, Virginia, one of the V.M.I. cadets who had survived the Civil War engagement at New Market in May, 1864. He was married to Lizzie Montgomery, and they moved to Lewisburg in 1881. Having a large family, and entertaining extensively, Mr. Mason began a complicated series of enlargements, alterations, and architectural changes. Originally the building had the simple, dignified lines of the well-built house of that time, with its white-columned entrance and green-

shuttered windows, but Mr. Mason wanted none of it. Iron balconies appeared, long narrow windows, bay, and even dormer windows in the third floor—a changed roof line, a one-story front porch with fancy wood grillwork. These and many other embellishments soon transformed its appearance. The cheerful white woodwork yielded to dark paint, and the tall trees shading the house heavily seem to make its many long, dark windows stare out all the more bleakly.

Jacob Hockman Stone House

THE massacre on Muddy Creek in 1763, which completely destroyed one of Greenbrier's first settlements in the Blue Sulphur district, could not have been so wholly successful had the Indians come in any guise other than that of friendship. But the pioneers were a brave and dauntless people, and, in spite of such terrifying occurrences, they continued to fight for the foothold they had gained in the wilderness. It was only a few years later (1772) that a lone man, Samuel McKinney, was building his cabin near the very spot of this tragedy. Others soon joined him, and it was not long before there were enough settlers to warrant the building of Fort Arbuckle on Muddy Creek in 1774 for their protection. A stone marker in a field on the hill near Blaker's Mill, not more than a fourth of a mile southwest from the Alderson road (State Route 54) now marks the site of the massacre and the fort.

Muddy Creek has not improved its habits, and today is as muddy as it was long ago, when it received its unlovely though appropriate name. This stream and its companion, Mill Creek, which joins it at Blaker's Mill, for all their lack of clarity, seem to have appealed to the pioneers—no doubt the chief reason being their suitability as gristmill sites. Most of these mills are now gone, although several of the early houses along these meandering creeks are still in existence. Muddy Creek was even of sufficient prominence to give its name to the long mountain to the southwest, Muddy Creek Mountain, a much more important mountain than it is

today, as the narrow old stage road of the early days wound a tortuous way across its steep and rocky ridges.

Near Alderson, on the banks of Muddy Creek, within sight of Route 54, still stands one of the early gristmills of the county, built by Jacob Hockman, the first German settler in the valley. This mill, which served the neighboring settlers of long ago, is said to be about 150 years old and is still grinding cornmeal, flour, and buckwheat "every day but Monday," according to the sign on the old divided "Dutch door." Operated as "Hockman's Mill" by the builder during his lifetime, it has been known for many years since as "Blaker's Mill" and is still owned by J. L. Blaker.

Jacob Hockman did not do the usual and unimaginative thing of building his house close by the mill. Instead, he ignored his personal convenience and carefully selected a site with a fine distant view, high on a hill a quarter of a mile from the mill. It is reached by a very rough and seldom traveled little road turning left along the creek, with a sharp rocky climb to the house. This road continues on as a short-cut to the Blue Sulphur road and may be traveled, provided one's car is of a lofty vintage and one's fortitude of the hardy, pioneer type. A total disregard of being shaken limb from limb and of the car's being shaken spring from spring is essential.

One of the best of the earliest stone buildings in appearance and preservation, the house is unfortunately almost unknown beyond its immediate neighborhood because of its inaccessible situation. Originally the road, the indentation of which is still visible on the hillside, passed on the western side, and the house faced in that direction, but later the road was relocated on the eastern side, and the house forced to reverse its entrance in

order to present its face again to the highway. This necessity, of course, caused much shifting about inside—the great wide, heavily battened, and iron-strapped front door was left as it was, however, and became the “back door,” while the new front door at the opposite end of the hall was of no distinction whatsoever. The stairway, of course, could not have its back to the front door, so, it, too, was reversed to the other end of the narrow hall, facing the present northeast entrance.

Two bits of wisdom were learned by these early builders—first, to place the house slightly below the crest of a hill in order to escape some of the severe winter winds and, second, to take advantage of the hill-side slope to build one or more rooms at least partially underground, and both features were employed in this house.

The exact date of its building is unknown, but in the 1790's is likely. O. W. Kittinger, of Alderson, who reached an advanced age and who wrote many articles on the early life of the county, stated in 1928 that the house was then nearly 150 years old. This, however, was hardly correct, as Mr. Hockman was not the original patentee, but purchased the land, 365 acres on the west side of the creek, in 1794 from George See and his wife, Patty, for “5 shillings current money of Virginia to them on hand paid.” This tract, for which See had received a patent bearing the date of September 17, 1792, adjoined lands of Peter Shoemaker and John Wilson and included the survey made in 1751 for Frederick See—one of the few recorded victims of the Muddy Creek massacre, which occurred on his land.

Built entirely of the granite-like native limestone, with very large stones predominating, the house, well constructed, of generous size and good proportions, is

two stories high, with steep roof above a large attic. Extending from one end of the house is a one-story kitchen wing, while at the opposite end where the ground slopes more steeply, there is a cellar room below, with hard earth floor. This room has a large fireplace opening into an amazing chimney, nine feet wide, which rises at that end of the house. Beside the chimney on one side, there is a small window, and on the other a heavy outside door. Doubtless this room was once used for weaving, as marks overhead show the placement of a loom.

The walls of this pioneer home are over two feet thick, the actual inside measurement of the window sills being twenty-one and a half inches in depth, an impregnable fortress. When erected, the interior of this house must have been most unusual and pleasing, as all that is original is well done and in good taste. There are large hand-carved mantels, well designed and more restrained in feeling than many of those seen in the later brick homes. Door and window casings, stair rail and spindles, paneled doors and low wainscot, all are of beautiful wild cherry (differing from our native cherry), very dark with age, and said to have been imported from Germany by Mr. Hockman. All of the nine rooms except one or two still have their wide floor boards.

Only one room, upstairs in the rear, has its original plaster. The other rooms present an appearance gloomy beyond belief, the reason being that about forty-five years ago the property was owned by a man (let him be nameless!) who cut the timber on the land, and, having quantities of wood then on hand, was seized with the idea of doing something revolutionary to the house. The results were appalling. He had boards painstakingly cut about four inches wide, and covered every bit

of plaster in the house with wood, except in the one room mentioned, not only the walls, but ceilings as well. Then the crowning touch was achieved by staining it all a dull dark brown against the soft old maroon of the cherry, thus turning the entire house into a veritable dungeon.

It was at that time, so the present tenants believe, that the road was changed and the house made its about-face, the stairs reversed, and the long porches added across the front on the first and second floors. Exhausted, no doubt, after his orgy, this man and his ideas then moved on to more inspiring fields of conquest, the succeeding purchaser being Harvey Lewis, a Hockman descendant.

The property is now owned by Mr. Andrew H. Gwinn, of Lowell, West Virginia, and his tenants, the A. L. Miller family, have occupied the house for twenty years.

The will of Jacob Hockman¹ is on record showing his wife to have been named Mary and his three daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, and Susan. Apparently there were no sons, which lack gave the daughters a double share of work to do and explains the thrifty miller's aversion to prospective suitors and the attendant prospect of losing his daughters' good services. Two young men, John and Abram Argabrite, sons of a neighbor, Jacob Argabrite, worked for Mr. Hockman on his farm, and, notwithstanding the parental disapproval, John asked to marry the daughter Mary. Her father remained firm and said "no"; he wished his girl to stay at home to help him.

¹ His first wife was Gertrude, eldest daughter of Isaac and Esther Coffman, early Mennonite settlers of German descent, who had come to the Fort Spring section in 1788, locating on a farm not far from Stuart Manor. Michael, a brother of Gertrude, married a sister of Jacob Hockman, making a double relationship. He remained on the Coffman lands, which are yet occupied by descendants, though the first log house was torn down some years ago. A frame house, seventy-five years old, is still in use. On top of a near-by hill is the Coffman cemetery, the largest family cemetery in the county.

The romance flourished, nevertheless, and the lovers were only waiting an opportunity to elope. It presented itself when the unsuspecting miller told John he was going to send him to Richmond with the four-horse covered wagon to get the year's supplies. John and Mary were jubilant! It was all planned. Mary was to ride the wheel horse beside him in the day and sleep in the wagon at night, while he gallantly slept on the ground under the wagon. He was to drive off alone until out of the neighborhood, then stop and unhitch, leaving the "leaders" with the wagon, while he returned home after night with the other two horses for Mary.

All went well until poor John, very nervous and unaccustomed to elopements, made such a clatter in getting Mary's sidesaddle out of the barn that he was discovered by the father, and the cat was out of the bag. Mr. Hockman, however, realized he would be defeated eventually, and said, "Go on back, John, and take care of me team, and when you get back home from Richmond you may have me gal Mary."

This marriage must have turned out satisfactorily, and Mr. Hockman must have recognized the hopelessness of trying to keep his daughters, for later he consented to allow John's brother, Abram Argabrite, to marry Elizabeth, and in his will, written in 1832, in which he divided his property among his wife and daughters, he gave to Elizabeth the land upon which the stone house stands. In this will Jacob speaks of himself as "far advanced in years," but he evidently lived ten years longer, as the will was not probated until 1842.

It was Elizabeth who also received the great old family clock, the first eight-day German clock brought to Greenbrier. Reaching from floor to ceiling, the clock had works of brass and weights of tin filled with sand

and gravel. The case was the same dark rich cherry as the wood in the house. L. E. Johnson, a great-grandson, living in Alderson, later became the owner of this interesting heirloom.

Old Jarrett House

THE name of Jarrett was early associated with Greenbrier County. The pioneer, James Jarrett I, a French Huguenot, escaping from the Reign of Terror, came from Marseilles to America, and stopped first in Pennsylvania. Dissatisfied there, he continued on until he had crossed the western mountains into Monroe County (then Greenbrier). There on the banks of Wolf Creek in 1771 he built Jarrett's Fort, which on one occasion, during an Indian raid in 1774, had the distinction of being commanded by Daniel Boone.

Mr. Jarrett left Wolf Creek in a few years and moved to lands on the banks of Muddy Creek four miles north of Alderson and about a mile from the Blue Sulphur road, where, on the hillside overlooking the creek, he erected his permanent dwelling. This house, built about 1799, still stands, although its original appearance and proportions have been long since obliterated. The first part of the house was built of logs, followed by a stone wing and the addition of a large stone chimney. Finally it was weatherboarded, some of the stone section was covered with plaster, and high above ground a long porch was added across the front.

James Jarrett was twice married, first to Elizabeth Griffy, a devout Presbyterian, who, in spite of Indians still lurking about, was such a conscientious person that her habit was to rise very early on Sunday mornings and walk the twelve miles through the forests, over Muddy Creek Mountain, to church in Lewisburg. She would not ride a horse because she felt the tired horses

needed their day of rest—her own day of rest being an unknown luxury no doubt! It is easy to see where some of the characteristics for which the Jarretts are noted were acquired, their perseverance, endurance, and long life.

The second wife of Mr. Jarrett was Rosanna Vincent, and, although these wives each bore twelve children, only one son of this enormous family remained in Greenbrier County, James II, who married Ruth Gwinn in 1803. Like his father, he was thrifty and industrious. He added more lands to the large acreage his father had acquired and became even more prosperous. At the beginning of the Civil War he owned over forty slaves, many of whom remained loyal to the family and were given land, and care for some years after the war, until they became adjusted to their new freedom. A number of them are said to have journeyed back regularly to see "Ole Massa and Missus" so long as they lived.

The old Jarrett house is still owned by descendants, although occupied by farm tenants, who point out, farther up the hill, behind the house, in the vegetable garden, a weathered stone, without name or date, as the grave of the pioneer, James Jarrett I.

As the first McClung settlement in the county was in the neighborhood of Blue Sulphur (noted under Morlunda) and the property of the McClungs and Jarretts adjoined, fifteen hundred acres lying between Muddy and Mill creeks, what more natural than that Joseph Jarrett, born in 1811, the son of James Jarrett II and Ruth Gwinn Jarrett, should marry Malinda McClung (1834), the daughter of Ned and Sallie Viney McClung. She is referred to as "a fine woman," and the story is told of her kindness in caring for the sick soldiers who were encamped near Blue Sulphur Springs in 1862.

They were regiments of South Carolina and Georgia volunteers, and these Southern boys, unaccustomed to the mountains, suffered greatly in an epidemic of camp fever caused by exposure. Mrs. Jarrett went daily to prepare food and nurse them. A hundred or more of the men died there and were buried on the near-by hillside of Captain George Buster's¹ property, in coffins made out of benches from the cottages and buildings of the once gay springs resort.

The small two-story log cabin of the Joseph Jarretts is still in existence. It has recently been repaired, and a new roof and a little white-columned portico added. It is today occupied by Lewis A. Fleshman. It is standing in full view above the Blue Sulphur road, a few miles north of Alderson.

Malinda Jarrett's mother was a daughter of the pioneer, John Viney, who settled in the county in 1775. His 125-year-old cabin still stands in the Rich Hollow, with the shadow of Muddy Creek Mountain at its back. The cabin of logs was later enlarged and weather-boarded, one large stone chimney torn down, and a small one erected—although the oldest part of the house still retains its large stone fireplace and iron crane. In one room the interesting square-cut and beaded ceiling beams are preserved, as well as the original wide floors. The name of Viney is now extinct in this locality, and the house is today owned by Mrs. Lucy Tuckwiller and occupied by her son, William Tuckwiller, and his family.

¹ George W. Buster, born 1803, was a son of Major Claudius Buster and Ann Chilton Buster, who was a daughter of Dr. Samuel Chilton and Lucinda Blackwell Chilton. George Buster was sheriff of Kanawha County, and later became owner of Blue Sulphur Springs, where he died in 1868. His wife was Virginia W. Hamilton, daughter of Jacob and Delilah Jarrett Hamilton and granddaughter of the early Greenbrier pioneer Major William Hamilton.

Muddy Creek Stone House

A LITTLE farther along the rough dirt road from the James Jarrett House and in sight on a near-by hill, is another early stone house. It is unique in that it is constructed of smooth stones picked up from the bed of near-by Muddy Creek. The creek is crossed here by a small covered bridge which admits its age and decrepitude by a prominently displayed warning sign, "No load over 3 tons"! None of the building stones is cut, and they present a very pleasing color variation with their brown water-worn surfaces. The well-laid walls are singularly put together with cement made of ashes and sand and still appear true and sturdy.

This abode, perched towerlike on a bluff high above the road, has first-floor windows and front door unusually high above the ground, with a small porch whose long flight of steps is so steep as to seem almost a ladder. Marks on the house indicate a different original porch roof line, although the wood of the present porch is very weathered and old. There were no doubt four rooms, two on each floor, with no hall and the stairs boxed in at the corner of one room. The rooms are of medium size, with fairly low ceilings, the mantels and cupboards quite plain, though the doors are paneled walnut. A one-story kitchen of brick was added years later. The steep front slope of the hill gave space for a large room partly underground, these convenient rooms being always included when the contour of the land permitted. They were used as loom rooms, kitchens, and butteries, for storage of vegetables and apples, for whatever was

most required, and usually, but not always, they had only dirt floors.

This compact little house occupied a good vantage point, commanding a lofty view of road, bridge, and meadow, and could not have been approached by any undetected Indians. The date when it was built is not known, nor its builder, although the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Harvey, who purchased it in 1909 from John Lewis, say a former owner was named Argabrite. One of the early and prominent settlers in this section was Jacob Argabrite, Revolutionary soldier, born in Virginia in 1760. He died at the age of eighty-four (1844) and is buried in the Jacob Hockman family burial ground a few miles away. According to his will he had ten children: Betsy Sydenstricker, Martin; Mary Ann Lewis, who was the wife of George Lewis, son of John; Catherine Dunbar, who was deceased; John (Colonel), who married Mary, daughter of his neighbor, Jacob Hockman; William, who was deceased; Abram, who married Elizabeth, another daughter of Jacob Hockman; Rebecca Rodgers; Isaac; and Samuel.

Frequent references in county histories indicate the original Argabrite homestead was in this locality near Clines bridge, but the house is no longer in existence, and it is thought to have been destroyed by fire.

John Argabrite, son of Jacob, was born in February, 1797, and became a colonel of the Virginia Militia, taking an active interest in politics and holding various public offices. He and his wife, Mary Hockman, may have built this house, as her father in his will, written in 1832, states he had previously given two tracts of land to his daughter, Mary Argabrite.

Colonel John and Mary Argabrite had a number of children. The first was Jacob Hockman Argabrite, born

in 1821, who never married. He is said to have had an early love affair, but when the parents refused to allow a marriage, the lovers each vowed never to marry anyone, and neither did. According to Cole's *History of Greenbrier County*, "he lived to old age with his brother, James M., in the old home, of which he was part owner."

Then there was Phares G. Argabrite, who married Rosanna Jarrett, daughter of James Jarrett, "and lived in his home on Muddy Creek." Some say this little house is a Jarrett house. As James Jarrett I had only one son to remain in Greenbrier, what more likely than that his father should have given him the land upon which to build this house? Certainly it was originally owned by a member of the Argabrite, Hockman, Lewis, or Jarrett relationship, and the writer has finally given up the struggle to solve the mystery.

William Jenkins House

IN Lewisburg, on Washington Street, at the corner of Holt Lane, shaded by tall trees, stands a large brick house known today as "Colonial Inn," now owned by Mrs. Marcus Dillon. It is one of the fine old homes of the town, remodeled to suit a more modern plan of living, though retaining a colonial exterior design. The former double portico was replaced by much more imposing two-story columns to the roof line, and the second-floor doorway, instead of opening upon a porch, now opens on a small circular balcony. Additional windows have been provided, a sunroom at one end, and a porte-cochere at the other. A wide, open flagstone terrace extends across the front of the house, giving an unobstructed view of the fine old oaks outlined against the sky.

Numerous persons have owned the property. It is thought that the builder of the house, in 1834, according to the date cut in a brick in the wall, was William Jenkins, who had once owned five acres of land in the eastern end of town, of which this one acre lot was a part (designated as Lot 18 on the Shanklin plat). He lived but a short time at this location. It was the following year that a changing series of ownerships began. Mr. Jenkins sold the property to the Lewisburg merchant, Thomas Creigh, Sr. Mr. Creigh conveyed it two years later to his son, Dr. Thomas Creigh. Then came an interval of twenty-one years before it was owned by Mr. John W. McPherson, next Judge Adam Snyder was its owner and for a time made it his home. In 1874

it was purchased by another of the State's distinguished men, Judge Homer A. Holt, and in this house was born his grandson and namesake, Homer A. Holt, a recent governor of West Virginia (1937-41). The house is still thought of locally as the Holt House.

In 1834, at the time this house was built, Lewisburg had a population of about 750 people and boasted three hotels, six stores, one printing office issuing a weekly newspaper, two tannery yards, three saddlers, four blacksmith shops, two coppersmiths and tin plate workers, three bricklayers, four house carpenters, four tailor shops, and two wagon-makers. And it had three physicians and seven lawyers. The lawyers, being so much more numerous than any other professional class, must have been situated somewhat as the two shipwrecked families who eked out a miserable existence by taking in each other's washing!

Callison House

THE Callisons and the Brights are frequently spoken of jointly, and the fact that the son of one family married the daughter of the other hardly seems fully to explain the custom. The two families surely had some mutual feeling that drew them together. Perhaps each still had the love of England in their hearts, though the Callisons had left England for Ireland, and the Brights had long before gone from England to Germany in search of religious freedom. Both families found their way to America at an early date, the Brights to Pennsylvania, and the Callisons to Tennessee.

A son, David Bright, came to Greenbrier in 1784, bringing with him, according to tradition, a famous family heirloom desk said to have accompanied the family from England to Germany and, with later generations, to America. In his will, recorded in 1808, David left the desk to his wife, and it is today still in the possession of a Greenbrier descendant, Mrs. Henry Gilmer, of Lewisburg.

Michael, son of David, married Sarah Price, daughter of Samuel Price. Her grandfather, William Price, a weaver by trade, was one of the earliest settlers in this region (about 1746), and it was for him the well-known Weaver's Knob was named. Michael and Sarah Price Bright had a daughter, Margaret, who married Elisha Callison, youngest son of James and Elizabeth Callison (born 1792) and the first of the family to settle in the county. Here he became a leading citizen, serving as a

representative in the Virginia legislature, and as a colonel in the War of 1812.

A characteristic story is told of him. He lived on a farm about two miles north of Lewisburg, and there raised fine cattle, which he drove to the market of Philadelphia. Each year his neighbors entrusted to him their cattle to take along with his own, which service he willingly did. (Neighbors are like that in Greenbrier.) Without thought of personal danger, he returned from these long, dusty, tiresome trips laden with large sums of money to distribute. One day the neighbors became most perturbed when they discovered he carried no weapon of defense against possible robbery, and upon his next trip they insisted that he purchase a pistol in Philadelphia.

On his return they gathered around as usual to receive their cattle money, and at once inquired, "Well, Colonel, did you get that gun?"

"That I did," he answered, and when asked where it was, he said, "Right here, men, right here." With that, he got out his saddle pockets and unloaded bag after bag of money, till at last, safely stowed away beneath it all, he unearthed the gun!

The Callisons had five sons and three daughters, and later the homestead was occupied by their grandchildren, the Gilmers.

The house, on Route 219, still stands, facing green fields, where once the old road wound past its door. The present owner is Miss Cosby Brewster, unrelated to the family. It is a modest little frame house, with low ceilings, small dormer windows with tiny glass panes, wide floor boards, and one especially well-carved mantel—quaint and old and interesting.

Simon Acres House

SINKING CREEK, in early days called "Milligan Creek," has the habit of disappearing underground, then finding its way through the numerous caverns which underlie this region, and unexpectedly coming to the surface once more. Opposite one of these spots where it emerges from its rocky tunnel, across the Greenbrier River on a high shelf of the mountain west of the village of Fort Spring, is the Simon Acres House. Primitive and interesting, it is spoken of as the third oldest house in the county. Certain it is that Simon Acres was a very early settler and one whose name appears in the only preserved enumeration list of Greenbrier County, that of 1783. The name Acres, however, is no longer heard in the county today.

Considering its age, there have been surprisingly few owners of the house. Acres sold the property to Dr. John McElhenney, and he in turn to William Newton. A daughter, Ruth Alexander Newton, married James Curry, and the house became known as the Curry Home. It is still owned by the family and is occupied by Mrs. Lulu R. Curry, an energetic and kindly lady who cans much fruit and makes many lovely quilts and coverlets. She is a granddaughter of William Newton.

When first built, this house of logs had one huge room below, with only a ladder to climb to the room above. There were no nails in the house, of course, the beams, cut with a hand adze, being put together with round wooden pegs. The wide floor boards, which are still intact, were sawed by whipsaw. There are chimneys of

handcut limestone and large fireplaces. One of the doors still has its handmade iron "H" hinges, and the thick front door, which a later addition to the house now makes an inside door, is referred to as an "Indian door," the usual type of door paneled on one side, but heavily battened diagonally on the other, and reinforced with large handmade iron straps. This door shows marks where it has been struck by many Indian arrowheads. The portholes originally around the walls testify to the fact that this remote and early log cabin served as its own fort.

After Mr. Newton purchased the property he made a number of changes, dividing the house into rooms and plastering and weatherboarding it the year after the Civil War. A pair of very steep narrow stairs replaced the ladder, a low paneled wainscot was added, and other alterations, including a new room or two, were made.

The Newtons were English people, who had come to the county from New Jersey at an early date (1788) and were members of the Presbyterian Church during the first pastorate of the Reverend John McCue. Their large family included the parents of Mr. Newton, as well as his two sisters, making a sizeable addition to that first small congregation.

As was usual in those days, Mr. Newton had near his home a distillery—long since gone—where he made apple brandy, and even yet one of his blown-glass flip tumblers remains on a shelf in one of the rooms of this house.

This was a favorite stopping point for Dr. McElhenney when riding over the mountains, visiting the scattered settlements of his pastorate, and the dish invariably requested by the Doctor for his supper was "panada."

A well-known concoction in those days, given from babyhood to old age—the only variation being in the amount of “strengthening” added, which started with a few drops and was increased according to one’s age and capacity—“panada” consisted of a generous bowl of excellent “salt risin’ ” bread covered with hot milk and “flavored” with apple brandy.

Dr. McElhenney always stopped with the Newtons for Sunday dinner, conducted a service, forded the river on horseback, and reached Lewisburg many miles away for his evening appointment. This fine old man was indefatigable and never spared himself in serving his people. Even the most strict of his congregation would surely not begrudge him his dish of “panada.”

Dr. McElhenney was not the only traveler who enjoyed this mountain home. Dr. Milton Wylie Humphreys, an eminent scholar of world-wide prominence in Greek, chemistry, physics, and calculus, spent many summers here. He especially enjoyed inviting large groups of his friends for a fish fry, and then dazzled them completely by waiting till everything was in readiness but the fish, when he would carelessly stroll to the river and in thirty minutes catch all the fish his guests could consume. There wasn’t much competition then in fishing in the Greenbrier, so perhaps this isn’t so much of a “fish story” as it sounds!

Nesmith House

IN Lewisburg, on the northern side of Washington Street and a few doors above Lee Street, is a charming brick house almost concealed in the summer by tall trees and the vines which climb over its walls. It is built fairly close to the street, the lot, enclosed with white picket fence, extending deeply to the rear, where there is the original brick kitchen and a small log slave house.

The property first belonged to John McClanahan. In the settlement of his estate in 1823 it went to a son, John G. McClanahan, and then to James B. Bowlin, builder of the first house on "hard scrabble hill," located a few doors below on the Lee Street corner. Other owners followed—Farnsworth, then Hogshead, and next, in 1838, Jacob Smith, whose deed is the first to refer to a dwelling, "it being the lot on which said Smith now lives." In all probability, the reference was to the log cabin, as Smith died shortly after the purchase, and the property that same year was acquired by Oliver Beirne.

James H. Nesmith appears as the succeeding owner in 1849, and it is thought he was the builder of the house, although it may have been the previous owner. Mrs. Nesmith, nee Simms, is said to have come there as a bride, and to have planted sprigs of boxwood from her bridal bouquet at each side of the door. These sprigs grew to be handsome trees of a height reaching the second floor, but in 1918 they suffered the disastrous fate that befell the many fine old boxwood plantings in Lewisburg, a bitter freeze destroying them all.

Mrs. Nesmith's bouquet could hardly have retained its freshness while a large brick house was being constructed, so, obviously, if tradition be true, the house was already built when she appeared on the scene. Whether built by her bridegroom before their marriage or by a previous owner, it was certainly in Mr. Nesmith's possession from May 19, 1849, to 1885, when the property reverted to the Beirne family in the settlement of the Nesmith estate.

It was later acquired by J. J. Echols, and under his will his daughter, Miss Sadie M. Echols, became its present owner. Miss Echols in recent years has made great improvements, removing a long porch across the front and replacing it with a portico having a gallery around its roof similar to that which was originally on the house.

The house in reality is three stories high, the portico being several feet above the ground level, thereby giving the usual space for cellar rooms. Several further alterations have been made. A narrow front hallway was eliminated, and the partition removed in order to enlarge the two first floor rooms; new floors were laid over the original wide boards; and a dining-room wing was added, with rooms above lighted by dormer windows. The room on the right of the entrance has an elaborately carved mantel, the others being more simple. The windows are rather large, with a white panel above them, and are divided by small panes and trimmed with green shutters. The outside end walls of this house are unusual and are somewhat similar to those in the Creigh house. They rise much higher than the roof and descend to the eaves in three steps from each side of a tall, centrally enclosed chimney.

Osborne House

LEADING north from Court Street in Lewisburg, and then west, the narrow and rocky Feamster road—now impassable at one end—was once much better and more traveled. It led past a few farms, winding over the hills and through the fields, to return to the main highway (Route 60) a short distance west of town, near the Tuckwiller Tavern. It is the road that led to the site of the log building erected in 1783 to house the first Presbyterian congregation west of the Alleghanies, organized that same year by the pioneer minister, the Reverend John McCue, who became the first pastor. Some years later the building was burned, its successor being the historic Old Stone Church of Lewisburg.

Not a log is left of this little building, which stood high on a hill near the road, about two miles north of the town. All that remains today are a few graves marked by weathered stone, with no names and no dates, but in this field where cattle are grazing, lie the ashes of a number of the earliest pioneers of the county. The owner and first settler of the farm, whose cabin apparently stood a few yards west, as indicated by an old apple orchard and near by spring, was the Reverend Josiah Osborne, a Baptist minister from the South Branch of the Potomac River. He and his wife, Nancy Margaret, daughter of James Bowen, had five children, two sons and three daughters, of whom the daughter Betty married Arnold Henning, brother of the well-known chairmaker, Tommie Henning.

Betty's brother, George Osborne, married Sarah Alderson, daughter of the organizer of the early Baptist

churches of the region and founder of the town of Alderson. Their marriage in 1782 was the first to be recorded in the county clerk's office. George continued to make his home on his father's land, and in 1818 received a deed for "the same land on which he now lives."

It was either the father or the son who within the next few years built a brick house which still stands, located on higher ground, a short distance west of the apple orchard. Two stories high, with five original rooms, in addition to attic and cellar, it is shaded by a giant oak tree whose trunk, three feet above ground, measures sixteen feet and two inches in circumference—a magnificent specimen.

The house, occupied by farm tenants, is now disintegrating but still shows it was well constructed and possessed good interior details, although frame additions of various ages and shapes have been attached here and there. Mantels in the two lower rooms are hand-carved in attractive design and, together with the baseboard, are painted black spattered with white, in excellent imitation of marble. The rest of the woodwork in the central hall and lower rooms is of robin's egg blue, apparently the original color. The floors consist of wide boards, the doors are large and paneled, and the usual chair rail extends around the walls.

A small portico shelters the front entrance. The shutters have nearly all disappeared.

George Osborne apparently married a second time, as a deed is recorded in which he and his wife Mary conveyed the farm to Joseph Feamster, for whom the road was named, the farm ever since having been known as the Feamster land. Mr. Feamster died in 1877, and his daughter, Mrs. F. W. Taylor, of Morristown, Tennessee, is the present owner, although she has never lived on the place.

Captain Samuel Williams House

NEAR the Monroe County line, south of the Greenbrier River, in Irish Corner District, and on a hilltop, with fine, sweeping view in all directions, is a very early house. One leaves Route 60 at the village of Caldwell and after a few miles turns east at a fork in the road between Caldwell and Organ Cave, down a narrow valley, and in two or three miles the house is in view on the right, high against the sky. The steep and deeply rutted lane leading to it must be climbed on horseback or on foot. One wonders if once there was not an attempt made to beautify this narrow approach, for there are old apple trees, plum, wild cherry, dogwood, and many other flowering trees growing in the tangle of weeds along the split rail fence on each side.

The house faces the east and is master of all its surveys. One end consists of the original log cabin, with its large stone chimney, and extending from it is a later two-story weatherboarded addition with small windows, low porch, and stone chimney at the end.

Now owned and occupied by Mrs. R. L. Boone, this is considered the earliest house standing in this part of the county. It was built by the Revolutionary officer, Captain Samuel Williams, a pioneer settler in 1785, who received a grant of 390 acres of land from the Commonwealth of Virginia in 1787 and built the log house about that time. Captain Williams was the first sheriff of Greenbrier County and was a private in Colonel John Stuart's Company at the Battle of Point

Pleasant and later captain of a company of county militia.

He married a widow, Sabina Stuart Wilson, sister of Colonel John Stuart. Their daughter, Margaret Lynn Williams, married Thomas Creigh in 1801, and the names of their nine children are given in the Montescena sketch following. Four years before his death, in October, 1818, Captain Williams married Sallie Cox. The last of the Williams descendants to own the old homestead was a great-grandson of the pioneer, Reverend Abner A. P. Neel.

The Creigh Family

Merchants and Physicians

THE Creigh family of Greenbrier was one of prominence, wealth, and esteem. The pioneer, Thomas Creigh, born 1766, a Lewisburg merchant for fifty years and a large landowner, came from Antrim County, Ireland, in 1792. He married Margaret Lynn Williams, daughter of Captain Samuel Williams, also an Irish pioneer, in 1801. Her mother was Sabina Stuart Williams, sister of Colonel John Stuart. The Creighs first lived in a cluster of log cabins opposite the Patton House, on the west side of Jefferson Street, near the corner of Washington, and he conducted a store in the south end of the building—the first store in the village. Later, Mr. Creigh purchased a large log house located on Lot 34 (of the first town plat) at the southwest corner of Market, facing Washington Street, and occupied it as his residence, while his store stood on the corresponding eastern corner (now the location of the Pioneer Drug Store building).

About 1845 the building was remodeled and the store operated by Bell and Montgomery. It stood until 1897, when it was destroyed in the town's worst fire. According to "Zimmerman's Notes" of 1882, "Thomas Creigh, Colonel Charles Arbuckle and Tommie Reynolds were the merchant princes of the region, and next to the Academy their stores were considered the greatest thing in the county." Colonel Arbuckle's store and residence was the Henderson Bell House on Market Street, a building

part log and part stone on the site of the present Lewis Theatre.

The Creighs were the parents of nine children—John S., born in 1804, who married Delilah McClung, of Nicholas County, in 1830; David S., who married Emily J. Arbuckle; Dr. Thomas II; Charles; Lewis; Jeanette, who married Reverend David R. Preston; Jane, who married Judge E. R. Watson, of Charlottesville, Virginia; Sabina, who married Charles Lewis; Sabina L., who married Dr. John R. Woods.

Thomas Creigh II (born 1812, died 1877) studied medicine, graduating from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Over a period of years he built up the largest medical practice in the county.

Dr. Creigh had become owner of his father's log house, and in 1804 conveyed it to Albert G. Williams. It was doubtless the latter who in a few years erected there a tall, three-story "store house," as these combination buildings with first floor storeroom and second floor living quarters, were called. Remaining its owner until 1874, Williams then sold it to Thomas A. Henning, the famous chairmaker, then an elderly man, who occupied the upper floor as his dwelling, while George W. Henning utilized the storeroom.

Mr. Robert White, now 77 years old, yet remembers being sent as a child upon errands to this store. Most persons remember only a later ownership, that of the 1880's, when it was the W. W. Moore Drug Store and residence.

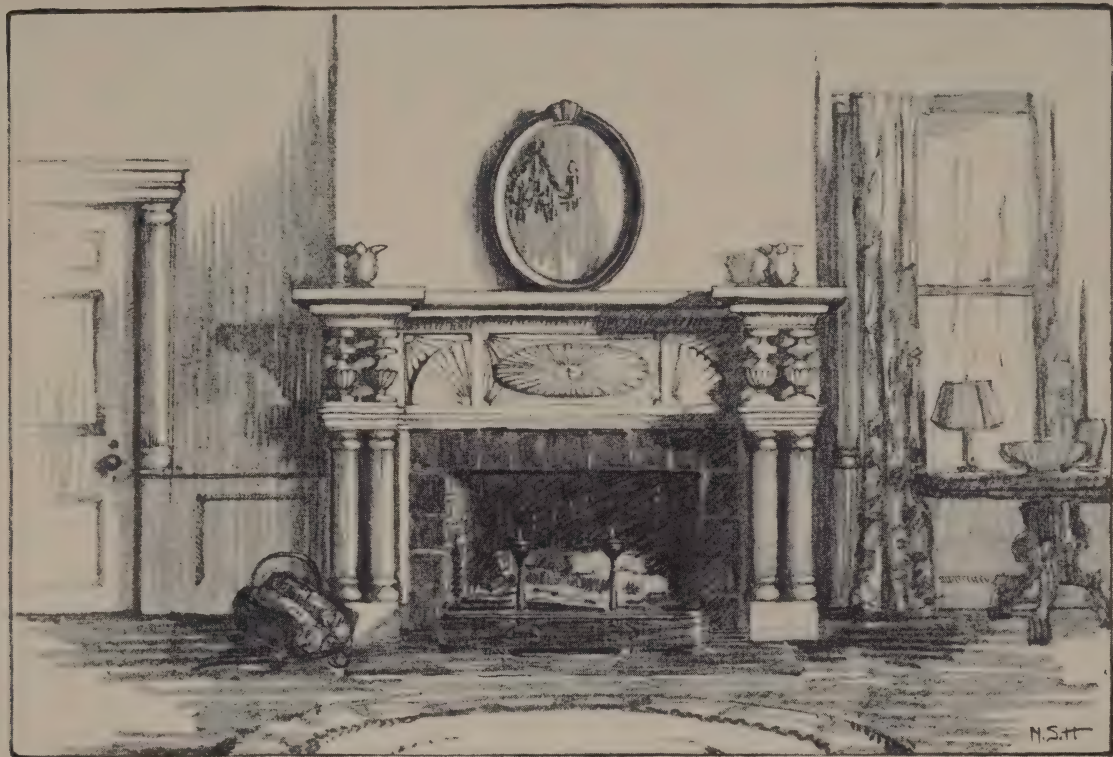
The building still stands, although it has undergone a terrific metamorphosis, even to the addition of a gleaming black glass front, and is now used as a restaurant. Large and square, built directly on the sidewalk, as were a number of the early brick "store houses" in the

business section of the town, it originally had an attractive wrought-iron second-floor balcony which overhung the sidewalk.

Within the last three years the town council, fearing there was danger of this balcony's falling and causing injury to pedestrians, had it removed. It was so secure that the removal proved a very difficult task, but with the aid of acetylene torches, hammers, and crowbars, the destruction was finally accomplished, the iron brackets and much of the railing being hammered to pieces and broken.

The pieces were later rescued and purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Goldthorpe, who were then constructing a new home in Charleston. At a great deal of expense, the heavy iron pieces were hauled 110 miles to Charleston, and there were welded back together and new brackets made to replace those ruined by the torches. Now this lovely railing, with its graceful curves and clustered grape design, is painted white, and adorns the second floor balcony of their artistic "Monterey" type house, lending a very distinctive touch to its charm.

Dr. Creigh married twice, first, Mary Withrow, daughter of James Withrow, Sr., and, second, Sarah F. Lewis, of Mason County, a daughter of (Colonel) Andrew Lewis and granddaughter of Colonel Charles Lewis. Their home for many years was in the William Jenkins House (now Colonial Inn); which had been conveyed to him by his father in 1837. Selling the property in 1856, he bought a farm two miles south of Lewisburg, where he lived until after the Civil War. The house on this farm is of brick plastered over, and still stands at the northern end of the county fairground, between Lewisburg and Ronceverte. It was later owned by Mrs. Caroline Bloomer, who named it "Tallassee."



Parlor Mantel — John A. North House

This was the Mrs. Bloomer who at different times also acquired the David Creigh farm and "Tuscawilla," owning all three farms at the time of her death in 1886.

Dr. Creigh's generosity in frequently refusing to charge for his professional services, coupled with the inability to curb his hospitable impulses, crippled him financially and, with the later ravages of war, finally deprived him of his fine estate. He was a cultured man, a good speaker. He represented the county in the legislature several times, and wrote for the medical journals for many years. He was the first president of the Greenbrier Medical Association, serving over a long period. During the Civil War he was a surgeon in the Confederate army.

A well-known story told of another physician of that period, Dr. Simpkins, gives light on medical study of the time. With a mind eager to learn, Dr. Simpkins had a desire for research and was accordingly very anxious for a human subject upon which to improve his knowledge of anatomy. A negro slave, Tom, was condemned to be hanged for a murder he had committed, and the execution was to take place in Lewisburg in 1824. Dr. Simpkins purchased Tom's body from him, the purchase price stipulated by Tom being that the doctor provide him with all the gingerbread he wanted to eat from the day he was sentenced until his execution. Dr. Simpkins carried out his part of the bargain, and Tom stuffed himself daily on gingerbread.

After the execution and the later completion of the dissection, the doctor mounted the skeleton on wires and hung it on a door that opened into the rear of his waiting room, where it would be convenient for study. But many a patient unknown to the doctor, catching a glimpse of

this gruesome, however scientific, specimen, fled before his turn to consult the doctor ever came!

Other early physicians of the county were Dr. Samuel Feamster, Dr. Harry Feamster, Dr. Hugh Wilson, and Dr. Joseph Caldwell, the last being also editor and publisher of the first county newspaper, the *Palladium of Virginia and Pacific Monitor*, a copy of which is in the county museum at Lewisburg. The publication, for all its formidable title, was barely two sheets, eighteen by eleven inches. Then there were two other Caldwell's physicians, one of whom was a woman, Dr. Mary R.—certainly a unique distinction at that time.

Montescena and Its Tragedy

David S. Creigh, brother of Dr. Thomas Creigh, was born in 1807. He was first a merchant and then a farmer. Quiet and unassuming in manner, he rather shunned public life, but was appointed to the county court as magistrate in 1838, and upon the adoption of the Constitution of 1850 was elected to the same office by the people, and continued to be re-elected up until the time of his death. He was frequently urged to accept other public positions of honor and distinction, but owing to his desire to lead a quiet life, he could never be induced to consider them. He was a religious man, an elder and one of the most active members of the Old Stone Church.

Mr. Creigh married Emily Arbuckle, a daughter of Captain Charles Arbuckle, in 1833, and they were the parents of eleven children—Cyrus, Thomas, Charles, Rufus, David, Christopher, Lockhart, Egbert, Margaret, Mary, and Elizabeth.

David Creigh built his home halfway between Lewisburg and Ronceverte, to the west of Route 219—a farm always spoken of as the “David S. Creigh place,” though

a later owner in her will (1886) refers to it as "Montescena," meaning "mountain table land." It is today owned by Mrs. W. F. Boone, who occupies it with her daughters, Misses Io and Neva.

The fine brick house, reached by a long lane through surrounding level fields, is shaded by tall trees, its wide lawn enclosed with a white fence. Facing the distant highway, it has a broad view of beautiful cultivated farm land. Passing the farm on the side is the road to Fort Spring and the farm later owned by Mr. Creigh's friend, John W. Dunn. The house is three stories high, with a two-story rear wing. The end walls, extending higher than those in the front or back, descend from the enclosed white-capped central chimneys to the eaves in three steps on each side—a roof line quite unusual in Greenbrier. The roof in front is sloping, with two large dormer windows. The windows in the end walls are spaced in a very peculiar pattern, one in the center at the top, then two directly below it, and two again on the ground floor, all in a group in the center of the wall.

There have been numerous changes in the house, including the unfortunate removal, during one of its later ownerships, of the hand-carved mantels and their replacement by those of more "up-to-date" vintage that had large inset mirrors. The portico was also removed, and supplanted by a larger porch. More recently still, the latter has been removed, and in its stead there is now a flagstone-paved terrace porch with very long steps. Large, square wood columns extend to the roof, while a circular balcony makes a pleasing finish to the door on the second floor, all of which greatly alter the appearance of the building.

The location and the house are very delightful, and one finds difficulty in realizing this tranquil spot was

once the scene of an unfortunate and distressing occurrence, the results of which shocked the whole county and cast the shadow of righteous indignation and sorrow over the entire community.

An account of this happening, written by W. H. Syme, of Lewisburg, is given in a little volume, called *The Sunny Land, or Prison Prose and Poetry*, by Colonel B. H. Jones, a lawyer of the same town, both of these men having been friends of Mr. Creigh. Other accounts appear elsewhere, with variations, but this seems to be that generally accepted. There is first a lengthy story of the life of Mr. Creigh, his exemplary standing as a citizen, his fine character and unquestionable private and family life, showing the high regard in which he was held. Then the following happenings are recorded:

It was on November 7, 1863, the day following the Battle of Droop Mountain, twenty-three miles north of Lewisburg, that the defeated Confederates retreated through Lewisburg pursued by General W. W. Averell. Mr. Creigh, entering his home, was met with the news that a Federal soldier was in the house ransacking the premises, and at that very moment was in an upstairs bedroom breaking into trunks and using insulting language to Mrs. Creigh and her daughters, one of whom was ill with fever.

Mr. Creigh drew a small pistol which he carried, and immediately went upstairs, confronted the looter, and ordered him to desist. The soldier, then attempting to open the trunk of Miss Lewis, a young lady employed as governess in the family, demanded the keys, but Mr. Creigh stated the trunk was the property of a lady under his care, and refused to produce the key or to leave the room as the soldier ordered. Instead, he "snapped" his pistol at the soldier, who fired in reply, the bullet hitting the wall.

Struggling and fighting for possession of the gun, they fought down the stairs into the front hall, in which struggle the gun was discharged and the soldier shot. Staggering on the porch, he fired at Mr. Creigh, the bullet going into the upper part of the front door. At this point a negro woman, old "Aunt Sallie," having secured an axe, was standing at the door with it in her hand and crying, "Master, he will get up," and begging that Mr. Creigh strike him with the axe. It was taken from her hand, and the marauder forthwith dispatched.

With the Federal army in the vicinity, a trial of the case by a civil court was impossible. After consultation with the neighbors, it was decided to dispose of the soldier's body secretly on the premises, which was done. However, the secret was not kept, as a hired laborer told the matter to a negro slave boy, Erasmus, who belonged to a neighbor.

When the Federal troops returned to Greenbrier the following May and established a camp under General Averell at Bunger's Mill until early June, the colored boy determined to run away. Wishing to curry favor with the Federal officers to prevent being returned to his master, he revealed to them the whole story and the location of the body. Search was made by the soldiers, and the remains found.

Thereupon, Mr. Creigh made a candid statement to the military authorities, declaring that he considered himself justified in what he had done and that he would do the same to any looter, whether Federal or Confederate, under the same circumstances. He was then arrested and, with his wife and two daughters, was taken to headquarters at Bunger's Mill, the women being compelled to ride several miles behind the guard on horseback, starting after ten o'clock at night.

After their arrival, however, they were not permitted to speak to the prisoner, nor were they asked any questions nor allowed to make any statement. Mr. Creigh asked that his good friend and neighbor, John W. Dunn, be called as a witness, and he was sent for, but was not permitted to answer any questions. The next day Mrs. Creigh and her daughters were sent the four miles home on foot.

The troops departing that day, Mr. Creigh was forced to march on foot to Staunton, a distance of one hundred miles, where the forces under Averell joined the army under General Hunter. Leaving Staunton on Friday, June 10, the troops proceeded up the Valley toward Lexington by various roads, and on Sunday, June 12, General Averell was camped on Hay's Creek, about two miles below Brownsburg. Mr. Creigh was kept under guard in a negro cabin close by, and though repeated efforts were made that night to visit him, they were in vain, except that of a chaplain, the Reverend G. G. Osborne.

A little after sunrise the next morning he was brought out under guard, placed in a wagon, conveyed about a quarter of a mile north of the house, and there upon a tree this man was hanged. As soon as the army had departed the body was taken down, wrapped in a blanket, and buried on the spot until better arrangements could be made. In the disturbed condition of the community, nearly all the male population being absent, it was not until Thursday that a coffin could be procured. By that time one of the sons of Mr. Creigh in General Breckinridge's Army, learning the fate of his father, had arrived and was present when he was suitably buried in the New Providence churchyard in Rockbridge County.

In accordance with Mr. Creigh's own request made in a touching letter written to his wife just before his death, his remains were later disinterred and brought to his home in Lewisburg, where on Sunday morning, July 31, 1864, escorted by a funeral procession more than a mile in length, he was buried, surrounded by his friends, in the cemetery of the Old Stone Church, where the inscription on his monument reads:

Sacred to the Memory of
David S. Creigh
Died as a martyr in defense of his
rights and in the performance of his
duties as a Husband and Father.
Born May 1, 1809, and yielded to his
unjust fate June 11, 1864, near
Brownsburg, Va.

Mr. O. O. Kittinger, of Alderson, published in the *West Virginia News*, county newspaper published in Ronceverte, on February 21, 1925, an article called "Some Unpublished History of the David S. Creigh Tragedy of 1864," which was a reply to a previous article of January 24, 1925, appearing in the same paper, by Andrew Price, lawyer, editor, antiquarian, and writer, of Pocahontas County, entitled "Bit of Greenbrier County History." Mr. Kittinger takes exception to certain of the statements made by Mr. Price in regard to the Creigh story, stating that, a boy of fourteen at the time, he had been present with his father at the trial of Mr. Creigh. Although writing when an elderly man, his recollection of a tragedy which occurred when he was fourteen years of age would seem likely to have been more accurate than memory of events occurring later in life. Certainly he gives details which not only do not appear in the accounts by Mr. Syme and others but vary greatly from them.

He states that the soldier appeared at the Creigh home carrying a bridle in one hand and a heavy pistol in the other, demanding all the valuables, including the fine horse in the stable. First ransacking downstairs, he went to the second floor to the room where Mrs. Creigh was sitting with her ill daughter. When Mr. Creigh arrived, the man, surprised, threatened to kill him, and Mrs. Creigh, who was behind the soldier, sprang up and caught the pistol from the rear. The gun was discharged, and the soldier struck in the breast. Mr. Creigh then clinched with the man, and they, with Mrs. Creigh, all rolled and struggled down the stairs, trying to gain control of the pistol, a second shot striking the soldier in the abdomen.

Just then Mrs. James Arbuckle, a neighbor, came into the hall and rushed to assist them by catching the man's ankles and pulling his feet from under him, but he was dead before they could drag him to the door. The colored woman, Sallie, went for an axe, but the man was dead when she returned. She told Caesar, a negro belonging to the Edgars, that Creigh had killed the Yankee, and Caesar reported it to Averell, who sent soldiers to arrest him.

Mr. Kittinger further states that the trial occurred upstairs in Wallace Robinson's store at Bunger's Mill. When the trial was over Mr. Creigh "shook hands with John W. Dunn, Geo. L. Knapp, S. S. Hern, George W. Kittinger (my father) and myself, a little boy of fourteen. I shall never forget when he placed his hand on my head and said, 'good bye, my little boy.'"

This tragic event caused tremendous feeling in the county, the general sentiment being that Mr. Creigh had done no more than any man would have done in defense of his home and family; that he had been denied



Arthur W. Reniers

Feamster House

counsel or proper trial; and that his execution was carried out without sufficient military consideration or even knowledge of the War Department, the only authority being the orders of General Hunter, who appears personally to have ordered the execution, Generals Crook and Averell being opposed. Some persons felt the looter was not a regular soldier, but a thief who had donned the uniform to assist him in his plundering of homes. His identity was never established. The County Court and the Session of the Old Stone Church each expressed itself in resolutions on the martyred death of Mr. Creigh.

When Hunter's army retreated through Lewisburg from Lynchburg late in June, 1864, a Federal chaplain, named Roger Hart, came to the home of Dr. McElhenny to dine, but when he discovered he was in the home of the friend and pastor in whose church Mr. Creigh had been an elder, he refused to break bread under that roof. Before departing, he wrote a "poem" upon the unjust fate of Mr. Creigh, expressing his own shame that Federal officers under whom he served had been responsible for the ruthless treatment and death of this respected and martyred man. His lines end

For war hath no word of a fouler deed
than the murder of David Creigh.

The Diamond House

ON THE old dirt road to Blue Sulphur, not far from the Campaign bridge across Muddy Creek, there stands, in a beautiful green lawn, surrounded by ancient locust trees, a brick dwelling spoken of as the "Diamond House," which is different from any other in the county. Resting on a limestone foundation, it occupies a bluff above the road, and, although two stories high, it is now a rather small house, with only four rooms, two on each floor, and cellar rooms. Originally it was larger, with separate brick kitchen and service buildings. There is no porch and no indication that there ever was one. In the center of the front wall, the wide door of black walnut, with its five long panels, circular top, and circular brick trim above, opens directly from the yard, with no portico or protection from the weather.

Had there been such a portico, it would have detracted from the ornate and very unusual brick design which gives the house its name. Beginning at the roof and almost touching the ground across the front, are four large interlocking diamond chain designs worked out in blue glazed bricks laid endwise, while the rest of the brickwork is of the customary red bricks laid lengthwise. In the end walls of the house, where the tall brick chimneys are covered with ivy, there are also blue bricks inserted at intervals, giving a rather spotty effect. The diamond design is so odd it is difficult to describe in an intelligent manner.

Family tradition is to the effect that, to start with,

this diamond design had not been intentional. The bricks were burned on the site by the slaves of the owner, Mr. Connor, and unfortunately were not burned enough. In other words, they were underdone. Mr. Connor recklessly ordered the rails of the new fence he was building used to make a hotter fire. The results were equally unsuccessful, for this time the bricks were burned too much and came out glazed and blue. There was nothing to do then but make the best of it, so Mr. Connor did a clever thing, and used his "overdone" blue bricks as trimming, in a design that looked intentional and no doubt made his house the admiration and envy of all the countryside.

This house is said to have been one of the very earliest of the brick houses in the county, which circumstance possibly explains the inexperienced brickmaking. It was built about 1812, at the time the old Academy building and the home of Dr. McElhenney were erected. With walls two feet thick, it is most substantial today, the original plaster still intact. There are three small, green-shuttered windows above and one on each side of the entrance door. The door once opened into a short central hall, the partition of which was later removed. The doors are of black walnut, the windows, about forty inches from the floor, and the paneled wainscot below them, also of walnut. Even the sills in the basement are of this wood—so rare today that one thinks of it only in connection with antique furniture! The carved mantels, as was customary, were made of softwood and painted.

The farm was purchased by John Connor (born 1774) from John and Elizabeth Patterson, in 1808, and it was he and his wife, Mary Carraway, who built the house shortly afterward. The Connors were very early settlers,

having been married when he was twenty and she eighteen years of age. Their eleven children, as well as their grandchildren, lived and died here. A great grandson, Charles E. Connor, was one of the later owners of the old stone Edgar House in Lewisburg—the Lewisburg Hotel.

The present owner of the house and one tract of the once very large farm is Mrs. Vivian Wood, of Alderson, the occupants today being Mr. and Mrs. James J. Fleshman and their family.

It was on this farm that the last Indian attack in the county occurred in 1780 (referred to in the description of Morlunda), in which Samuel McClung, father of Colonel Samuel McClung, was slightly wounded, and Mr. and Mrs. Mundy were killed.

Willow Brook Farm

HIDDEN behind the trees, far back from Route 54, and a few miles north of Alderson in the vicinity of Blaker's Mill, is the old Feamster place, known as "Willow Brook Farm," which has remained in the family since 1775. There is a tradition—though an unlikely one—that the house was first built on the opposite side of the road and later moved to its present location in the meadow. Certainly with the limited facilities of pioneer days and the endless supply of timber, it would seem to have been much easier to erect a second house than to move one already erected. However that may be, its present site is a very attractive one, with the brook winding through the meadow.

The original log section of the old two-story house is in the front, a side porch and rooms at the rear having been added later. Its overhead beams exposed in the living-room, its huge stone fireplace with keystone and iron crane, the well-carved mantel, low ceilings, wide floor boards, small windows, enclosed stairs—steep and narrow—to the rooms above, are all interesting and add to its charm. Virginia creeper clambers over the house to the roof, and ancient towering lilac bushes and other shrubs fill the yard.

The Feamsters were Scotch, Thomas first settling in Augusta County, Virginia, on Cow Pasture River, before 1750. A family custom of naming the first son of each generation William was early established. The Greenbrier pioneer, William I, born in 1740, a son of Thomas, was married to Mary Black when he came to the county, and they had six children. He acquired many

separate tracts of land, some in partnership with others. The deed for this property, upon which he built his cabin, was obtained in 1775. On near-by Mill Creek he also erected a small log fort, all trace of which has long since vanished. In 1784 he was appointed to "view the way for a wagon road from Keeny's Mill to John Stuarts," and at a court held in Greenbrier in 1800 there is an order stating,

Wm. Feamster, Gent., was duly qualified to his office of a magistrate and took the usual oath according to law.
Present, Wm. Feamster, Gent.

He was married a second time to Mary Fulton, and they also had six children. At the time of his death in 1801 his estate was larger than any appraised up to that time, or even beyond 1820. He owned, among other chattels, "six slaves, twelve horses, forty-two cattle, a yoke of oxen, twenty-two sheep, thirty-one hogs, forty geese, a still and thirty gallons of brandy, fourteen books, one clock, watch, five guns, a pistol," large poster beds, gold not weighed but estimated to be 29 pounds and 14 shillings, more than 28 pounds of silver, notes to the amount of 1,289 pounds, and a long list of farming and household articles.

His son, Thomas (born 1770), qualified as administrator, and purchased the interest of most of the heirs, continuing to live at the homestead. He died at the age of sixty, having, like his father, married twice, leaving a family of eight children and a yet larger estate than his father—his slaves, numbering 20, 19 horses, 112 cattle, 92 hogs, 152 sheep, a still and 60 gallons of brandy, and other possessions in proportion.

The eldest son of Thomas, William II (born 1797), married Patsy Alderson, granddaughter of "Elder" John Alderson, the pioneer founder of the Baptist Church in this region and of the town of Alderson.

They made their home at the old Feamster place and, true to tradition, left a large family and much property. His son, Lieutenant Thomas Lewis Feamster (born 1829), was among the first from his native state to volunteer at the outbreak of the Civil War, joining Company A, afterward the 14th Virginia Cavalry, a regiment in which he was first lieutenant, with his brother, S. W. N. Feamster, as second lieutenant, and his brother-in-law, Moorman White, as captain. This regiment belonged to McCausland's brigade, which won renown as part of General J. E. B. Stuart's famous hard-fighting cavalry.

Some of Lieutenant Feamster's military experiences are thus related in Cole's *History of Greenbrier County*: "Just after the Battle of Gettysburg, at Big Stone Church, Maryland, he alone captured an officer and three men, taking the sabre of the officer and a pair of pistols from each of the men, while his own pistol was out of commission and useless. The sabre and one pistol are yet in possession of the family." At another time, "when scouting alone near Lewisburg, within the enemy's lines, he suddenly saw ahead of him on either side of the road a company of Federal soldiers. Drawing his coat tightly around him, and spurring his horse into a fast run, he shouted at the top of his voice, 'The Rebels are coming,' and so passed through the camp, causing consternation among the Yankees until he was beyond danger of capture."

At one time it seemed he led a charmed life, for once "in Maryland, Lieutenant Feamster was riding ahead of his detachment, pursuing a squad of the enemy, when he passed through a cut at the top of the hill, and was attacked from all sides at close quarters. One ball passed through his hat, one through his necktie, one struck his

saddle pommel, and another cut the skin of his horse's knee, but the rider was unhurt." In 1864, however, he was less fortunate, and while on duty near Rock Creek, at the time of General Early's advance on Washington, he was severely wounded in the neck and lower jaw. But he lived for more than twenty years afterward, leaving a family of nine children, the sixth generation of this prolific family.

His brother, Lieutenant Samuel William Newman Feamster (born 1836), was also a brave and efficient Civil War soldier. His first service was at Philippi and in Randolph County, where he was very active. His captain being in bad health, Lieutenant Feamster was generally in command of the company. It was in this campaign that General McCausland is credited with saying of him, "Newman Feamster can fight like the devil and run like the wind!"

There came a time, however, when these valuable qualities did not help him. During Early's campaign in the Valley, in 1864, Lieutenant Feamster was shot through the body and badly wounded. Managing to stay on his horse, with the support of one of his men, he rode ten miles before receiving medical attention. He recovered from this wound and continued his duties to the end of the war. His regiment having been transferred to Beagle's brigade at Petersburg in March, 1865, he was in the final retreat to Appomattox and at the surrender on April 9, 1865.

The old Feamster home, where many generations have been born and have died, is still owned and occupied by descendants who cherish its history and associations. Miss Pattie Feamster, Miss Anna Warwick Feamster, and Miss Lucille Feamster, children of S. W. N. Feamster, are its occupants today.

Johnston Reynolds Mansion

THE Johnston Reynolds house, erected in 1835, is located in Lewisburg about midway in the block on the north side of Chestnut Street, which runs east and west between Jefferson and Lee streets. It is a house lacking in what is lavishly available in Greenbrier—a beautiful view. Having three acres in its deep lot, it was built at the foot of a steep rise in the street, not far from the sidewalk, the length of its long lot behind it, and with only its splendid old trees to compensate. Yet the house in its prime was one of the loveliest in the town.

The builder, Johnston Reynolds, born in Russell County, Virginia, about 1790, came to Lewisburg as a pupil in the old Academy under Dr. McElhenney. He later married Miss Minnie Blain, of Lexington, and became a practicing attorney, succeeding John A. North as clerk of the Court of Appeals in Lewisburg in 1858. It is said he saved the records of the court from destruction during the Civil War in 1862 by loading them in a two-horse wagon and taking them to Pittsylvania County, Virginia, to the home of his adopted daughter, Mrs. Thomas F. Hamner. He was then a man over seventy years of age, and it may have been the exertion and anxiety of the trip that cost him his life, as he died there very suddenly of apoplexy.

Built of brick, the house is square and well proportioned, with pairs of inside chimneys piercing the roof. In reality it is three stories in height, although it does not give such impression. The front door, high above

ground, is reached by a long flight of steps to a veranda three-fourths of the width of the house, which is supported by round columns and has well-carved cornice and an attractive railing. The height of the porch from the ground is broken by shrubs, and one does not realize that there is an entire floor below.

The entrance leads into a large hall-like room, with three rooms opening in the rear, the floor above having corresponding rooms, parlor, living-room, and bedroom.

The basement level is reached by stairs from the end of the front hall, and one descends to an interesting series of rooms. There is a hall-like room across the front, with a small, brick-floored room at the end, and opening from it, under the porch, is a smaller storage closet.

To the rear of the hall are two very large rooms with an outside door opening upon the rear lawn. These rooms have built-in cupboards beside large, carved mantels, the one on the right being especially large, although mantels in other rooms are rather small, with grilled iron fire-fronts and brick hearths. It is said this room was used as the dining-room, with the kitchen also on this floor. However, in the yard there is a two-story brick slave house that is still standing and very substantial, and the original kitchen was probably there.

The windows are all large and divided into small panes, with no shutters, though there were such when the house was built. The floors are of six-inch pine boards. In the entrance doorway are glass side panels with an over-door glass, and the old door with large lock and reeded casings is very good.

The house has had a bay window added on the front, but otherwise the usual architectural changes that frequent ownerships almost inevitably bring, seem absent.

The red brick years ago was painted gray and recently has been freshly painted when certain repairs were made by new purchasers, the County Board of Education, the house now being in use as its offices.

The property was acquired in 1874 from the Reynolds estate by John S. Price, son of Governor Samuel Price and father of Mrs. John Dice, of Lewisburg. Mrs. Dice's birth and the death of her mother shortly after, occurred in Wheeling, Mr. Price having moved there soon after purchasing the property. After the death of Mr. Price, the place was purchased by Mr. John A. Preston and is today spoken of as the Preston house.

Mr. Preston, son of the Reverend David Preston, of Tuscawilla, had entered the Confederate army at seventeen as a private in the 14th Virginia Cavalry, under General McCausland, and saw much hard fighting. After the war he attended Washington and Lee University, following which he studied law under the Honorable Samuel Price, of Lewisburg, whose law partner he became from 1873, following his admission to the bar, until the death of Governor Price. He married twice, first Sallie Lewis Price, daughter of Governor Price, who died, leaving two sons, Samuel Price Preston and James Montgomery Preston. In 1892 he married Lillie Davis, daughter of Honorable John J. Davis and sister of Honorable John W. Davis, there being two sons also born of the second marriage, John J. Davis Preston, who became chairman of the West Virginia Public Service Commission, and Walter Creigh Preston.

Mr. John A. Preston was a very cultured man, a student of the Civil War, and considered one of the best-informed men in the state on the political history of southern West Virginia. He served Greenbrier County as prosecuting attorney several times, and also was in

the state senate and house of delegates. His death occurred in 1917, after which his widow left Lewisburg, making her home in Charleston with her son until her death within the last few years. Mrs. Preston often regretfully told her friends that when she first went to live in her Lewisburg home, like most brides, in her desire to have everything new and different, she had the "American Scenery" paper removed from the walls of this house and replaced with something more "up-to-date."

McClung Street Brick House

McCLUNG Street, in the southern end of Lewisburg, is a short thoroughfare running between Jefferson and Court streets, not far from the knoll where the McElhenney home stood, and doubtless the latter and the Samuel McClung brick house near the corner of Court Street were the only two buildings in that locality for many years. When an attempt is made to differentiate McClungs, one is soon lost in a maze of similar names, without even a middle initial as a clue, so it is quite obvious why the members of the family were promptly endowed with nicknames—"Curly," "Long Billie," "Red Sam," "Charley Fox," "Devil Sam," and others—in order that a confused populace might know one from the other.

There has been a genealogy written on the McClung family, but even after reading it, the writer confesses to uncertainty as to which of the Samuel McClungs built this particular house, though a McClung himself says it was "Red Sam," a son of Charlie, whose father was "Red Headed" Joe! He had purchased the land (two acres) from Ballard Smith, in August, 1822, and it is thought the house was built shortly after, remaining in the McClung family for many years, descending first to W. F. McClung, a son, after the death of Samuel in 1876. In 1919 it was owned by Lee Reid Maxwell, and in 1939 was sold by him to Dr. Allen E. LeHew, the present owner.

The house, shaded by tall trees, is rather large, with a rear wing and with a pair of wide brick chimneys at

the left end. The roof, above a third floor, is very steep. Unlike many, this house is low on the ground, and its proportions are also unusual. It is not so wide in front as is common in old houses, having but three windows on the second floor and two on the first. With the steep roof and the tall chimneys rising above it, the ends of the house are exceptionally high for the width.

The entrance door is near a corner, rather than exactly in the center, a positively unheard-of departure from the traditional. It is deep set, with circular over-door glass trim, and around it and also around the window casings there is a curved moulding similar to that of two or three of the better-built homes of the period. A one-story portico probably once covered the front entrance, though later there has been erected a large porch, with railing around its roof. It extends across the front of the building and around the end, and breaks the line of the most distinctive feature of the house—the pair of fine chimneys.

The walls of the house are fifteen inches thick. Since the entrance is at the corner, the hall and stairway are against the right wall, and two rooms open to the left. The floors are of pine, with wooden pegs, the wide paneled doors of ash, and the mantels hand-carved, with reeding and hatching, one having a carved leaf design in the center. A later frame addition in the rear has a built-in black walnut cupboard and door sill.

Charles, one of the early McClungs who came first to Greenbrier, pushed on west to the Kanawha River and was one of the first settlers in Charleston, the present capital of West Virginia. In 1789 he assisted in felling the first trees and erecting one of the first cabins, and later, when the town was laid off, he purchased lots 17 and 18 on Front Street (Kanawha Boulevard) and

Truslow Street. He was commissioned a justice of the peace for Kanawha County by the governor, and in 1789 was clerk of the first court, at which Daniel Boone was appointed lieutenant colonel of the county.

There have been many outstanding men among the McClungs, but certainly everyone in Greenbrier will agree that the most colorful among them was "Devil Sam" (Samuel, born 1799, died 1888). His physical appearance alone was exceptional—a veritable giant of a man with massive chest and powerful lungs, who always wore a loose hunting shirt and moccasins. His reputation as a practical joker was county-wide and earned him his nickname. Many of his amusing exploits are still remembered.

One day "Devil Sam" was seen going toward home as fast as his horse could travel, holding a large hat box extended at arm's length. One person tried to stop him to speak to him, but he boomed forth, "No time now; can't stop," and spurred his horse on.

The farther he went the more attention he received, until finally all the neighbors were much agitated and called out to know whether anyone was sick or dying.

"Devil Sam's" reply was, "Nō, I've got a new hat for my wife, and I've got to get it home to her before the style changes!"

Once when "Devil Sam" was on a hunting trip alone, he was spending the night in an abandoned mountain cabin, and became very ill with a terrific colic, in fact, so ill that he was positive he would never live till morning. He began thinking about his family and how they would not even know what killed him. With this gloomy thought to sustain him, he struggled to the fireplace and, taking a piece of charred wood from the grate, wrote on the wall, "I died with the colic. Devil Sam."

The epitaph survived for a long time—and so did the “deceased.”

Some years later, however, when the end was actually near for “Devil Sam,” he was visited by the minister who, after a few preliminary remarks, said, “Well, Brother McClung, have you made preparation for death?”

Sam’s reply was, “Yes, I had the boys repair the road to the graveyard just the other day!”

The Lewis Family

George Lewis House

COLONEL John Lewis I, from County Donegal, Ireland, came to America in the late 1720's and according to Peyton's *History of Augusta County* was that county's first white settler and founder in 1732. There he established his home, in the present town of Staunton. The wife of John Lewis I was Margaret Lynn, daughter of the Laird of Loch Lynn, a woman of great refinement and high character.

Much has been written of this famous colonizer and his four sons, Thomas, General Andrew, Colonel William, and Colonel Charles, a group of men, distinguished both in civil and in military life—explorers and surveyors, soldiers, officers, landowners, members of the Virginia Convention and of the House of Burgesses; men of culture, background, and ability.

This family, though already settled in Augusta County, had the pioneer impulse to learn what lay on the other side of the western mountains, and the father and sons lost no time in acquainting themselves with the region embraced by the present counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, and Monroe. Tentative hunting and exploring trips along certain of the creeks were first made; afterward, the extensive and officially sponsored journey of exploration by the son, Andrew Lewis; then the tremendous surveying task undertaken by the father and sons between the years 1749 and 1753.

Others were also becoming interested as a result of syndicates formed at that time to sell lands, and many of the first purchasers, including the Lewises,

secured acreages from these land companies. Thus the connection of the Lewis family with this locality was formed, although the only member to make a settlement was the son William. Thanks to the family exploring trip, he had discovered the potency of the waters of the Old Sweet Springs in Monroe County (then Greenbrier) and secured lands surrounding the spring, occupying at first the log cabin of the previous owner.

He began the development of a resort at the springs, and later built for his home a stone house which he called "Lynnside" from the family name of his mother. Unfortunately, the house was burned and replaced by one of brick. It, too, suffered the same fate in recent years, and a second brick house of somewhat similar design was later erected on the site.

When General Andrew Lewis assembled his troops at the old log fort in Lewisburg in 1774, he must have felt a sense of confidence in the realization that, to a certain extent, he was on familiar ground, even though he did not know what dangers lay ahead.

After the Battle of Point Pleasant the ties binding the Lewises to Greenbrier grew more personal and close, first with the marriage of the young widowed daughter of General Andrew Lewis' brother, Thomas, to Colonel John Stuart, and in later years by two other marriages between the families, that of Margaret Lynn Stuart, daughter of Colonel John Stuart, to Colonel Andrew Lewis, son of Colonel Charles Lewis (1802), and that of her brother, Lewis Stuart, to Sarah Lewis, granddaughter of Colonel Charles Lewis.

The various Lewises persisted in naming their sons "John," no son, grandson, or great-grandson apparently feeling he had done his duty by the family until he had a son duly designated as "John"—no helpful middle

name, just good, plain "John Lewis." Little did they dream that later much would be written of this important family and that genealogists and historians for years to come would consume countless frustrated hours in tracing the various relationships. It is small wonder that writers have been lost in the labyrinth, and many errors have been accepted as fact.

There was an early settler in Greenbrier by the name of John Lewis, and much research has led the author into nothing but confusion in the attempt to ascertain his ancestry. One writer says the Lewis family, of Greenbrier, originated from a John Lewis, one of three brothers, John, George, and Benjamin, who came from the Valley of Virginia at an early date. Cole's *History of Greenbrier County* states that John Lewis, the founder of the family in this county, is a descendant of the Augusta Lewises; that he was a captain in the Battle of Point Pleasant and an officer in the Revolution, commanding at Monmouth June 28, 1778. Morton's *History of Monroe County* gives almost the same data as to John Lewis, son of William, who spent most of his life at Sweet Springs! He, too, was in the Battle of Point Pleasant, was an officer in the Revolution, and fought at Monmouth! Then there was the officer John Lewis, son of Thomas Lewis, who was wounded at Point Pleasant and was also in the Revolution, with Washington at Valley Forge and at the surrender of Cornwallis, while *The Genealogy of the Lewis Family in America* states that Colonel William Lewis and General Andrew Lewis each had sons who were named John and were captains.

Abandoning the effort to clarify the matters of relationship and war records, the writer accepts Cole's statement that the Greenbrier pioneer received for his

military services in the Revolution a warrant for seven hundred acres of land from the commissioner of the District of Augusta County. About 1783 he went to Kentucky to locate the tract, but it proved flat, wet, and in an unhealthy location, and he abandoned it. Coming to Greenbrier, he located his farm of seven hundred acres on the east side of Muddy Creek Mountain, a tract surveyed in 1786 and patented in 1787, including the fertile level bench of land lying between the mountain and the Rich Hollow and joining the Clendenin settlement.

No finer land could be found in the county. On this tract he erected substantial buildings of logs—a large two-story house, smokehouse, and double barn, and, being an ardent Methodist, he also, with the help of his neighbors, built what was known as the “Buckeye Meeting House.” It was built of round buckeye logs, with a small window high above ground on each side and one over the pulpit, the floor being of earth.

In the early history of the county there were several camp meeting sites in the mountains, Muddy Creek Mountain and steep Brushy Ridge being favorite spots. These camps consisted of two or three rows of log cabins built close together, with a central meeting house. Entire families went long distances, laden with food and provisions, to attend these religious festivals, which were carried on by the Methodists and other denominations at stated times each year and lasted as long as two weeks.

John Lewis was a successful farmer and stock raiser, and a member of the county court by reason of being a justice of the peace. He had eleven children, John, William, Andrew, Erasmus, George, Benjamin, Matilda, Terza, Sallie, Bettie, and Polly. The son, George,

was born in 1790 and married Mary Ann Argabrite in 1814. They had a family of eight children—George Samuel, who married Nancy Knight; Archibald, who married Matilda Bunker; William; Rachel, who married John Viney; John; Mary Ann, who married Uriah N. Warren; Ruth, who married David Hutsonpiller; and Sarah Jane, who married Alfred W. Tapper.

It was George who acquired title to the greater part of the seven-hundred-acre survey in 1827, and after some years obtained a grant for an adjoining tract of 1,009 acres. Like his father, he was a successful farmer and stock raiser, dealing mostly in horses. He was a soldier in the War of 1812. He had studied medicine and in later years practiced it professionally. His death occurred in 1855.

It was George who built the large brick house in 1838, now known as the "Samuel McDowell place." No house in the county has a more satisfying view. Located high above the road, at the curve which begins the climb up Muddy Creek Mountain, it commands the full, long sweep of the fabulous Rich Hollow valley, culminating in the blue of the distant mountains. It is surrounded by a fine, square lawn, enclosed by a white picket fence, with flowers around it. Tall maple and pine trees, as well as many shrubs, add to the attractiveness of this well-kept place.

The house is of brick, having a pair of tall outside chimneys at one end, with but a single chimney at the other. A central hall, entered by a very large front door, has stairs at the rear which lead to the second floor and on to the attic. There were eight rooms originally, with two others in the basement.

The outstanding characteristic of the house is the woodwork. It is entirely of pine, varnished, but left in

its natural color. The door panels have all been selected to show very fancy graining in the wood. The mantels are carved with vertical ribbing, the best mantel being in the left front room. The door casings are also ribbed or reeded. It is the only house of the many described in this book which has this wood finish, frankly pine but making a feature of it. Wherever a plain surface presents itself, the grained effect has been accentuated, the pine being carried on clear to the cellar. Two of the upstairs doors have their original handmade latch locks, with brass knobs, while the good paneled outside cellar door has its old iron thumb latch.

One cellar room was used as the kitchen, and has a large open fireplace, a half window, and, what is unusual, a brick floor. The other cellar room has the customary earth floor.

There was a portico on the house at first, but it is replaced by a long one-story porch. The window shutters also have been removed. The outside window frames have a rounded moulding instead of the usual flat type, similar to the lower windows of Mountain Home. This house, freshly painted a soft red, its woodwork and picket fence gleaming white, looks very well-kept and attractive, with the green mountain rising behind it and the long valley lying below.

The property, descending to the heirs of George Lewis, went first to David Hutsonpiller, husband of Ruth Lewis, in 1856; then to Mary Jane Hutsonpiller Hern; and next, in 1892, to Charles Hutsonpiller. After the settlement of the estate of Charles Hutsonpiller, the land was purchased by A. J. Wilson, in 1902. The next owner was Samuel H. McDowell, who acquired the place in 1907. His widow and her daughter, Pauline McDowell Stuart, occupy and own the house today.

The Cliffs

ONE of Greenbrier's most illustrious citizens was General A. W. G. Davis, noted likewise as one of the most generous and charitable. In fact, he was called "a friend of the poor," never seeming to deny an appeal for assistance. A story told of his kindness to a man who had twenty-one sons, shows to what lengths one can be led by a generous impulse. Being appealed to by the father of the boys for money to get a hat, the General said that any man who had twenty-one sons deserved help, and thereupon not only outfitted the father with a hat, but each of the boys as well!

His generosity also extended to his own household. Though owning many slaves, he refused to allow them to be worked under armed guard or to permit "patrollers," as they were called, on his premises. He was so lenient and kind to his slaves that he even allowed them the unheard of privilege of having small accounts at the store.

General Davis was a native of Kentucky, a son of George Naylor Davis, captain in the War of 1812, and Harriet Bragg Davis. He had two brothers—Colonel James Ward Davis, who was married at Stuart Manor to Margaret Lynn Stuart, daughter of Lewis Stuart and granddaughter of Colonel John Stuart; and Judge Alexander W. Davis, who is mentioned in Mark Twain's *Roughing It* in connection with the activities and death in Montana of the notorious desperado, J. A. Slade, Mr. Davis being judge of the court sitting at the time.

General Davis was a graduate of West Point, where,

according to descendants, he roomed with his cousin, who was later to be President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. He then studied law, becoming a district attorney in Arkansas and later a collector of revenue in Texas. He and Governor Hiram Reynolds, of Mississippi, were great friends, and the latter made him major general of the state militia. Thereafter he went to Mexico and engaged in the Mexican War.

In the Civil War he served as quartermaster, at one time taking his own money to buy necessary supplies for the army—that generosity again! In 1862, when he was returning from the East, he encountered some of General Averell's troops on their way to Salem. They attempted to take his horse and force him to accompany them on foot as a prisoner. He refused to dismount, saying, "You can kill me, but you can't make me walk." The advantage of being on a horse, coupled with his defiant manner, had the desired effect, for he kept on riding.

General Davis and his brother, James, became brothers-in-law, for in 1834 James Davis also married a daughter of Lewis Stuart, Rachel, granddaughter of Colonel John Stuart. It is a family tradition that the General's courtship occurred in this manner: During a visit to White Sulphur Springs he happened to be on the veranda at the time an unusually attractive young lady was arriving in her carriage. Turning to his companion, he said, "What a beautiful young lady! You are seeing the future Mrs. Davis." True to this rather bold prediction, he lost no time in meeting her, and in three weeks they were engaged and shortly afterward married. Perhaps his West Point training was beneficial in carrying out such a speedy and successful campaign!

During their stay in Mississippi Mrs. Davis grew so homesick for the mountains of Greenbrier County that



Docton W. Penner

Outside Kitchen of Johnston Reynolds House

they determined to return. Soon after doing so, on the site of her choice, they built their home, The Cliffs, surrounded by a grove of fine trees. One of these is a most beautiful and exceedingly large walnut tree, so far spared, but whose life is always being sought by lumbermen. The house is located about eight miles south of Lewisburg, in the vicinity of the Fort Spring railroad station, the land originally being part of the extensive Stuart acreage. It faces north, where marks of the early Alderson road are still visible in the field across the way.

This site is rather shut in among hills and narrow valleys and is reached by a steep road which turns off of the old Fort Spring road at the point where Sinking Creek emerges, and near the site of the gristmill which Colonel Stuart's miller, McVeigh, operated for many years. The cliffs which give the place its name are to the rear of the house, where, standing on the jutting rocks, one looks down over the tree tops two hundred feet into the gorge of Sinking Creek.

Mrs. Davis expressed the wish for "plenty of elbow room" in her home, so the General, true to his generous nature, set apart seven acres around the house as her yard. The same spaciousness is carried out inside the house. Primarily erected as a summer residence, with New Orleans as a winter home, it was nevertheless excellently built and is one of the best of the early brick houses. In the museum at Lewisburg may be seen the interesting original contract for the brick work, written with pen by the builder. It reads:

John W. Dunn, party of the first part, and A. W. G. Davis, party of the second part, contracts as follows, to-wit: John W. Dunn undertakes this day to put the said A. W. G. Davis a brick house in basin field above McVeys mill 57 feet long and 22 feet wide, 2 stories high, lower story eleven and upper nine feet high, on

or before the 15th day of June, 1836, and in consideration of this undertaking on the part of Dunn said Davis agrees to pay said Dunn seven dollars and sixty-two and a half cents per thousand when the work is completed, but in consideration that the said Dunn agrees without defalcation to have all the brick work completed by the 15th June, 1836, said Davis agreed to pay him, said Dunn, four hundred and fifty dollars in advance, and the balance as above (to-wit, when the work is completed), the said Davis agrees not to detain Dunn for want of doors and window frames and joists and rafters. Hereto we have both set our hands this 11th day of September, 1835.

John W. Dunn
A. W. G. Davis.

The "party of the first part" seems to have done an especially good job, for the walls, solid brick four courses thick, are laid up with alternating courses of lengthwise and endwise bricks every fifth row, with handmade angle irons here and there—all appearing very substantial today. The rafters are of hewn yellow poplar, mortised together and numbered with Roman numerals where they are fitted.

The house is rather long, having five windows with green shutters across the second floor front, and four below separated by a small central portico entrance. There are many good details in the wood trim of the house, an attractive carved cornice across the front, and curved moulding around the windows, the tops of which are ornamented with carved squares on each side. The heavy front door is the customary forty-two-inch paneled type, with the large box lock and small brass knob still intact.

The square hall with its rear outside door is unusually good, and has a particularly attractive stairway on the right. The staircasing is carved in a fan design, and a small paneled door opens into a closet underneath. A stair landing the width of the hall has a window with a pleasant view of the hillside and the towering walnut

trees, and the paneled wainscot extends to this landing. The stairs are wide, with well-proportioned handrail and dainty square spindles.

On each side of the hall are vertically paneled doorways, with their large and heavy doors opening into rooms twenty-two feet square, with high ceilings—which certainly provided amply the “elbow room” which Mrs. Davis so ardently desired. The room to the right has a very large and heavily hand-carved mantel, with reeded columns, rope hatching and central sunburst medallion, the brick fire-front being concealed by a black tin covering, which is studded with stars in relief—an unusual detail. The mantel and baseboard are still painted the original black, the rest of the woodwork a light gray. Instead of the paneled wainscot one would expect, there are only paneled sections under each deep-set window, which makes a welcome change. On the opposite side of the hallway there is a similar room with a differently carved mantel. The second floor rooms correspond in arrangement, though, as usual, their mantels are much more simple.

Extending to the rear on the left, there is a one-story wing which is not “bonded” to the front section, indicating it was not built at the time the main house was erected, though it appears to be contemporary, and may have been added immediately afterward. The usual separate buildings of slave house, kitchen, loom house, and meat house, have disappeared, except for one or two.

Mrs. Davis planned an entrance consisting of brick driveway from the road to the house, with trees on each side, planted to form a tree border in the shape of a heart. This romantic notion proved a bit too involved, and was not carried out with conspicuous success. Today the design is indistinguishable, as the brick driveway

has crumbled and gone, and many of the fine old trees have died and been cut down, though several very handsome ones remain.

On the hill near the cliffs is the family burial ground, where many of the early members of the family are buried.

A granddaughter of General Davis is the present owner of the property, and she and her husband, the Reverend Morgan Cilly, occupy the house today.

Ludington House

WITHIN sight of Route 219, between Frankford and Renick, and almost hidden in a group of trees, may be glimpsed the red bricks and green shutters of the Ludington farmhouse, though the name of Ludington is now extinct in Greenbrier County. It was Francis and Andrew Ludington who first secured, in 1799, a land grant of four hundred acres on the Greenbrier River, and there carried on an extensive business of manufacturing salt, which was hauled over the mountains by oxen to market in Staunton, Virginia.

The village of Frankford, laid off in 1801 by a man named Pennell, was named for Frank Ludington, who built the first cabin and was its first merchant, while Esau Ludington, a noted woodsman and scout, built one of the first mills. In the Battle of Point Pleasant he was ordnance master. An amusing little story told of him illustrates well the unmilitary independence of the mountaineers—splendid fighters, but exasperating beyond endurance to such trained leaders and disciplinarians as General Andrew Lewis. The men began complaining that Esau did not serve out the powder fast enough, whereupon he threw down the powder can, shouldered his gun, and went out on the field, where he remained fighting according to his own ideas until the battle was ended.

Esau Ludington had a son, Andrew, who married Elizabeth Watts, and their son, Samuel C. Ludington, born 1821, was a very well-known cattle merchant in the county for thirty-seven years. During the Civil War he

was employed to buy cattle for the Confederate government, and in that service is said to have bought and sold 120,000 head of cattle. In 1869 at the second county fair he exhibited a 4,400 pound Shorthorn steer, which created a sensation, being the largest steer ever produced in the state up to that time. This animal was called "Stonewall Jackson" and had previously been exhibited in Staunton and other places. The Lewisburg newspaper of August 15, 1868, speaks of him as then seven years old, seventeen hands high, weighing 4,200 pounds, "and still growing," and states that he was to be taken to New York to be shown the following spring.

The favorite method of showing off his great size, was to empty a half-bushel measure of shelled corn on his broad back, "and not a grain would fall off"! After the fair, which was held on the site of the present military school, in the northern part of Lewisburg, he was sold to Mr. George L. Peyton, manager of the White Sulphur Springs, for five hundred dollars. He was so enormous that a special wagon had to be built, and six oxen were required to haul him to his new owner.

It is thought the Ludington house was built by Samuel, although possibly by his father, Andrew. It is constructed of brick made on the site, and is square, with shuttered windows on both floors, and a very low roof. Small porticoes have been replaced by larger porches, and a glass sun-room added. Otherwise the house is as it was originally, with nine square rooms, three stairways, wide floor boards, and two cellars, one of which has overhead sills of whole oak tree trunks, with the bark still in place.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Squires have owned the farm since 1905, and are the occupants of this house, comfortably situated with rolling fields around it.

Morlunda

STATELY Morlunda stands surrounded by hundreds of acres of bluegrass, its white walls silhouetted against the sky, the outline softened by beautiful maple trees grown old with the house and reaching far above its roof. About four miles west of Lewisburg, and facing the narrow road leading to Bunger's Mill, this most distinctive house in the county is in plain view of the Midland Trail (U. S. Route 60), and presents a harmonious picture in green and white. Of all the adjectives which have been used over and over again in describing the houses in this book, there is one which has never been used and which could apply only to this house, and no other. The word, hackneyed and definitely of today, is nevertheless expressive and may apply not only to a motion picture star but to a house as well—the word “glamorous.” This word is used not for Morlunda's dignified and sedate youth, but for its modern face-lifting and the sparkle of its old age.

The name of McClung is legion in Greenbrier County. It was John McClung II who left Ireland for America in 1720, settling near Natural Bridge, Virginia. In 1730 he married Rebecca Stuart, and it is from their family of ten children that the seven sons, who located in various sections of Greenbrier, originated. One of these, Captain Samuel McClung I (born 1744, died 1806), was an officer in the Virginia Militia. He reached Greenbrier in 1765, locating near Blue Sulphur Springs, not far from the Campaign bridge. He is credited with being the last man in the county to be wounded by an

Indian. When discovered by the savages, he was loading logs some distance from his cabin. They shot at him from ambush and injured him slightly, the bullet grazing his head and cutting off his queue. He was able to escape down the mountain, however, and by making a spectacular leap across a wide creek which the Indians feared to attempt, escaped to his cabin.

In 1769 he married Rebecca Bourland, and, like his father before him, had a family of ten children, the youngest of whom was Colonel Samuel McClung II, builder of Morlunda. Samuel II was born in the county in 1790. He was twice married, first to Elizabeth Crawford, to whom were born two children—Sarah Anne, who married Samuel B. Findley, and Mary Jane, who married Daniel McNeil. The second marriage was to Elizabeth A. Pearis, by whom he had five children—James Harvey, who married Bettie E. Lunsford; John Andrew, who married Mary E. Burdette; Martha Lewis, who married Robert J. Porterfield (he having previously married her sister, Elizabeth Catherine, “Kate,” who died in 1873); and Augustus, who married Mary Ruffner.

James Peebles secured a patent from the Commonwealth of Virginia in 1788 for 232 acres of land on the waters of Milligan Creek, and it was from his executors in 1822 that Colonel Samuel McClung purchased the property now known as “Morlunda.”

After Colonel McClung’s death, his extensive lands were divided among his children, Morlunda being assigned to the son John A. and the daughter Martha Porterfield, jointly, in 1875. Two years later John A. McClung conveyed his interest to the Porterfields, who, with their family, lived there until 1890, when the property was conveyed to Sarah E. Knapp, who owned



Morlunda

it until her death. Her son, Mason, then occupied it until 1934, when the farm was purchased by Mr. Oscar Nelson, of Charleston, West Virginia, who gave it the name of his native village in Sweden, "Morlunda," meaning "rolling ground."

It was on this land, paralleling the old route of the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, that Colonel McClung grew rich raising fine horses, a location chosen not only because of its bluegrass, but by reason of its accessibility to the well-traveled turnpike east and west, convenient not only to prospective buyers but in getting the horses to the markets.

The McClungs must all have appreciated good horses, for it is said at the time of the Civil War there were two companies, the "Greenbrier Swifts" and the "Nicholas Grays," which contained thirty-two McClungs, "all riding the finest horses in General Lee's Army"!

In the seven years of his ownership, Mr. Nelson has purchased additional farms in the same locality, until he now owns at least a thousand acres. He and his son, Oscar, have built up a herd of Hereford cattle that is by far the largest in the county—a county which was building Shorthorn herds and shipping cattle from the eastern markets to England before 1830. The cattle raised on the estate are being exhibited all over the country and have won innumerable prizes. Twice a year large stock sales are held at the farm, and buyers come from many states. Wherever stockmen live, they know of Morlunda. Last year (1941) "Letston Lad 224th," a Hereford bull, was sold by Morlunda Farms for five thousand dollars, quite a jump from the five-hundred-dollar sale of the famous Ludington steer in 1869,—a price then considered almost fantastic.

It was in 1827-28 that Colonel McClung built his

handsome home. Being a lavish and generous spender and entertainer, he spared no expense in its construction, which even at that early date must have been very costly. Built of brick burned on the site, the work contracted for by the splendid brickmason, John W. Dunn, the walls are several courses thick. The deep cornice trim of the house is also of brick, as well as that of the out-buildings. The outside brick chimneys are very wide at the bottom, narrowing gradually as far as the center, where they continue straight to the top. The interior woodwork, exceptionally fine, is all artistically hand-carved and of solid walnut, the work doubtless done by Conrod Burgess and the men he had trained, one of whom, William Judy, was especially skilful.

The plan of the house follows the generally accepted arrangement of the best houses of this region, a plan which had repeatedly proved successful and most nearly met the needs of the owners. A long facade, with wing extending in the rear, the large round white painted brick columns supporting the two-story portico with its good design of railing in the attractive Chinese Chippendale pattern, alternated with round low posts; the long, deep-set, small-paned windows with green shutters; the beautiful entrance with fan-shaped window above; and the towering chimneys at each end of the house as well as in the rear wing—all these features contributed to a general effect of beauty and dignity.

The scale of the interior is so expansive that those who enter feel rather diminutive in comparison. For example, the heavy six-paneled front door measures forty-six inches in width and is about two inches thick. This, like all the other doors, is put together with wooden pegs, as is the lovely paneled casing around and over each doorway. The original large brass box locks

and knobs imported from England are on all the doors. An amusing detail is the old pewter pull-knob door bell, still intact, operated by a chain and pulley which rings a little bell fastened to the door casing by a curved piece of metal. All this complicated mechanism is on the inside of the door casing.

The entrance is into a long hall, with another door at the opposite end, and an impressive curving stairway measuring fifty-one and a half inches in width extends the entire way to the attic. The treads and round hand-rail of the stairs are still the natural walnut, though the spindles, which are square and fairly wide apart, spaced two to each step, have been painted. The stair casing is hand-carved in fan design. A small door opens into the usual storage space under the stairs.

The door casings are reeded and finished at the corners with carved ornamentation. The ceilings, particularly on the first floor, are extremely high, and the great, almost square rooms to the right and left of the hallway are about twenty-one by nineteen feet. The mantels are very large and tall, a little over nine feet long, and supported by columns. They are hand-carved, with sun-burst medallions and slanted hatching, and are very distinguished. Around these rooms and the hall and up the stairs, extends a low horizontal paneled wainscot, which carries the same slanted hatching as the mantel decoration.

In the room to the right of the hall were enormous hand-made cupboards of cherry made to fit the spaces on each side of the mantel. Windows had been built in these spaces originally, and the cupboards, placed later, concealed them entirely.

These cupboards were recently removed from this room and now occupy corners in the dining-room. They

have round columns extending to the top and glass-doored shelves above, two deep drawers in the middle, and a pair of solid doors at the bottom. They are so tall that the average person could hardly open the glass doors without a stepladder.

The dining-room forms the rear wing and is lighted by windows on each side. It is somewhat smaller than the two front rooms and has an outside door on the left and another door in the end wall beside the mantel. This door led to the story-and-a-half brick kitchen, which was directly in the rear and was a separate building but which is now used as a breakfast room, with modern kitchen built to connect it with the dining-room.

The second-floor rooms correspond to those of the first floor. They are large and bright and spacious, with well-carved mantels in each.

It was with Mr. Nelson's ownership that Morlunda began to be "glamorous"! He made many changes. New brick wings were added at each end. The soft, faded red of the old bricks disappeared under fresh and glistening white paint. Numerous bathrooms were added. A large basement was provided with all the necessary modern facilities for heating and laundry, as well as with recreation room and bar. New floors were laid over the entire house. The priceless walnut woodwork downstairs was painted an antique ivory-tan, that of the second floor a much lighter shade.

Everything has been utilized. The two-story brick slave house is now a guest house. The old brick smoke-house is used for the farm office. A tenant house, garage, and other necessary outbuildings have been built of wood. Near the house—popular spot for the young people of the family—is a swimming pool. The large, perfectly kept square lawn is enclosed with an elaborate

white rail fence, and fragrant boxwood bushes are banked against the house. White is the badge of identification for all that belongs to this large estate—splendid barns, silos, fences, all spotless and gleaming white.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and their four children—Oscar, Anna Marie, Tom, and Eric—divide their time between Charleston, where Mr. Nelson is president and principal stockholder of the United Carbon Company (one of the leading producers in the United States of natural gas and its products) and Morlunda.

It is fortunate, indeed, that Morlunda has come into the hands of such owners, whose development of this extensive bluegrass estate is of incalculable benefit to Greenbrier County.

With Morlunda, dignified in its past, beautiful in its present, it is appropriate to complete these sketches of the old houses of Greenbrier.

In 1942

IN the two years elapsed since this book was begun, the appalling disaster at Pearl Harbour has stunned an incredulous America, and we, too, are plunged into the most terrifying war of all time. How many years it will continue and what our lives will be afterward, who can say! Surely out of so much horror and suffering the world will again find God, and we will learn to be grateful for the simple good things once more—things of which the old houses in this book are symbols, things which their pioneer builders found were sufficient upon which to build wholesome and gracious lives. Though the men who built the houses are gone, the work of their hands lives in the cleared fields where cattle quietly graze, and in the rolling acres where corn and wheat are ripening in the summer sun. There is healing here in the deep winter snows, clean and glistening, and in the tender green of the mountains in spring, white with the blossoms of dogwood and the tall willow magnolia—and one day men can know peace again.

APPENDIX

Dated 1798, the following "Memorandum," written on the last page of the first deed book of Greenbrier County, remains clear and legible today. It is in the handwriting of Colonel John Stuart, written at a time when he was about forty-nine years of age and had served eighteen years as clerk of the county.

This brief account of early events in the history of Greenbrier ends rather abruptly and is unsigned, indicating an intention, perhaps, to continue it at some future time. Instead, Colonel Stuart many years later wrote his "Memoir of Indian Wars and Other Occurrences," which was published after his death. In it he restates in more detail the same facts previously recorded in the "Memorandum," which is the earliest formal narrative of Greenbrier history.

MEMORANDUM 1798 July 15th

The inhabitants of every County and place are desirous to enquire after the first founders, and in order to gratify the curious or such who may hereafter incline to be informed of the origin of the settlements made in Greenbrier, I leave this memorandum for their satisfaction being the only person at this time alive acquainted with the circumstances of its discovery & manner of settling.—Born in Augusta County and the particulars of this place often related to me from my childhood by the first adventurers I can relate with certainty that our river was first discovered about the year 1749 by the white people, some say Jacob Marlin was the first person who discovered it, others that a man of an unsound mind who's name I do not now remember had wandered from Frederick County through the mountains and on his return reported he had seen a river runing westward supposed to be Greenbrier River. However Jacob Marlin and Stephen Suiel were the first settlers at the mouth of Knaps creek above what is now called the little levels on the land still bearing the name of Marlins. These two men lived there in a kind of hermitage having no famileys, but frequently differing in sentiment which ended in rage. Marlins kept possession of the cabin whilst Suiel took up his abode in the trunk of a large tree at a small distance, and thus living more independent their animositys would abate & socibility ensued—not long after they had made their settlement on the river, the county was explored by the late Genrl. Andrew Lewis at that time a noted and famous woodsman on who's report an Order of Council was soon obtained granting one hundred thousand acres of lands on Greenbrier to the Honbl. John Robison (Treasurer of Virginia) & Co. to the number of Twelve including old Colo. John Lewis and his two sons William & Charles, with consideration of settleing the lands with inhabitants, and certain emolumts of three pounds per hundred acres to themselves. But the war braking out between England & France in the year 1755 and the Indians being excited by the French to make war on the back inhabitants of Virginia, all who were then settled on Greenbrier were obliged to retreat to the older settlements for safety, amongst whom was Jacob Marlin but Suiel fell a sacrifice to the enemy. This war ended in 1761 and then some people returned & settled Greenbrier again, amongst whom was Archibald Clendinen who's residence was on the lands now claimed by John Davis by virtue

of an intermarrige with his daughter and lying two miles west of Lewisburg.

The Indians breaking out again in 1763 came up the Kanawha in a large body to the number of sixty and coming to the house of Frederick Sea on Muddy creek, were kindly entertained by him and Felty Yolcom; not suspecting their hostile design were suddenly killed & their families, with many others made prisoners; then proceeding over the mountain they came to Archibald Clendinens, who like Sea & Yolcom, entertained them until they put him to death, his family with a number of others living with him being all made prisoners or killed, not any one escapeing except Conrod Yolcom, who doubting the design of the Indians when they came to Clendinens took his horse out under the pretence of hobbleing him at some distance from the house, soon after some guns was fired at the house and a loud cry raised by the people, whereupon Yolcom taking the alarm mounted his Horse and rode off as far as where the Court House now stands and there beginning to ruminate whither he might not be mistaken in his apprehension, concluded to return and know the truth, but just as he came to the corner of Clendinens fence some indians placed there presented their guns and attempted to shoot him, but their gunns all missing fire (he thinks at least ten) he immediately fled to Jacksons river alarming the people as he went, but few were willing to believe him, the Indians pursued after him and all that fell in their way were slain untill they went on Carrs Creek now in Rockbridge County, so much were people in them days intemidated by an attack of the Indians that they were suffered to retreat with all their Booty, and more prisoners than there was Indians in their party. I will here relate a narrative of Adchbl. Clendinens wife being a prisoner with her young child as they were passing over Keeneys nob from Muddy creek, a part of the Indians being in front with the remainder behind & the prisoners in the center, Mrs. Clendinen handed her child to another woman to carry and she sliped to one side and hid herself in a bush but the Indians soon missing her one of them observed he would soon bring the cow to her calf and taking the child caused it to cry very loud, but the mother not appearing he took the infant and beat out its brains against a tree, then throwing it down in the road all the people & horses that were in the rear passed over it untill it was trod to pieces, many more cruelties were committed two horid to be related & too many to be contained in this memorandum. Thus was Greenbrier once more depopulated for six years, but a peace being concluded with Indians in 1765 and the lands on the Western waters with certain bounderys being purchased at a treaty at Fort Stanwix by Andw. Lewis & Thomas Walker Commissioners appointed by Government, the people again returned to settle in Greenbrier in 1769 and I myself was amongst the first of those last adventurers, being at that time about nineteen years of age with W. Robert McClenachan, another very young man, our design was to secure lands & incourrage a settlement in the County, but the Indians breaking out again in 1774 Colo. Andrew Lewis was ordered by the Earl of Dunmore (then Governor of Virginia) to march against them with fifteen hundred volunteer militia which army march from Camp Union (now Lewisburg) the 11th day of Septemr. 1774 two companys of the said army being raised in Greenbrier & commanded by Capt. Robt. McClenachan & myself, we were met by the Indians on the 10th day of October at the mouth of the Kanawha & a very obtinate ingagment insued, the Indians were defeated, tho with the loss of seventy five officers & soldiers, amongst the slain was Colo. Charles Lewis who commanded the Augusta Militia & my friend

Capt. Robt. McClenachan, Colo. Andrew Lewis persued his victory crossing the Ohio untill we were in sight of some Indian towns on the waters of Siota where we were met by the Earl of Dunmore who commanded an army in person and had made his rout by the way of Fort Pitt.—The Governor capitulating with the Indians Colo. Lewis was ordered to retreat and the next year hostilities commenced between the British & American at Boston in New England and I have since been informed by Colo. Lewis that the Earl of Dunmore (the Kings Governor) knew of the attack to be made upon us by the Indians at the mouth of Kanawha, and hoped our destruction, this secret was communicated to him by indisputable authority.

Independence being declared by America the 4th July 1775 and the people assuming the rains of Government a County was granted to the people of Greenbrier under the Commonwealth in May 1778 and a Court was first held at my House on the 3d. Tuesday in said month. Not long after which we were invaded again by the Indians who had taken part with the British & on the 28 day of the same month Colo. Andrew Donnallys House was attacked about eight miles from Lewisburg by two hundred indians, these Indians were persued from the mouth of the Kanawha by two scouts from that garrison, to wit. Phil Hammons & John Prior & passing the indians at the meadows gave intelligence to Colo. Donnally of their approach who instantly collected about Twenty men & the next morning sustained the attack of the enemy until he was relieved about two oclock by sixty men from Lewisburg. I was one of the number and we got into the house unhurt, being favoured by a field of rye which grew close up to the House the Indians being all on the opposite side. Four men were killed before we got in and about sixteen Indians lay dead in the yard before the door, some of these were taken off in the night but we scalped nine the next morning, this was the last time the indians invaded Greenbrier in any large party.

Peace with the British followed in 1781 and then the people of this County begun to make some feeble efforts to regulate their society, and to open roads and passes for waggons through the mountain which by many had been thought impracticable, no waggon at that time having ever approached nearer than the Warmsprings—our petition the assembly granted a law empowering the Court to levy a certain annual sum in commutables from the inhabitants for the purpose of opening a road from the Court House to the Warmsprings—a convenancy so necessary for the importation of salt and other necessaries of lumber as well as conveying our hemp & other heavy wares to market would readily be expected to receive the approbation of every one, but such is the perverse disposition of some men unwilling that any should share advantages in preference to themselves that this laudable measure was opposed by W. William Hutchison who had first represented the County in General Assembly—on this occasion without the privity of the people went at his own expence to Richmond & by his insinuations to some of the members with unfair representations obtained a suspension of the law for two years, but the following year Colo. Thoms. Adams who visited this County satisfied with the impropriety of Hutchinsons representation had the suspension repealed and full powers were allowed to the Court to levy money for the purpose aforesaid, and by this means a waggon road was opened from the Court House to the Warmsprings which made way for the same to the Sweetsprings. The paper money emitted for mentaining our war against the British became totally depreciated & there was not a sufficient quantity of Specie in circulation to enable the people to pay the revenue tax assessed upon the Citizens of this County

wherefore we fell in arrears to the public for four years. But the assembly again taking our remote situation under consideration generously granted the sum of five thousand pounds of our said arrears to be applied to the purpose of opening a road from Lewisburg to the Kanawha river. The people grateful for such indulgence willingly embraced the opportunity of such an offer and every person liable for arrears of tax agreed to perform labour equivalent on the road, and the people being formed into districts with each a superintendant the road was completed in the space of two months in the year 1786 and thus was a communication by waggons to the navigable waters of the Kanawha first effected and which will probably be found the highest and best conveyance from the Eastren to the Westren Country that will ever be known—may I here hazard a conjecture that has often occurred to me since I inhabited this place, that nature has designed this part of the world a peaceable retreat for some of his favorite children, where pure morals will be preserved by separating them from other society at so respectful a distance by ridges of mountains, and I sincerely wish time may prove my conjecture rational and true—from the springs of salt water discoverable along our river banks of iron and mines pregnant with saltpetre & forests of sugar trees so amply provided & so easily acquired I have no doubts but the future inhabitants of this county will surely avail themselves of such singular advantages greatly to their comfort and satisfaction and render them a grateful & happy people.

It will be remembered that Lewisburg was first settled by Capt. Mathew Arbuckle after the Town was laid off in the year 1780 and took its name in Honor of the family of the Lewis's in consequence of their holding a large claim in the Greenbrier grant. Capt. Arbuckle was killed the following year in a storm of wind by the falling of a tree on the branch leading from the turns of the waters of Anthonys creek to Jacksons river, he was distinguished for his bravery especially in the Battle with the Indians at Pointpleasant.

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